INTRODUCTION TO LITERATURE

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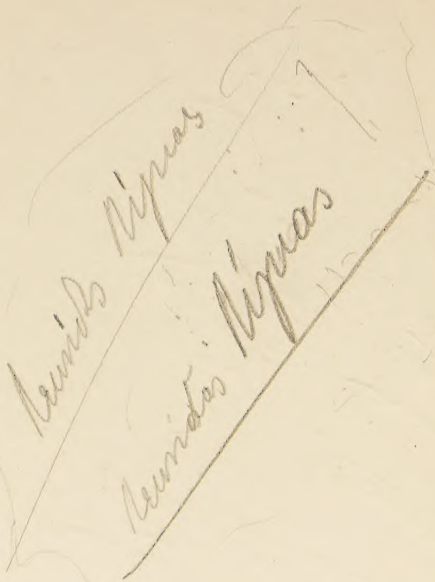

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INTRODUCTION TO LITERATURE

SELECTED AND EDITED
BY
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1928

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LITERATURE

A HYMN FOR CANADA

Lord of the lands, beneath Thy bending skies,
On field and flood, where'er our banner flies,
Thy people lift their hearts to Thee,
Their grateful voices raise:
May our Dominion ever be
A temple to Thy praise.
Thy will alone let all enthrone;
Lord of the lands, make Canada Thine own!

Almighty Love, by Thy mysterious power,
In wisdom guide, with faith and freedom dower;
Be ours a nation evermore
That no oppression blights,
Where justice rules from shore to shore,
From Lakes to Northern Lights.
May Love alone for wrong atone;
Lord of the lands, make Canada Thine own!

Lord of the worlds, with strong eternal hand,
Hold us in honor, truth, and self-command;
The loyal heart, the constant mind,
The courage to be true,
Our wide-extending Empire bind,
And all the earth renew.

Thy name be known through every zone;
Lord of the worlds, make all the lands Thine own.
—ALBERT DURRANT WATSON.

By kind permission of the Author.

Albert Durrant Watson (1859-) is a native of Ontario and a resident of Toronto. After teaching for a short time, he began the practice of medicine. He has made some very valuable contributions both in prose and poetry to Canadian literature. The whole tone of his work is elevating and inspiring.

This beautiful poem was first published in *Heart of the Hills* in 1917. It is now found in the Hymnals of most of the Canadian churches.

FOR THE LOVE OF A MAN

That winter, at Dawson, Buck performed another exploit, not so heroic, perhaps, but one that put his name many notches higher on the totem-pole of Alaskan fame. This exploit was particularly gratifying to the three men; for they stood in need of the outfit which it furnished, and were enabled to make a long-desired trip into the virgin East, where miners had not yet appeared. It was brought about by a conversation in the Eldorado Saloon, in which men waxed boastful of their favorite dogs. Buck, because of his record, was the target for these men, and Thornton was driven stoutly to defend him. At the end of half an hour one man stated that his dog could start a sled with five hundred pounds and walk off with it; a second bragged six hundred for his dog; and a third, seven hundred.

"Pooh! pooh!" said John Thornton; "Buck can start a thousand pounds."

"And break it out? and walk off with it for a hundred yards?" demanded Matthewson, a Bonanza King, he of the seven hundred vaunt.

"And break it out, and walk off with it for a hundred yards," John Thornton said coolly.

"Well," Matthewson said, slowly and deliberately, so that all could hear, "I've got a thousand dollars that says he can't. And there it is." So saying, he slammed a sack of gold dust of the size of a Bologna sausage down upon the bar.

Nobody spoke. Thornton's bluff, if bluff it was, had been called. He could feel a flush of warm blood creeping up his face. His tongue had tricked him. He did not know whether Buck could start a thousand pounds. Half a ton! The enormousness of it appalled him. He had great faith in Buck's strength and had often thought him capable of starting such a load; but never, as now, had he faced the possibility of it, the eyes of a dozen men fixed upon him, silent and waiting. Further, he had no thousand dollars; nor had Hans or Pete.

"I've got a sled standing outside now, with twenty fifty-pound sacks of flour on it," Matthewson went on with brutal directness; "so don't let that hinder you."

Thornton did not reply. He did not know what to say. He glanced from face to face in the absent way of a man who has lost the power of thought and is seeking somewhere to find a thing that will start it going again. The face of Jim O'Brien, a Mastodon King and old-time comrade, caught his eyes. It was as a cue to

him, seeming to rouse him to do what he would never have dreamed of doing.

"Can you lend me a thousand?" he asked, almost in a whisper.

"Sure," answered O'Brien, thumping down a plethoric sack by the side of Matthewson's.

"Though it's little faith I'm having, John, that the beast can do the trick."

The Eldorado emptied its occupants into the street to see the test. The tables were deserted, and the dealers and gamekeepers came forth to see the outcome of the wager and to lay odds. Several hundred men, furred and mittened, banked around the sled within easy distance. Matthewson's sled, loaded with a thousand pounds of flour, had been standing for a couple of hours, and in the intense cold (it was sixty below zero) the runners had frozen fast to the hard-packed snow. Men offered odds of two to one that Buck could not budge the sled. A quibble arose concerning the phrase "break out." O'Brien contended it was Thornton's privilege to knock the runners loose, leaving Buck to "break it out" from a dead standstill. Matthewson insisted that the phrase included breaking the runners from the frozen grip of the snow. A majority of the men who had witnessed the making of the bet decided in his favor, whereat the odds went up to three to one against Buck.

There were no takers. Not a man believed him capable of the feat. Thornton had been hurried into the wager, heavy with doubt; and now that he looked at the sled itself, the concrete fact, with the regular team of ten dogs curled upon the snow before it, the more impossible the task appeared. Matthewson waxed jubilant,

"Three to one!" he proclaimed. "I'll lay another thousand at that figure, Thornton. What d'ye say?"

Thornton's doubt was strong in his face, but his fighting spirit was aroused—the fighting spirit that soars above odds, fails to recognize the impossible, and is deaf to all save the clamor for battle. He called Hans and Pete to him. Their sacks were slim, and with his own the three partners could rake together only two hundred dollars. In the ebb of their fortunes, this sum was their total capital; yet they laid it unhesitatingly against Matthewson's six hundred.

The team of ten dogs was unhitched, and Buck, with his own harness, was put into the sled. He had caught the contagion of the excitement, and he felt that in some way he must do a great thing for John Thornton. Murmurs of admiration at his splendid appearance went up. He was in perfect condition, without an ounce of superfluous flesh, and the one hundred and fifty pounds that he weighed were so many pounds of grit and virility. His furry coat shone with the sheen of silk. Down the neck and across the shoulders, his mane, in repose as it was, half bristled and seemed to lift with every movement, as though excess of vigor made each particular hair alive and active. The great breast and heavy fore legs were no more than in proportion with the rest of the body, where the muscles showed in tight rolls underneath the skin. Men felt these muscles and proclaimed them hard as iron, and the odds went down to two to one.

"Gad, sir! Gad, sir!" stuttered a member of the latest dynasty, a king of the Skookum Benches. "I offer you eight hundred for him, sir, before the test, sir; eight hundred just as he stands."

Thornton shook his head and stepped to Buck's side.

"You must stand off from him," Matthewson protested. "Free play and plenty of room."

The crowd fell silent; only could be heard the voices of the gamblers vainly offering two to one. Everybody acknowledged Buck a magnificent animal, but twenty fifty-pound sacks of flour bulked too large in their eyes for them to loosen their pouch-strings.

Thornton knelt down by Buck's side. He took his head in his two hands and rested cheek on cheek. He did not playfully shake him, as was his wont, or murmur soft love caresses; but he whispered in his ear. "As you love me, Buck. As you love me," was what he whispered. Buck whined with suppressed eagerness.

The crowd was watching curiously. The affair was growing mysterious. It seemed like a conjuration. As Thornton got to his feet, Buck seized his mittened hand between his jaws, pressing in with his teeth and releasing slowly, half-reluctantly. It was the answer, in terms, not of speech, but of love. Thornton stepped well back.

"Now, Buck," he said.

Buck tightened the traces, then slacked them for a matter of several inches. It was the way he had learned.

"Gee!" Thornton's voice rang out, sharp in the tense silence.

Buck swung to the right, ending the movement in a plunge that took up the slack and with a sudden jerk arrested his one hundred and fifty pounds. The load quivered, and from under the runners arose a crisp crackling.

"Haw!" Thornton commanded.

Buck duplicated the manœuvre, this time to the left. The crackling turned into a snapping, the sled pivoting and the runners slipping and grating several inches to the side. The sled was broken out. Men were holding their breaths, intensely unconscious of the fact.

"Now, MUSH!"

Thornton's command cracked out like a pistol-shot. Buck threw himself forward, tightening the traces with a jarring lunge. His whole body was gathered compactly together in the tremendous effort, the muscles writhing and knotting like live things under the silky fur. His great chest was low to the ground, his head forward and down, while his feet were flying like mad, the claws scarring the hard-packed snow in parallel grooves. The sled swayed and trembled, half-started forward. One of his feet slipped, and one man groaned aloud. Then the sled lurched ahead in what appeared a rapid succession of jerks, though it never really came to a dead stop again . . . half an inch . . . an inch . . . two inches . . . The jerks perceptibly diminished; as the sled gained momentum, he caught them up, till it was moving steadily along.

Men gasped and began to breathe again, unaware that for a moment they had ceased to breathe. Thornton was running behind, encouraging Buck with short, cheery words. The distance had been measured off, and as he neared the pile of firewood which marked the end of the hundred yards, a cheer began to grow and grow, which burst into a roar as he passed the firewood and halted at command. Every man was tearing himself loose, even Matthewson. Hats and mittens were flying in the air. Men were shaking hands, it did not matter with

whom, and bubbling over in a general incoherent babel.

But Thornton fell on his knees beside Buck. Head was against head, and he was shaking him back and forth.

"Gad, sir! Gad, sir!" spluttered the Skookum Bench King. "I'll give you a thousand for him, sir, a thousand, sir—twelve hundred, sir."

Thornton rose to his feet, His eyes were wet. The tears were streaming frankly down his cheeks. "Sir," he said to the Skookum Bench King, "no, sir."

Buck seized Thornton's hand in his teeth. Thornton shook him back and forth. As though animated by a common impulse, the onlookers drew back to a respectful distance; nor were they again indiscreet enough to interrupt.

—JACK LONDON.

From "The Call of the Wild" by permission of The Macmillan Company of Canada, Limited.

Jack London (1876-1916) was born in San Francisco. While taking his course at the University of California, the gold discoveries in the Klondike threw the whole Pacific coast into a state of excitement, and London joined the rush to the new mining field. He spent some time at sea, and later wandered through various foreign countries. During the Russo-Japanese war he was the correspondent of an American paper. His writings deal for the most part with out-of-door life and with little-known places.

This selection is taken from *The Call of the Wild*, the story of the adventures of Buck, a dog of tremendous size, part St. Bernard and part Scotch shepherd dog. Buck was stolen from his original owner in one of the Southern States, and shipped to the far North, where he was used in the mail service of the Canadian government during the gold rush of 1897. He quickly learned to work in harness and became leader of the

dog team. After changing hands several times, usually for the worse, he was saved from being beaten to death at the hands of a cruel owner by John Thornton, who thus won his undying love. He was nursed back to health and strength, and adopted by Thornton and his partners, Hans and Pete, who were engaged in the business of logging on the White River. Thornton was later murdered by Indians. Buck revenged his death, and finally joined a wolf-pack, of which he became leader.

Not so heroic: refers to a previous adventure in which Buck had saved Thornton from being carried down by the swift current of the river and drowned. **totem-pole:** a carved pole, usually colored and bearing various figures, used by the Pacific Coast Indians as a symbol of the family or tribe. London is mistaken in thinking that the totem pole is in any way a record of deeds, heroic or otherwise. **the three men:** Thornton, Hans, and Pete. **virgin East:** the eastern section of the country, which had not so far been prospected. **Eldorado:** a fabled city of great wealth, supposed during the 16th century to exist somewhere in South America. **Bonanza King:** one who has discovered a valuable gold mine. Bonanza is a colloquial term for a rich mass of ore. **seven hundred vaunt:** refers to the third man, who had boasted that his dog could start a sled with a seven-hundred-pound load. **Bologna sausage:** a very large sausage made of bacon, veal, and pork-suet. It derives its name from the town in northern Italy. **Mastodon King:** he had made his money in the Mastodon mine. A mastodon is an extinct species of elephant. Sometimes the complete skeleton is found in the Klondike. **plethoric:** bulging with gold dust. **Skookum Benches:** One of the rich mining districts. **Gee:** to the right! **Haw:** to the left! **Mush:** go!

The house of the wicked shall be overthrown:
But the tabernacle of the upright shall flourish.
In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence;
And his children shall have a place of refuge.

PROVERBS XIV.

THE FATHER OF THE FOREST

Old emperor Yew, fantastic sire,
  Girt with thy guard of dotard kings,—
What ages hast thou seen retire
  Into the dusk of alien things?
What mighty news hath stormed thy shade,
Of armies perished, realms unmade?

Already wast thou great and wise,
  And solemn with exceeding eld,
On that proud morn when England's eyes,
  Wet with tempestuous joy, beheld
Round her rough coasts the thundering main
Strewn with the ruined dream of Spain.

Hardly thou count'st them long ago,
  The warring faiths, the wavering land,
The sanguine sky's delirious glow,
  And Cranmer's scorched, uplifted hand.
Wailed not the woods their task of shame,
Doomed to provide the insensate flame?

Mourned not the rumoring winds, when she,
  The sweet queen of a tragic hour,
Crowned with her snow-white memory
  The crimson legend of the Tower?
Or when a thousand witcheries lay
Felled with one stroke, at Fotheringay?

Ah, thou hast heard the iron tread
  And clang of many an armored age,
And well recall'st the famous dead,
  Captains or counsellors brave or sage,

Kings that on kings their myriads hurled,
Ladies whose smile embroiled the world.

Rememberest thou the perfect knight,
The soldier, courtier, bard in one,
Sidney, that pensive Hesper-light
O'er Chivalry's departed sun?
Knew'st thou the virtue, sweetness, lore,
Whose nobly hapless name was More?

The roystering prince, that afterward
Belied his madcap youth, and proved
A greatly simple warrior lord
Such as our warrior fathers loved—
Lives he not still? for Shakespeare sings
The last of our adventurer kings.

His battles o'er, he takes his ease,
Glory put by, and sceptred toil.
Round him the carven centuries
Like forest branches arch and coil.
In that dim fane, he is not sure
Who lost or won at Azincour!

Roofed by the mother minster vast
That guards Augustine's rugged throne,
The darling of a knightly Past
Sleeps in his bed of sculptured stone,
And flings, o'er many a warlike tale,
The shadow of his dusky mail.

The monarch who, albeit his crown
Graced an august and sapient head,

Rode roughshod to a stained renown
O'er Wallace and Llewellyn dead,
And eased at last by Solway strand
His restless heart and ruthless hand;

Or that disastrous king on whom
Fate, like a tempest, early fell,
And the dark secret of whose doom
The Keep of Pomfret kept full well;
Or him whose lightly leaping words
On Becket drew the dastard swords;

Or Eleanor's undaunted son,
That, starred with idle glory, came
Bearing from 'leaguered Ascalon
The barren splendor of his fame,
And, vanquished by an unknown bow,
Lies vainly great at Fontevraud:

Or him, the footprints of whose power
Made mightier whom he overthrew;
A man built like a mountain-tower,
A fortress of heroic thew;
The Conqueror, in our soil who set
This stem of Kinghood flowering yet;—

These or the living fame of these,
Perhaps thou minglest—who shall say?—
With thrice remoter memories,
And phantoms of the mistier day,
Long ere the tanner's daughter's son
From Harold's hands this realm had won.

What years are thine, not mine to guess!
The stars look youthful, thou being by;
Youthful the sun's glad-heartedness;
Witless of time the unageing sky!
And these dim-groping roots around
So deep a human Past are wound,

That, musing in thy shade, for me
The tidings scarce would strangely fall
Of fair-haired despots of the sea
Scaling our eastern island-wall,
From their long ship of norland pine,
Their 'surf-deer,' driven o'er wilds of brine.

Nay, hid by thee from Summer's gaze
That seeks in vain this couch of loam,
I should behold, without amaze,
Camped on yon down the hosts of Rome,
Nor start though English woodlands heard
The self-same mandatory word

As by the Cataracts of the Nile
Marshalled the legions long ago,
Or where the lakes are one blue smile
'Neath pageants of Helvetian snow,
Or 'mid the Syrian sands that lie
Sick of the day's great tearless eye,

Or on barbaric plains afar,
Where, under Asia's fevering ray,
The long lines of imperial war
O'er Tigris passed, and with dismay
In fanged and iron deserts found
Embattled Persia closing round,

And 'mid their eagles watched on high
  The vultures gathering for a feast,
Till, from the quivers of the sky,
  The gorgeous star-flight of the East
Flamed, and the bow of darkness bent
O'er Julian dying in his tent.

II

Was it the wind befooling me
  With ancient echoes, as I lay?
Was it the antic fantasy
  Whose elvish mockeries cheat the day?
Surely a hollow murmur stole
From wizard bough and ghostly bole:

'Who prates to me of arms and kings,
  Here in these courts of old repose?
Thy babble is of transient things,
  Broils, and the dust of foolish blows.
Thy sounding annals are at best
The witness of a world's unrest.

'Goodly the loud ostents to thee,
  And pomps of time: to me more sweet
The vigils of Eternity,
  And Silence patient at my feet;
And dreams beyond the deadening range
And dull monotonies of Change.

'Often an air comes idling by
  With news of cities and of men.
I hear a multitudinous sigh,

And lapse into my soul again.
Shall her great noons and sunsets be
Blurred with thine infelicity?

'Now from these veins the strength of old,
The warmth and lust of life depart;
Full of mortality, behold
The cavern that was once my heart!
Me, with blind arm, in season due,
Let the aërial woodman hew.

'For not though mightiest mortals fall,
The starry chariot hangs delayed.
His axle is uncooled, nor shall
The thunder of His wheels be stayed.
A changeless pace His courses keep,
And halt not at the wells of sleep.

'The South shall bless, the East shall blight,
The red rose of the Dawn shall blow;
The million-lilied stream of Night
Wide in ethereal meadows flow;
And Autumn mourn; and everything
Dance to the wild pipe of the Spring.

'With oceans heedless round her feet,
And the indifferent heavens above,
Earth shall the ancient tale repeat
Of wars and tears, and death and love;
And, wise from all the foolish Past,
Shall peradventure hail at last

'The advent of that morn divine
When nations may as forests grow,

Wherein the oak hates not the pine,
  Nor beeches wish the cedars woe,
But all, in their unlikeness, blend
Confederate to one golden end—

'Beauty: the Vision whereunto,
  In joy, with pantings, from afar,
Through sound and odor, form and hue,
  And mind and clay, and worm and star—
Now touching goal, now backward hurled—
Toils the indomitable world.'

—Sir William Watson.

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Sir William Watson (1858-) is an English poet, the son of a Liverpool merchant. He first attracted attention by the publication in 1890 of *Wordsworth's Grave*. Since that time he has published a number of notable poems. His verses possess power and dignity, but so keen is his mind that at times his poems are almost overweighted with thought.

The yew is an evergreen tree with very dense foliage. In England it is found in almost every churchyard. It is said that the trees were originally planted there, so that the supply of yew staves, from which the bows of the English archers were made, might not become exhausted. One of the largest yews still standing in England is slightly more than thirty feet in circumference, and is known to be more than a thousand years old. Magna Carta was signed almost within its shade. Another yew has a circumference of twenty-five feet and a spread of branches of forty-eight feet. The tree is well called "the father of the forest."

Emperor: king over all the trees of the forest. **fantastic**: from its appearance and its great age. **dotard kings**: so old that they are in their dotage. **alien things**: events which

happened so long ago that they are strange to us. **exceeding eld**: great old age. **proud morn**: the morning of July 31st, 1585, which witnessed the utter defeat of the great Spanish Armada. **main**: the sea. **ruined dream**: the dream of conquering England. **warring faiths**: Protestants and Catholics. **wavering**: hesitating between one religion and the other. **sanguine**: lighted with the fires that burned the martyrs at the stakes. **Cranmer**: Thomas Cranmer (1489-1556), Archbishop of Canterbury, was burned at the stake. Cranmer had recanted his religious opinions, but this did not save his life. When at the stake, he thrust first into the fire the hand that had signed the recantation, saying, "This hand hath offended." **insensate**: it was stupid to think that men could be changed in their religious opinions by burning them alive.

Rumoring: the winds carried the story. **sweet queen**: Lady Jane Grey (1537-1554), the grand-daughter of Mary, the daughter of Henry VII, who was beheaded in the Tower of London by order of Queen Mary in February, 1554. She was executed for no fault of her own. **tragic hour**: she was proclaimed queen by a faction, but held her unwelcome honor but for a few days. **snow-white memory**: nothing but good could be said of her. **crimson legend**: many hundreds of people had been executed within the Tower. **a thousand witcheries**: an allusion to the personal charms of Mary, Queen of Scots (1542-1587), who was beheaded at Fotheringay Castle by order of Queen Elizabeth on February 8th, 1587.

Armored age: when the knights wore armor. **myriads**: their numerous followers. **perfect knight**: Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586), the ideal gentleman of his age, who met his death at the battle of Zutphen. He was distinguished alike as a soldier, statesman, and poet. **Hesper-light**: Hesper is the evening star. The meaning is that Sidney was the last survivor of the golden age of chivalry in England. **More**: Sir Thomas More (1480-1535), Lord High Chancellor of England, who was beheaded by order of Henry VIII. He was one of the most celebrated scholars of his time. **roystering prince**: Henry, Prince of Wales, son of Henry IV, who spent a riotous youth, but completely changed his method of living when he became king as Henry V. *See page 334.* **Shakespeare sings**: in his drama *Henry V*. **sceptred toil**: his work as king of England.

dim fane: Henry V is buried in the chapel of Edward the Confessor in Westminster Abbey in London. **Azincour:** being dead, he knows not who won the battle of Agincourt.

Mother minster: the cathedral at Canterbury. **Augustine's rugged throne:** Augustine, "the apostle of England," was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury and head of the church in England. He died about 610. **the darling:** Edward, Prince of Wales, the son of Edward III, known as the Black Prince (1330-1376). He commanded the English at the battle of Poitiers and won a brilliant victory. **in his bed:** over his tomb still hang his coat of mail, helmet, shield, and gauntlets. **the monarch:** Edward I, king of England (1239-1307). **rode roughshod:** Edward was determined to be supreme on the island, and he did not care what means he adopted to gain his ends. **Wallace:** Sir William Wallace (1270-1305), the Scottish patriot, who defied the efforts of Edward to conquer Scotland. He was finally captured and barbarously executed. **Llewellyn:** Prince of Wales, the last champion of Welsh liberty, who was treacherously murdered in 1282. He kept up for many years a hopeless struggle against Edward I. **Solway strand:** Edward died at Burgh-by-Sands on the Solway Firth.

Disastrous king: Richard II, the son of the Black Prince (1366-1400). He was dethroned by Edward IV, and is supposed to have been starved to death in Pomfret castle, but nothing regarding his death is certainly known. **or him:** Henry II (1133-1189), who quarrelled with Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, over the question of the authority of the Crown. Becket had formerly been Henry's Lord High Chancellor. A few careless words spoken in anger by Henry resulted in four knights undertaking to rid the king of the Archbishop. They proceeded to Canterbury and there murdered Becket before the altar of the cathedral.

Eleanor's undaunted son: Richard I (1157-1199), known as *Coeur de Lion*. He was the son of Henry II and Eleanor, Duchess of Aquitaine. **Ascalon:** a city on the Mediterranean coast. It fell into the hands of Richard I during the Crusade. **Fontevraud:** Richard was killed by an arrow from the bow of an obscure archer while besieging the castle of Chaluz. His body was buried in the Abbey at Fontevraud at the feet of his father. **made mightier:** William, in conquering England, made

it still greater. **the Conqueror**: William I (1025-1087), Duke of Normandy, surnamed *The Conqueror*. He was a man of medium stature, but of immense muscular power. All our kings trace their descent directly to William. **tanner's daughter's son**: William the Conqueror's mother was Arletta, the daughter of Fulbert, a tanner of Falaise. **Harold**: the last of the Saxon kings, who was defeated by William at the battle of Hastings in 1066.

Witless: unknowing and unheeding. **dim-groping roots**: a reference to the yews in the churchyards. **fair-haired despots**: the Saxon invaders of England, who sailed the sea in their long ships made of Norwegian pine. **hid by thee**: sitting in thy shade sheltered from the sun. **mandatory word**: the word of command to the Roman legions to charge. **Cataracts, etc.**: here follows an enumeration of the places where the Romans might have been found. **Helvetian snow**: the snow of Switzerland. **tearless eye**: the sun. **imperial war**: the legions of the Roman Empire. **o'er Tigris passed**: in 363, Julian (331-363), the Emperor of Rome, surnamed *The Apostate*, because he had renounced the Christian religion, crossed the Tigris and the Euphrates Rivers and engaged the armies of the Persians. He defeated them in several battles, but was mortally wounded by a javelin, dying at midnight next day. His death was said to have been preceded by the appearance of a fiery meteor. **their eagles**: the eagle standards of Imperial Rome.

Antic fantasy: foolish fancies. **transient things**: things that pass quickly away. **sounding annals**: stories that ring down the centuries. **ostents**: displays. **vigils**: night watches. **infelicity**: unhappiness. **lust of**: pleasure in. **blind arm**: not knowing what it strikes. **aërial woodman**: the winds. **starry chariot**: in the Greek mythology, Phoebus Apollo, the sun god, is represented as driving in a chariot across the sky from east to west. When his steeds reach the confines on the west, they are taken into a golden bowl and quickly carried back again to the east, whence they had set out in the morning. **indifferent**: heedless to everything that goes on in the world beneath. **morn divine**: when peace will rule on earth. **confederate**: all agreed upon one perfect aim. **indomitable**: never discouraged in its pursuit of beauty, no matter what form that beauty may take or where it may be found.

THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLORY OF GOD

The heavens declare the glory of God;
And the firmament sheweth his handywork.
Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night sheweth knowledge.
There is no speech nor language,
Where their voice is not heard.
Their line is gone out through all the earth,
And their words to the end of the world.
In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,
Which *is* as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber,
And rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.
His going forth *is* from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it:
And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.
The law of the LORD *is* perfect, converting the soul:
The testimony of the LORD *is* sure, making wise the simple.
The statutes of the LORD *are* right, rejoicing the heart:
The commandment of the LORD *is* pure, enlightening the eyes.
The fear of the LORD *is* clean, enduring for ever:
The judgments of the LORD *are* true *and* righteous altogether.
More to be desired *are they* than gold, yea, than much fine gold:
Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.
Moreover by them is thy servant warned:
And in keeping of them *there is* great reward.
Who can understand *his* errors?
Cleanse thou me from secret *faults*.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous *sins;*
Let them not have dominion over me:
Then shall I be upright,
And I shall be innocent from the great transgression.
Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart,
Be acceptable in thy sight, O LORD, my strength, and my redeemer.

—THE BIBLE, PSALM XIX.

Glory: the manifested excellences. **firmament**: the expanse of sky immediately above the earth. **day unto day, etc.**: day and night have each a message, which is understood in every language and reaches to every part of the world. **line**: the measuring line used in marking out territory. The line is here used for the region possessed. **bridegroom**: the sun is compared to a bridegroom, "fresh joyful, strong, and confident in his strength, ready for a great and successful future." **His going forth, etc.**: the sun in its course appears to traverse the sky from end to end. **converting**: refreshing. **testimony**: those things which bear witness to the will of God. **fear**: reverence. **understand**: who is there who is capable of discerning his own faults? **secret faults**: sins of ignorance. **presumptuous sins**: deliberate sins of a daring nature. **the great transgression**: sin in general.

THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS

In 1782 Upper Canada was a wilderness of forest. Here and there had the axe notched the shore with clearances for forts or blockhouses. At Cataraqui stood the barracks on the site of old Fort Frontenac; Fort Niagara guarded the entrance of the river; Fort Erie protected its blockhouses with palisades; Detroit

remained the most important post to the westward. Around these military posts there had been just sufficient cultivation to supply the officers' mess with vegetables, and the table of the privates with the necessary relief from a course of salt pork. But the country had never been thought of as a field for colonization until the British government was compelled to turn its attention to the task of providing homes for the Loyalists who had fled to England from New York with Carleton, or who were trooping into Quebec from the south by way of Lake Champlain and the Richelieu.

When Carleton evacuated New York he took upwards of forty thousand souls, his army and refugee Loyalists, to England. Despite the irritation of congress at delay and the constant pressure of his own government, the general refused to leave the city until every Loyalist who wished to accompany him had been provided for. The experience of those who were unfortunate enough to be left behind proved that his estimate of the importance of removing the men who had fought, and the women and children who had suffered, for the loyal cause was not extravagant. Disaster and personal loss had often visited those of the conquering party, and the events were too near, their memory was burned too deeply, to admit of clear sight, or of mercy after victory. To have left the Loyalists in New York, the great stronghold of the cause, would have been to abandon them to the lawlessness of partisan spirit. Many were so abandoned, of necessity, throughout the country, and upon their sufferings in mind, body, and estate was the province of Upper Canada founded.

The first refugees arrived before the war had ceased, the men were frequently drafted into the provincial

regiments, the women and children were maintained at Machiche, St. Johns, Chambly, Sorel, and other points at which they arrived naturally upon the termination of their journey. This influx continued up to 1790, and consisted of those who had suffered the more actively for the royal cause. There was at Niagara also a considerable number of refugees who sought the protection of the garrison and who began early settlement of the shores of Lake Ontario. After the year 1790 began the immigration of those who were loyal at heart and welcomed the opportunity of settlement again under the British flag, free from the contempt of their republican neighbors and the political servitude in which they lived. Simcoe, by his proclamation of free grants of land, created what would, in these days, be called a "boom," and the morals and principles of some of the settlers looked strangely like those of the ordinary land-grabber and speculator. But every one was a Royalist to his ardent mind.

In the summer of 1782 there were sixteen families, comprising ninety-three persons, settled at Niagara. They had two hundred and thirty-six acres under cultivation, and had harvested eleven hundred and seventy-eight bushels of grain and six hundred and thirty of potatoes. The erection of a saw- and grist-mill upon the farm of Peter Secord, one of these pioneers, was contemplated. These sixteen families were supporting themselves with the assistance of rations granted by the government, and they are the first settlers of Upper Canada.

The first refugee Loyalists arrived in the eastern district in the summer of 1784 and took up land upon the St. Lawrence below Cataraqui, at that place, and

upon the shores of the Bay of Quinté. They were all poorly equipped to gain their subsistence from the forest-covered domain which had been granted them. Soldiers and Loyalists alike had but the clothing upon their backs. When a family had a few chairs or a table, saved somehow from the ruin of their homesteads, guarded and transported with care and labor out of all proportion to the value of the articles, they were affluent amid the general destitution. The pioneer in our day can suffer no such isolation, and cannot endure like hardships. All civilization rushes to help him. He has only to break through the fringe of forest that surrounds him and he finds a storehouse of all the world's goods necessary for him at his command. By his fire he may read of the last month's revolutions, or the triumphs of peace in the uttermost parts of the earth. Whatever he touches in his cabin of rough logs may remind him of his comradeship with all the other producers of the globe, and every kernel of grain that he grows, and every spare-rib that he fattens goes to swell the food-wealth of the world. For the pioneers of 1784 it was strife for bare subsistence; they were as isolated as castaways on a desert island who had saved part of the ship's stores and tools.

The government gave them a little flour and pork and a few hoes and axes, and with these they were to dispossess those ancient tenants who had for ages held undisputed possession. They drew lots for their lands. The lucky ones obtained the farms near the posts or where some advantage of water, springs, groves, or soil made the situation desirable. When they were located began the great work of providing shelter. While the trees were felled and the rude hut was taking

shape, the family slept under the stars upon the ground, huddled together for warmth or protection from the dew and rain. Blankets they had none; their clothes were tattered, and as the chill nights of September came upon them, thus exposed, they suffered from cold. With dull axes, which they could not sharpen, they made their clearances, and when they were made they had no seed, or but a handful, to sow between the stumps upon the rich loam which was ready to yield them an hundred-fold. Their single implement was the hoe with which they chopped roots, turned the soil, covered the little seed. With toil in the clear air they sharpened hunger that could not be assuaged from the small supply of food which they were compelled to hoard against the length of the winter. Their staples were flour and pork, but to these could be added fish, that were in such plenty that a hooked stick was all that was required to take them from the streams, and wild fowl that could be captured with the most primitive snare.

They faced all the harshness of life in the wilderness except the hostility of the Indians. These first Upper Canadian settlers never turned their cabins into blockhouses, never primed their guns and stood alert at the loopholes "while shrill sprang through the dreaming hamlet on the hill, the war cry of the triumphant Iroquois." The savages who surrounded them were refugees like themselves, allies who had fought with the disbanded regiments and now, side by side, had turned them to the peaceful employments which were alike strange and untoward to the wielders of the tomahawk and the bearers of the rifle. Only upon occasion, maddened with rum for which they had bartered their treaty presents, did they drive off and kill the precious

cattle and frighten the women and children when the men were at the post for rations. The normal attitude of the Indian to the settler was one of friendliness. In his possession he held the wisdom produced by centuries of conflict with the conditions that faced the pioneer. And when the rewards that he might look for were small he taught him to take fish without hooks or bait, to prepare skins without the tanner's vat, to make delicious sugar from the sap of the maple, to snare rabbits, to build canoes. He brought to the cabin door venison and dishes of birch-bark, and pointed out nuts and roots that were edible and nutritious.

The winter of 1785 found these earliest settlers for the most part prepared to withstand its rigors. Their little log huts were reared in the middle of the clearings, supported by immense chimneys of rough stones, which opened in the dwarf interiors fireplaces nearly as large as one side of the enclosure. The chinks in the logs were stuffed with moss and clay, and the stones were cemented by nothing stronger than the soil from which they had been gathered. Night and day they kept fires roaring on the hearths. The precincts gradually widened in the snow as trees fell under the axe, and the interior of the cabins began to take on an air of rude comfort as, one by one, rough articles of furniture were knocked together by the light of the fire. The enforced stinting of the coarse, wholesome food, the splendid purity of the air, the sweeping ventilation of the little living-room kept clear by the sweet flames of maple and birch, the invigorating labor with axes amongst the resinous pine and the firm-trunked hard woods gave health and strong sleep, and happy hearts followed.

In the spring when the fall wheat began to show in a shimmer of green rising about the stumps equally over all inequalities of the ground, springing up gladly, renewing itself with a bright joy in the virgin earth, the laborers saw the first of hundreds of springtimes that were to gladden Ontario. These first blades of wheat, making patches of green where the axes had cleft the forest for sunshine and rain, were flags of hope unfurled for the women and children. It ripened, this virgin grain, breast high, strong-headed, crammed with the force of unwearied soil and sweeping sunshine. When hands gathered it, and threshed it, and winnowed it, it was crushed in the hollow scooped in a hardwood stump—a rude mortar. And if the swords of the old soldiers had not actually become ploughshares or their spears pruning-hooks, at least their cannon balls were frequently made into pestles and, suspended by cords from the end of a pole which was balanced like a well-sweep, pounded grain peacefully into coarse and wholesome flour.

And while the grain waxed plump and ripened, the women, with resourceful energy, sought to improve the conditions of life. In most cases they had saved the seed which produced the first harvest, now they endeavored to clothe their families, learned the Indian tanning, spun thread from the fibres of the basswood bark, and made clothing of deerskin, trousers and smocks and petticoats, that would withstand for years the rough usage of a frontier life. Stockings were unknown; at first the children frequently spent the whole of the winter months indoors for lack of the necessary foot-covering. When it became possible to obtain leather every man was shoe-maker to his own

family, and produced amorphous but comfortable boots. Looking forward to the raising of wool, flax, and hemp, hand-looms were fashioned in the winter and spinning-wheels, and when the materials were at hand the women learned to spin and weave, and linsey-woolsey took the place of buckskin. When the proper materials were not at hand blankets were made from anything that could be found, for instance, "hair picked out of the tanner's vat and a hemp-like weed growing in the yard." A common knife and a little invention filled the housewife's shelves with many a small article that made keeping the house easier—uncouth basswood trenchers, spoons, and two-pronged forks whittled from hard maple, and bowls done out of elm knots. The steady progress of the colony received but one serious check. The "hungry year" came with its dearth and its privation.

After three years of toil some slight degree of comfort had been reached, but in the summer of 1787 disaster fell upon them. The harvest was a failure. During the winter that followed there was dire suffering. They lived upon whatever they could find in the woods. They killed and ate their few cattle, their dogs, their horses. The government could not cope with such wide and far-reaching destitution, and the people were thrown upon their own resources. The story of the circulation of the beef bones among neighboring families to give flavor to the thin bran soup is familiar. They lived on nuts and roots, on anything from which nourishment could be extracted. When the early summer brought up the grain they boiled the green, half-filled ears and stalks, and as the year drew on distress gradually vanished and comfort and improvement marched on.

Transport and communication were difficult, the lakes and rivers were the natural carriage-ways; and bush-trails, a foot or two wide, blazed at every turn led from one clearance to another. But despite these obstacles the people were sociable and helpful. Their interests were alike, their sufferings had been similar, and common difficulties drew them together. They passed on the knowledge of small, but to them important, discoveries in domestic processes and economies. The invention of one became common property. No man endeavored to conceal his discovery of the best way to extract stumps or mount a potash-kettle, to build a bake oven, or to shape felloes. Every woman gave away her improvements in bread-making, in weaving, and in dyeing. They were like members of one family, and for good-fellowship and economy in labor they joined forces, and in "bees" the men raised barn-timbers and rooftrees, the women gathered around the quilting-frames and the spinning-wheels.

After labor there was mirth. The young men fought and wrestled and showed their prowess in many a forgotten game. The women made matches and handed on the news. There was dancing, good eating, and deep drinking. In the winter there were surprise parties and dances when the company came early and stayed for a day or two. But the weddings were the chief occasions for jollity and good-fellowship. Before the year 1784 the ceremony was performed by the officer-in-command at the nearest post, or the adjutant of the regiment; afterwards, until the passage of the Marriage Act, by the justice of the peace for the district. The bride and groom with their attendants, sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback, followed

the trail through the woods. If the journey were long they rested overnight at the house of some neighbor. They made as brave a show as possible, the bride decked out in calico, calamink, or linsey-woolsey, the bridegroom in his homespun. Or may be each in inherited garments of a more prosperous age, the bride in a white satin that had taken an ivory shade in its wanderings, the bridegroom in a broadcloth coat with brass buttons, knee breeches, and beaver hat. There was a fiddler always to be found, and no wedding was complete and perfect without a dance. Sometimes odd expedients were necessary to supply the ring, and there is record of one faithful pair that were married with the steel ring attached to an old pair of skates.

The chief messengers from the outside world were the itinerant preachers and the Yankee pedlars. They were the newsmongers who brought into the wilds word of the latest happenings, six months old: how Robespierre had cut off his king's head, how Black Dick had beaten the French, how Jay had made a treaty with King George, how the king's son was on the way to Niagara, how they were to have as a governor of their own the fighting colonel of the Queen's Rangers, how a real French duke was at Kingston in the officers' quarters, how there was to be another war with the States. All the stray news from Albany or Quebec was talked over while the pedlar opened his pack of prints and gee-gaws, or before the preacher turned from these worldly subjects to the one nearest his heart, the welfare of the eternal soul.

They were not greatly troubled with money; they made their own in effect, by trade and barter, or, in fact, by writing on small slips of paper that passed

everywhere at their face value until that became indecipherable from soil or friction, when the last holders made fresh copies, and on they went with their message of trust and confidence. The earliest settlers had no means of producing wealth. Their markets were their own simple tables, their exports reached the next concession, or the nearest military post. Their first and chief source of ready money was the sale of potash, a crude product from hardwood ashes. In fact, not many years have passed since the disappearance of the V-shaped ash vat and the cumbrous potash kettle. Their next source of revenue was the provisioning of the troops, and in 1794 agriculture had so developed that the commissariat was in that year partly supplied from the provincial harvest. Then timber became the staple, and the whole of the exports—potash, grain, and pork—were freighted to Montreal on rafts. Cattle at first were scarce and hard to provide for. Some of the earliest settlers had cows and oxen at places in the States, that had to be driven hundreds of miles through the woods over paths slashed out for their passage. In the first settlement at Oswegatchie (Prescott) for a population of five hundred and ninety-seven there were only six horses, eight oxen and eighteen cows. During the "hungry year" the first cattle were nearly all killed for food, but before long every farmer had his oxen and cows that ranged the woods as nimble as deer and picked up their living in the same fashion.

Saw- and grist-mills were soon established. First at Niagara, then at Napanee, at Kingston, at York on the Humber, and gradually they were added to as the harvests became greater and the demand for flour and lumber more extensive. Taking the grist to mill was

always the most important event of the year. By tedious and dangerous voyages along the lake shore in open boats or scows, the settler took his bags of grain that were precious as gold to him, and returned with his flour, less the toll exacted for grinding, fixed by law at one-twelfth. While he was away the women kept the houses, lying awake at night with the children sleeping around them, shivering at the howling of the wolves. Often were they alarmed by rumors of disaster and loss to the one who had gone forth "bearing his sheaves with him," but who doubtless "came again with rejoicing."

As time went by there grew up those distinctions and degrees which must inevitably develop in society that begins to be settled and secure. Governor Simcoe to the full extent of his power aided these divergences. He thought nothing would contribute so greatly to the solid, four-square loyalty of the province as an aristocracy. This aristocracy he hoped to build out of the materials at his hand: half-pay officers, many of whom bore names that were honored at home and whose traditions were those of good families and settled ways of life, the few leading merchants and landed proprietors who were the financiers and bankers of the colony. Upon these men fell the honors that Simcoe could recommend or bestow; they were the legislative councillors, the lieutenants of counties, the magistrates. They were the flower of the loyalty of the province, and from them he would have formed an aristocracy with hereditary titles, estates, coats-of-arms, permanent seats in the Legislative Council. From this eminence the people descended in degree through the professional classes, the farmers, the shopkeepers, to the substratum

of the land-grabber and speculator, whose loyalty was tainted and whose motives and movements were imagined and observed with suspicion.

Upon even the humblest individual of the early immigration Simcoe desired to place some distinction that might make his stand for a united empire known to posterity.

At Lord Dorchester's instance a minute had been passed by the Executive Council of the province of Quebec on November 9th, 1789, directing the Land Boards of the different districts to register the names of those who had joined the royal standard in America before the Treaty of Separation of 1783. But the Land Boards took but little interest in the matter, and Simcoe found the regulation a dead letter. He revived it by his proclamation dated at York on April 6th, 1796. This instrument directed the magistrates to ascertain under oath and register the names of such persons as were entitled to special distinction and land grants by reason of their cleaving to the king's cause in a troublous time. The next ensuing Michaelmas quarter sessions was the time set for the registration, and from this date began the designation of "United Empire Loyalist."

—Duncan Campbell Scott.

From "John Graves Simcoe" in "The Makers of Canada" series by permission of Morang & Co., Limited.

Duncan Campbell Scott (1862-) is a Canadian author, who has written both prose and poetry. At present he resides at Ottawa, where he is Deputy Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs. His poems are now published in a collected

edition. His best prose work is *In the Village of Viger*, a collection of short stories and sketches.

The volume from which the selection in the text is taken is entitled *John Graves Simcoe*. It is an historical work dealing with the life and times of Simcoe (1732-1806), who from 1791 to 1796 held the position of Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada. Simcoe was intensely interested in Upper Canada and did much to advance its interests. His special care was the welfare of the United Empire Loyalists, by whom the province was for the most part settled.

Cataraqui: now Kingston. **blockhouses**: strongly fortified houses in a central part of the settlement, where the people could gather in case of an attack. The houses were made as fire-proof as possible, and were pierced with loopholes for gunfire. **palisades**: a wall constructed of large stakes stuck upright into the ground. **Carleton**: Sir Guy Carleton (1724-1808), afterwards Lord Dorchester, was commander-in-chief of the British forces during the latter part of the American War of Independence. He was responsible for the military evacuation of the country at the conclusion of the war. **congress**: a body composed of representatives of the thirteen colonies, who had charge of the government. **partisan spirit**: the feeling against the Loyalists in the thirteen colonies was very bitter, Massachusetts alone banished three hundred and eight persons, making death the penalty for a second return. **Peter Secord**: the Secords came originally from France. Laura Secord, the Canadian heroine, was married to a member of this family.

Ancient tenants: the trees of the forest. **could not sharpen**: because they had no grindstones. **treaty presents**: presents given to the Indians by the government when concluding with them the treaty of peace and friendship. **pruning-hooks**: see *Isaiah ii, 4*. **amorphous**: shapeless. **linsey-woolsey**: a stout cloth made of linen and wool. **Marriage Act**: an Act of the Legislature of Upper Canada passed in 1793 legalizing all marriages performed in the province up to that date, no matter by whom they had been solemnized. The Marriage Act also made provision for the proper performance of the ceremony. **calamink**: calamanco, a woollen fabric of Flanders. **itinerant preachers**: preachers who wandered from settlement to settlement, preaching the gospel as they went.

Robespierre: Maximilien Robespierre (1758-1794) was one of the leading figures in the Reign of Terror during the French Revolution. He was one of those responsible for the execution of Louis XVI, king of France, in 1793. In the next year he himself was executed. **Black Dick:** Richard, Viscount Howe (1725-1799), was so called, not on account of a dark complexion, but from a mezzotint portrait of himself which hung in his cabin on board ship. On June 1st, 1794, "the glorious First of June," he defeated the French fleet off Ushant, winning a brilliant victory. **Jay:** John Jay (1745-1829) was sent by the United States to England as special representative for the purpose of settling a number of questions in dispute between the two countries. The treaty was concluded on November 19th, 1794. Jay was afterwards chief-justice of the United States. **the king's son:** in 1792, Edward, Duke of Kent, son of George III and the father of Queen Victoria, visited Niagara, at that time the capital of Upper Canada. He was stationed in Quebec with his regiment, the 7th Fusiliers. **the fighting colonel:** Governor Simcoe, during the war with the thirteen colonies, had commanded the Queen's Rangers, a corps composed of Loyalists from New York and Connecticut. **French duke:** the Duke de la Rochefaucauld-Liancourt, who had fled from France during the Reign of Terror, was a visitor in Canada about this time. He has left a very entertaining account of his travels in Canada. **another war:** at this time there was always a possibility of a war between Great Britain and the United States over the continued occupation of territory which had by treaty been handed over to the latter. Jay's treaty settled these disputes. **York:** now Toronto.

Loyalty was tainted: many of the settlers in Upper Canada at this time were secretly in favor of the province joining with the United States. The War of 1812-14 brought this out clearly. **Lord Dorchester:** Sir Guy Carleton was created Lord Dorchester in 1786. In the same year he became governor-general of Quebec for the second time. **the province of Quebec:** what was afterwards Upper and Lower Canada was from 1774 to 1791 known as Quebec. **Treaty of Separation:** the Treaty of Versailles, which acknowledged the independence of the thirteen colonies. **Land Boards:** boards established in each

district to look after the proper distribution of the public lands. **Michaelmas quarter sessions:** the magistrates met in session regularly once every three months. Michaelmas is a festival in honor of St. Michael, held on September 29th. The time set for registration was the regular fall meeting of the magistrates.

THE COUNTRY BOY'S CREED

I believe that the Country which God made is more beautiful than the City which man made; that life out-of-doors and in touch with the earth is the natural life of man. I believe that work is work wherever we find it, but that work with Nature is more inspiring than work with the most intricate machinery. I believe that the dignity of labor depends not on what you do, but on how you do it: that opportunity comes to a boy on the farm as often as to a boy in the city, that life is larger and freer and happier on the farm than in the town, that my success depends not upon my location, but upon myself—not upon my dreams, but upon what I actually do, not upon luck, but upon pluck. I believe in working when you work and in playing when you play and in giving and demanding a square deal in every act of life.

—Edwin Osgoode Grover.

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Edwin Osgoode Grover (1870-) is an American publisher and a graduate of Dartmouth College. At present he resides in New York City.

TO THE DANDELION

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth, thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
'T is the Spring's largess, which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time:
Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee
Feels a more summer-like warm ravishment
In the white lily's breezy tent,
His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass,
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,

Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways,
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind, of waters blue
That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap, and of a sky above,
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he could bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

—James Russell Lowell.

James Russell Lowell (1819-1891) was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and educated at Harvard University. He took up the study of law, but gave up the legal profession and became a professor of modern languages and literature at

Harvard. For a time he was editor of *The Atlantic Monthly.* From 1879 to 1885 he was ambassador of the United States to Great Britain. Lowell was a man of wide culture and extensive knowledge of the world. He wrote both in prose and poetry, but he is best remembered by his poems. Of these *Sir Launfal* is the most popular.

First pledge: a promise that May is coming. **buccaneers:** pirates, taking by right of force. **Eldorado:** a treasure city. *See page 19.* **ample round:** wide circumference. **Spanish prow:** the Spanish vessels in their hunt for gold sailed over seas where ships had never sailed before. **largess:** bounty. **my tropics, etc.:** I get from you all the warmth and beauty of the tropics and Italy. **golden-cuirassed:** the cuirass is protective armor for the body from the neck to the waist, both back and front. **Sybaris:** Sybaris was a town in the southern part of Italy, the inhabitants of which were devoted to luxury and to the pleasures of eating and drinking. **peers:** equals alike in innocence. **deem:** think more highly.

ALL ELSE IN THE WORLD

I, Charles Lounsberry, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make and publish this my last will and testament, in order, as justly as may be, to distribute my interest in the world among succeeding men.

ITEM: I give to good fathers and mothers, in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement and all quaint pet names and endearments, and I charge said parents to use them justly, but generously, as the needs of their children shall require.

ITEM: I leave to children inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and every the flowers of the field and the blossoms of the woods, with the

right to play among them freely according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks, and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the willows that dip therein, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees.

And I leave to children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night and the moon and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at.

ITEM: I devise to boys, jointly, all the useful, idle fields and commons where ball may be played, all pleasant waters where one may swim, all snow-clad hills where one may coast, and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where, when grim winter comes, one may skate, to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows, with the clover blossoms and butterflies thereof; the woods with their appurtenances; the squirrels and the birds and echoes and strange noises, and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance and without any incumbrance or care.

ITEM: To young men, jointly, I devise and bequeath all boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness, and undaunted confidence in their own strength. Though they are rude, I leave to them the power to make lasting friendships and of possessing companions, and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and grave choruses to sing with lusty voices.

ITEM: And to those who are no longer children or youths, I leave memory; and bequeath to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare and of other poets, if there be others, to the end that they may live the old days over again, freely and fully without tithe or diminution.

ITEM: To our loved ones with snowy crowns, I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep.

—CHARLES LOUNSBERRY.

Some years ago an insane lawyer, named Charles Lounsberry, died in a poorhouse. After his death, there was found in the pocket of his much-worn coat the remarkable will given in the text.

Milky Way: the Galaxy, the great path of stars entirely encircling the heavens. The stars are so very closely crowded together that they resemble a path, which gives forth a faint light.

A DAY WITH SIR ROGER

My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those who is not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind, in the returns of affection and good-will which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighborhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shewn to the good old knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble and myself with him to the country assizes: as we were upon the road, Will Wimble joined a couple of plain men who rid before us, and conversed with them for some time;

during which my friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their characters.

"The first of them," says he, "that has a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about an hundred pounds a year, an honest man: he is just within the Game Act, and qualified to kill an hare or a pheasant: he knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a week; and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbor if he did not destroy so many partridges: in short he is a very sensible man; shoots flying; and has been several times foreman of the petty jury.

"The other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for taking the law of everybody. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the Widow. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments: he plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to sell the ground it enclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution: his father left him four-score pounds a year; but he has cast and been cast so often, that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the willow tree."

As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will Wimble and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will told him that Mr. Touchy and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will, it seems, had been giving his fellow-travellers an account of his angling

one day in such a hole, when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him, that Mr. such-an-one, if he pleased, might take the law of him for fishing in that part of the river. My friend Sir Roger heard them both upon a round trot; and after having paused some time, told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that much might be said on both sides. They were neither of them dissatisfied with the knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it: upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

The court was sat before Sir Roger came; but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them; who, for his reputation in the country, took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear, that he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit.

I was listening to the proceedings of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance and solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws; when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him till I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences, with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising the court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people that Sir Roger was up. The speech he made was so little to the purpose, that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much

designed by the knight himself to inform the court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country.

I was highly delighted, when the court rose, to see the gentlemen of the country gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage, that was not afraid to speak to the judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident; which I cannot forbear relating, because it shows how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the knight's family; and to do honor to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door; so that The Knight's Head had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew anything of the matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and good-will, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment: and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added with a more decisive look, that it was too great an honor for any man under a duke; but told him at the same time, that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly they got a painter by the knight's directions to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation of the features to change it into The Saracen's Head.

I should not have known this story, had not the innkeeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing, that his honor's head was brought back last night with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this, my friend with his usual cheerfulness related the particulars above-mentioned and ordered the head to be brought into the room.

I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence: but upon the knight conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied, "that much might be said on both sides".

These several adventures, with the knight's behavior in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels.

—JOSEPH ADDISON.

Joseph Addison (1672-1719) was sent to the Charterhouse School in London, where he met Richard Steele, and together the two boys entered Oxford. The publication of his poem *The Campaign*, celebrating the English victory at the battle of Blenheim, established his reputation as a writer and secured his favorable entry into political life. Later he became Secretary of State. His essays, contributed first to *The Tatler* and later to *The Spectator*, both of which were owned by his friend Steele, made him famous and were eagerly read by the literary people of the day. They are notable for their easy grace of style, and

for their excellent portrayal of the life and manners of the time.

This selection forms one of the papers contributed to *The Spectator* in 1710, professedly by members of The Spectator Club, of which Sir Roger de Coverley is the chief member. Sir Roger is an ideal English gentleman—a middle-aged bachelor, cheerful, gay, and hearty, beloved by all who know him, and a welcome guest wherever he goes. Will Wimble is the younger brother of a baronet, whom he serves as superintendent of his game. He is famous as a hunter and as an expert in fashioning with his hands all manner of useful things. Addison describes him as "the darling of the country."

Country assizes: the regular sessions of the court for the country. **plain men:** ordinary men of the countryside. **yeoman, etc.:** a farmer with an annual income of £100. **the Game Act:** an Act passed in the reign of James I, which provided that no person possessing less than a certain definite income each year should be allowed to shoot game. **shoots flying:** and is therefore a good sportsman. **petty jury:** the trial jury as distinguished from the grand jury. **quarter sessions:** see page 46. **the Widow:** a beautiful but perverse widow residing in the next county, who had refused Sir Roger's offer of marriage. **has cast, etc.:** has won and lost.

Was sat: had begun its session. **for his reputation:** in order to convince people of his importance. **was up:** was on his feet, talking. **a figure:** to make me acknowledge his importance. **The Knight's Head:** it was the custom to hang figures before inns, so that those who could not read might have no difficulty in recognizing the place. **the charge of it:** would pay all expenses. **aggravation:** alteration of the features. **Saracen:** the name applied to an Arab at the time of the Crusades. **discovering:** showing. **conjuring:** imploring. **still:** even after the changes had been made.

BY COOL SILOAM'S SHADY RILL

By cool Siloam's shady rill
  How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
  Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart with influence sweet
Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away:

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.

O Thou Whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine,

Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death
To keep us still Thine own.

—Reginald Heber.

Reginald Heber (1783-1826) was chiefly noted as a writer of hymns, although he also achieved a reputation as a scholar and a wit. While at Oxford, he carried off a prize for his beautiful poem *Palestine*. After serving the church in various capacities in England, he was appointed Bishop of Calcutta. In speaking of his hymns one of his critics says: "In purity and elevation of sentiment, in simple pathos and eloquent earnestness, it would be difficult to find anything superior to them in the range of lyric poetry."

This hymn first appeared in the early part of the 19th century and, because of its popularity, has found a place in a great number of Hymnals the world over. It is essentially a children's hymn.

Siloam: a pool fed by springs at the south-east end of Jerusalem. It supplied the city with water. **Sharon**: a plain in western Palestine celebrated for its fertility.

KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS

Arthur, so the legend ran, was as a child not aware that he was of royal birth, for he had been brought up by Merlin, a great wizard, and under the protection of a certain Sir Hector, whose son he thought himself to be. When his real father, King Uther, had been dead for many years and Arthur was grown to manhood, the kingdom was in great confusion, for princes were warring against each other, and each thought he should be king. Then Merlin brought all the lords of England together in the great church in London on Christmas morn, before it was dawn, to see if God would not show by some miracle who should be king. And suddenly there was seen in the church, close to the high altar, a great square stone, and in the midst was an anvil of steel a foot high, and therein stuck a fair sword, and on the sword was written in letters of gold, "Whoso pulleth out this sword from the stone and the anvil is rightful king of England." And when the lords saw the writing, each tried to pluck out the sword, but none could move it. "The man is not yet here," said the Archbishop, "who shall draw forth the sword, but I doubt not that God will make him known to us shortly."

And upon New Year's Day the lords made a tournament; for the Archbishop hoped that he who should be king of England would then reveal himself. And Sir Hector rode to the tournament, and with him Sir Kay, his son, and young Arthur. Kay had left his sword at his father's lodging, and so he prayed young Arthur to ride back for it. And when Arthur came to the house, all therein had gone out to see the tournament. Then said Arthur to himself: "I will ride to the church and take the sword that sticketh in the stone, for my brother, Sir Kay, shall not be without a sword this day." And when he came to the church, Arthur alighted, tied his horse to the stile, and grasping the sword by the handle quickly pulled it out of the stone, and took his horse and rode his way till he came to his brother, Sir Kay, and delivered him the sword. As soon as Sir Kay saw the sword he knew well that it was the sword of the stone, and so he rode to his father, Sir Hector, and said: "Lo, here is the sword of the stone. I must be king of this land." And when Sir Hector beheld the sword, he turned to Sir Kay and asked him how he came by it. "Sir," said Sir Kay, "by my brother Arthur, for he brought it to me." "How got you this sword?" said Sir Hector to Arthur. "Sir, I will tell you. When I came home for my brother's sword, I found no one there, and lest my brother Kay should be swordless, I came to the church and plucked it from the stone." "Now," said Sir Hector to Arthur, "I understand that you must be king of this land." And therewith Sir Hector kneeled to the earth before him, and so did Sir Kay. Then was King Arthur crowned in the great church by the Archbishop, and he swore to the lords and

people to be a true king, and rule justly from thenceforth all the days of his life.

Once, when King Arthur, disguised as a knight-errant and accompanied by Merlin, was seeking adventures, it chanced that in a battle with a strange knight his sword was broken, and as Arthur and Merlin rode on, Arthur said: "I have no sword." "No matter," said Merlin, "hard by is a sword that shall be yours." So they rode till they came to a fair and broad lake, and in the midst of the lake King Arthur saw an arm, clothed in white, that held a fair sword in the hand. "Lo," said Merlin, "yonder is the sword of which I spoke." Thereupon they saw a damsel near by. "What damsel is that?" said Arthur. "That is the Lady of the Lake," said Merlin, "and soon shall she come to you." Then came the damsel unto Arthur and saluted him. "Damsel," said Arthur, "what sword is that which the arm holdeth above the water? I would it were mine, for I have no sword." "Sir King," said the damsel, "that sword is mine, and it is named EXCALIBUR, or Cut Steel. Get thee into yonder barge and row thyself to the sword, and take it and the scabbard with it, for it is thine." Then King Arthur and Merlin alighted, and tied their horses to two trees, and went into the barge, and when they came to the sword that the hand held, King Arthur grasped it by the hilt. Then the arm and the hand disappeared under the water. And King Arthur looked upon the sword and liked it well. "Which do you like the better," said Merlin, "the sword or the scabbard?" "The sword," said King Arthur. "You are unwise," said Merlin; "the scabbard is worth ten of the sword, for while you have the

scabbard upon you, you shall never lose blood even if you are sorely wounded."

Later, it befell on a time that King Arthur said to Merlin: "My barons will let me have no rest, but they will have it that I shall take a wife, and I will take none except by thy counsel and by thy advice." "It is well," said Merlin, "that you should take a wife, for a man of your nobleness should not be without one. Now, is there any fair lady that you love better than another?" "Yea," said King Arthur, "I love Guenevere, the daughter of King Leodegrance; for this damsel is the gentlest and fairest lady living." So Merlin went to King Leodegrance and told him the desire of Arthur. "That is to me," said King Leodegrance, "the best tidings that I have heard, that so worthy a king will wed my daughter. And I would give him land for a marriage gift, but he hath lands enough and needeth no more. But I shall send him a gift that will please him much more, for I shall send him the Round Table which King Uther, his father, gave me. Around it may sit one hundred knights and fifty, and with it I will send a hundred knights." And so King Leodegrance delivered his daughter Guenevere unto King Arthur and the Round Table with the hundred knights.

When King Arthur heard of the coming of Guenevere and the hundred knights with the Round Table, he rejoiced greatly and said: "This lady is exceedingly welcome to me, for I have loved her long, and these knights of the Round Table please me more than great riches." Then King Arthur said to Merlin: "Go thou throughout the land and find me fifty knights of the greatest prowess." Within a short time Merlin found

twenty and eight brave knights, but no more could he find.

Then the Archbishop came and blessed the seats at the Round Table, and when all the knights arose to do homage unto King Arthur, the name of each knight was found written on the seat in letters of gold. But on one seat no name was written, and that seat was called the Seat Perilous, "for thereon," said Merlin, "shall no one sit except the bravest and purest of all, and whoever else attempts to sit there shall die. And the seat shall be vacant until he comes."

Thus King Arthur gathered around him a band of noble knights, and added to their number, until all the seats at the Round Table were filled save the Seat Perilous.

The best of all his knights was Sir Lancelot of the Lake, who was said to be the head of all the Christian knights, the courtliest knight that ever bore shield, the trustiest friend that ever bestrode horse, the truest lover of all mortal men, the kindest man that ever struck with sword, the goodliest person ever seen in battle, the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in a hall among ladies, and the sternest knight to his mortal foe that ever put spear in rest.

The noblest and most saintly of King Arthur's knights was Sir Galahad, Sir Lancelot's son, who had been from childhood trained to a life of purity and of bravery and self-sacrifice. He it was who sat in the Seat Perilous. And with Sir Lancelot and the other knights, King Arthur did great deeds, fighting always for the right and defending the truth, until peace again smiled upon the land, and justice reigned, and the weak and lowly lived under the protection of the strong.

But evil days came again. Many of the Round Table had died in battle or wandered afar in search of adventures, and those who remained quarrelled one with another and broke their vows; even Guenevere no longer loved Arthur, but Lancelot, and fled with him. And Sir Modred, one of Arthur's knights, conspired against him, and the kingdom was in great turmoil, and King Arthur's knights and those of Sir Modred met in a great battle by the sea. There was a terrible slaughter on both sides, and King Arthur slew Sir Modred, but was himself sorely wounded.

Then he spoke to his only surviving knight, Sir Bedivere, and said: "My time cometh fast; therefore take thou Excalibur, my good sword, and go down with it to yonder water side, and when thou comest there, I charge thee to throw my sword into the water and come again and tell me what thou seest there."

"My lord," said Bedivere, "your commandment shall be done, and I will quickly bring you word again." So Sir Bedivere departed, and as he went he looked at the noble sword and saw that the hilt was studded thick with precious stones. Then he said to himself: "If I throw this rich sword into the water, no good shall come therefrom, but harm and loss." And so Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree. Then he came again to the King, and said he had thrown the sword into the water. "What saw'st thou there?" said the King. "Sir," he said, "I saw nothing but waves and winds." "Thou hast spoken untruly," said the King; "therefore go thou quickly back again and do my command. As thou art dear to me, spare not the sword, but throw it in."

Then Sir Bedivere returned again, and took the sword

in his hand, and again he thought it a sin and shame to throw away the noble sword, and so he hid it and returned again, and told the King that he had been to the water and done his command. "What didst thou see there?" said the King. "Sir," he said, "I saw nothing but the water and the waves." "Now hast thou betrayed me twice," said King Arthur. "Who would have thought that thou, who hast been so true to me and art called a noble knight, would have betrayed me for the riches of a sword? Now go quickly again, for thy long tarrying hath put me in great danger of my life, and unless thou dost now as I bid thee, I will slay thee with mine own hands."

Then Sir Bedivere departed, and went to the sword, and took it to the water side, and threw it as far into the water as he could, and there came an arm and hand above the water and caught it, and shook it thrice. Then the hand vanished away with the sword beneath the water. So Sir Bedivere came again to the King and told him what he saw. "Alas!" said the King, "help me hence, for I fear that I have tarried too long." Then Sir Bedivere took the King upon his back and so went with him to the water side.

And when they were at the water side, there came a barge with many fair ladies in it, and among them were three queens, and all had black hoods, and wept when they saw King Arthur. "Now put me into the barge," said the King. And when he had put him softly into the barge, the queens received him there with great mourning, and one of them took King Arthur's head in her lap, and said, "Dear brother, why hast thou tarried so long from me?" And then they rowed away from the land.

Then Sir Bedivere cried: "Ah, my Lord Arthur, what shall become of me now if thou goest from me and leavest me here alone among thine enemies?" "Comfort thyself," said the King, "and do as well as thou mayest, for I must go unto the isle of Avalon, there to heal me of my wound." And the legend says that from this isle of enchantment King Arthur will some day return again to be king over all England.

—ALFRED JOHN CHURCH.

From "Heroes of Chivalry and Romance" by permission of The Macmillan Company of Canada, Ltd.

Alfred John Church (1829-1912) was an English translator and prose writer. After teaching school for almost twenty-five years, he was appointed professor of Latin in University College, London, and later became vicar of Ashley. He is the author of a number of books based on ancient and mediaeval history.

This selection, taken from *Heroes of Chivalry and Romance*, deals with the life and death of King Arthur, the great hero of the Britons. There is very little known about the real history of Arthur. In fact, many have doubted that such a prince ever had any existence. He is said to have been chief of the British tribe of the Silures in the 6th century and to have drawn together the scattered tribes of the Britons to oppose the Saxons. He made headway against the invaders for a time, but was killed at the battle of Badon Hill in 520. He is also said to have been buried at Glastonbury, about twenty-one miles from Bristol. However this may be, there has gathered around Arthur a body of legend and story that has made his name and his deeds famous. The storehouse of information in regard to the king is *Le Morte Darthur* (the Death of Arthur) by Sir Thomas Malory, printed in 1485 by Caxton. Many other stories, however, have been added, so that now there is little consistency in the Arthurian story. Incidents related of one knight are

in other versions ascribed to another knight. It is best to accept each story as it stands, without attempting to reconcile it with that related by another writer.

Of royal birth: Arthur, according to the story as told by Sir Thomas Malory, was the son of Uther Pendragon, king of Britain, and Ygerne. As soon as he was born, he was handed to Merlin, who gave him in charge of Sir Hector to bring up as his son. Of course, Merlin knew that Arthur would be king, but he was anxious that his claim should be acknowledged in some miraculous way, so that none of the fierce barons of the time would dare to dispute it. **Merlin**: the great enchanter, or wizard, at the court of Uther, and afterwards at Arthur's court. **knight-errant**: a knight wandering forth in search of adventures. **the Lady of the Lake**: it is very difficult to tell a connected story about the enchantress known as the Lady of the Lake. In this narrative she was friendly to Arthur and gave him his famous sword *Excalibur* (cut-steel). She forged the sword herself, taking nine years in the making.

Round Table: originally made by Merlin for Uther. **of the Lake**: in infancy, Sir Lancelot had been stolen by the Lady of the Lake, who detained him for some time in her watery kingdom. **Sir Modred**: Modred was the son of Arthur's sister. **throw my sword**: when Arthur first saw Excalibur, he found written on one side of it the words, "Take me," and on the other side, "Cast me away." The time had now come to obey the command of the sword. **three queens**: the queen of the Northgales (Wales), the Lady of the Lake, and Arthur's sister, Morgan the fairy. **the isle of Avalon**: the island of King Avalon, a Celtic god, who presided over the dead. The word means "Island of Apples." Lord Tennyson describes it:

> "Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow
> Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
> Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair, with orchard lawns
> And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea."

Great deeds cannot die;
They, with the sun and moon, renew their light
Forever, blessing those that look on them.

A FACE

I know a face, a lovely face,
As full of beauty as of grace,
A face of pleasure, ever bright,
In utter darkness it gives light.
A face that is itself like joy;
To have seen it I'm a lucky boy;
But I've a joy that have few other,
This lovely woman is my Mother.

—EDWARD WYNDHAM TENNANT.

By kind permission of Lady Glenconner and of the Chiswick Press.

Edward Wyndham Tennant (1897-1916) is the author of just one small volume of verse. Even before he could write, he used to dictate quaint little poems, and at the age of eight had written this beautiful tribute to his mother, whom he loved and admired most deeply. During the Great War, he served as a lieutenant with the Grenadiers and was killed in action on the Somme, in September, 1916, at the age of nineteen. Most of the poems in his book *Worple Flit, and Other Poems* were written in shell-shattered towns in Flanders, but the war very seldom enters into them.

A PIECE OF RED CALICO

Before beginning the relation of the following incidents, I wish to state that I am a young married man, doing business in a large city, in the suburbs of which I live.

I was going into town the other morning, when my wife handed me a little piece of red calico, and asked me if I would have time, during the day, to buy her two yards and a half of calico like it. I assured her that it would be no trouble at all, and putting the piece of calico in my pocket, I took the train for the city.

At lunch-time I stopped in at a large dry-goods store to attend to my wife's commission. I saw a well-dressed man walking the floor between the counters where long lines of girls were waiting on much longer lines of customers, and asked him where I could see some red calico.

"This way, sir," and he led me up the store. "Miss Stone," said he to a young lady, "show this gentleman some red calico."

"What shade do you want?" asked Miss Stone.

I showed her the little piece of calico that my wife had given me. She looked at it and handed it back to me. Then she took down a great roll of red calico and spread it out on the counter.

"Why, that isn't the shade!" said I.

"No, not exactly," said she. "But it is prettier than your sample."

"That may be," said I; "but, you see, I want to match this piece. There is something already in my house, made of this kind of calico, which needs to be made larger, or mended, or something. I want some calico of the same shade."

The girl made no answer, but took down another roll.

"That's the shade," said she.

"Yes," I replied, "but it's striped."

"Stripes are more worn than any thing else in calicoes," said she.

"Yes; but this isn't to be worn. It's for furniture, I think. At any rate, I want perfectly plain stuff, to match something already in use."

"Well, I don't think you can find it perfectly plain, unless you get Turkey red."

"What is Turkey red?" I asked.

"Turkey red is perfectly plain in calicoes," she answered.

"Well, let me see some."

"We haven't any Turkey red calico left," she said, "but we have some very nice plain calicoes in other colors."

"I don't want any other color. I want stuff to match this."

"It's hard to match cheap calico like that," she said, and so I left her.

I next went into a store a few doors farther up Broadway. When I entered I approached the "floorwalker," and handing him my sample, said:

"Have you any calico like this?"

"Yes, sir," said he. "Third counter to the right."

I went to the third counter to the right, and showed my sample to the salesman in attendance there. He looked at it on both sides. Then he said:

"We haven't any of this."

"The floorwalker said you had," said I.

"We had it, but we're out of it now. You'll get that goods at an upholsterer's."

I went across the street to an upholsterer's.

"Have you any stuff like this?" I asked.

"No," said the salesman. "We haven't. Is it for furniture?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Then Turkey red is what you want."

"Is Turkey red just like this?" I asked.

"No," said he; "but it's much better."

"That makes no difference to me," I replied. "I want something just like this."

"But they don't use that for furniture," he said.

"I should think people could use any thing they wanted for furniture," I remarked, somewhat sharply.

"They can, but they don't," he said quite calmly. "They don't use red like that. They use Turkey red."

I said no more, but left. The next place I visited was a very large dry-goods store. Of the first salesman I saw I inquired if they kept red calico like my sample.

"You'll find that on the second story," said he. I went up-stairs. There I asked a man:

"Where shall I find red calico?"

"In the far room to the left," and he pointed to a distant corner.

I walked through the crowds of purchasers and sales-people, and around the counters and tables filled with goods, to the far room to the left. When I got there I asked for red calico.

"The second counter down this side," said the man.

I went there and produced my sample. "Calicoes down-stairs," said the man.

"They told me they were up here," I said.

"Not these plain goods. You'll find them down-stairs at the back of the store, over on that side."

I went down-stairs to the back of the store.

"Where can I find red calico like this?" I asked.

"Next counter but one," said the man addressed, walking with me in the direction pointed out.

"Dunn, show red calicoes."

Mr. Dunn took my sample and looked at it.

"We haven't this shade in that quality of goods," he said.

"Well, have you it in any quality of goods?" I asked.

"Yes. We've got it finer." He took down a piece of calico, and unrolled a yard or two of it.

"That's not this shade," I said.

"No," said he. "The goods is finer and the color's better."

"I want it to match this," I said.

"I thought you weren't particular about the match," said the salesman. "You said you didn't care for the quality of the goods, and you know you can't match goods without you take into consideration quality and color both. If you want that quality of goods in red, you ought to get Turkey red."

I did not think it necessary to answer this remark, but said:

"Then you've got nothing to match this?"

"No, sir. But perhaps they may have it in the upholstery department, in the sixth story."

I got into the elevator and went up to the top of the house.

"Have you any red stuff like this?" I said to a young man.

"Red stuff? Upholstery department—other end of this floor."

I went to the other end of the floor.

"I want some red calico," I said to a man.

"Furniture goods?" he asked.

"Yes," said I.

"Fourth counter to the left."

I went to the fourth counter to the left, and showed my sample to a salesman. He looked at it, and said:

"You'll get this down on the first floor—calico department."

I turned on my heel, descended in the elevator, and went out on Broadway. I was thoroughly sick of red calico. But I determined to make one more trial. My wife had bought her red calico not long before, and there must be some to be had somewhere. I ought to have asked her where she bought it, but I thought a simple little thing like that could be procured anywhere.

I went into another large dry-goods store. As I entered the door a sudden tremor seized me. I could not bear to take out that piece of red calico. If I had had any other kind of a rag about me—a pen-wiper or any thing of the sort—I think I would have asked them if they could match that.

But I stepped up to a young woman and presented my sample, with the usual question.

"Back room, counter on the left," she said.

I went there.

"Have you any red calico like this?" I asked of the lady behind the counter.

"No, sir," she said, "but we have it in Turkey red."

Turkey red again! I surrendered.

"All right," I said. "Give me Turkey red."

"How much, sir?" she asked.

"I don't know—say five yards."

The lady looked at me rather strangely, but measured off five yards of Turkey red calico. Then she rapped on the counter and called out "Cash!" A little girl, with yellow hair in two long plaits, came slowly up. The

lady wrote the number of yards; the name of the goods; her own number; the price; the amount of the bank-note I handed her; and some other matters—probably the color of my eyes, and the direction and velocity of the wind—on a slip of paper. She then copied all this in a little book which she kept by her. Then she handed the slip of paper, the money, and the Turkey red to the yellow-haired girl. This young girl copied the slip in a little book she carried, and then she went away with the calico, the paper slip, and the money.

After a very long time—during which the little girl probably took the goods, the money, and the slip to some central desk, where the note was received, its amount and number entered in a book; change given to the girl; a copy of the slip made and entered; girl's entry examined and approved; goods wrapped up; girl registered; plaits counted and entered on a slip of paper and copied by the girl in her book; girl taken to a hydrant and washed; number of towel entered on a paper slip and copied by the girl in her book; value of my note and amount of change branded somewhere on the child, and said process noted on a slip of paper and copied in her book—the girl came to me, bringing my change and the package of Turkey red calico.

I had time for but very little work at the office that afternoon, and when I reached home I handed the package of calico to my wife. She unrolled it and exclaimed:

"Why, this doesn't match the piece I gave you!"

"Match it!" I cried. "Oh, no! it doesn't match it. You didn't want that matched. You were mistaken. What you wanted was Turkey red—third counter to

the left. I mean, Turkey red is what they use!"

My wife looked at me in amazement, and then I detailed to her my troubles.

"Well," said she, "this Turkey red is a great deal prettier than what I had, and you've bought so much of it that I needn't use the other at all. I wish I had thought of Turkey red before."

"I wish from my heart you had!" said I.

—Francis Richard Stockton.

From "The Magic Egg and Other Stories" by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

Francis Richard Stockton (1834-1902) was an American prose writer. He took up the profession of journalism, and, after serving on various papers, became editor of *St. Nicholas*. He resigned this position to take up literary work on his own account. He wrote many stories particularly for children. His short story *The Lady or the Tiger* is one of the most popular in the whole range of literature. Most of his longer works have a distinctly humorous flavor.

This selection is taken from *The Magic Egg and Other Stories*. Most of the stories in the book are of a humorous nature.

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE

A well there is in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen;
There is not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the Well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,
And behind doth an ash-tree grow,

And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the Well of St. Keyne;
Joyfully he drew nigh,
For from cock-crow he had been travelling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he,
And he sat down upon the bank
Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the house hard by
At the well to fill his pail;
On the well-side he rested it,
And he bade the stranger hail.

"Now art thou a bachelor, stranger?" quoth he,
"For an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drunk this day
That ever thou didst in thy life.

"Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast,
Ever here in Cornwall been?
For an if she have, I'll venture my life
She has drank of the Well of St. Keyne."

"I have left a good woman who never was here,"
The stranger he made reply,
"But that my draught should be the better for that,
I pray you answer me why?"

"St. Keyne," quoth the Cornish-man, "many a time
Drank of this crystal well,
And before the angel summon'd her,
She laid on the water a spell.

"If the husband of this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life.

"But if the wife should drink of it first, . . .
God help the husband then!"
The stranger stoopt to the Well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

"You drank of the well I warrant betimes?"
He to the Cornish-man said:
But the Cornish-man smiled as the stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

"I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch;
But i' faith she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church."

—ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Robert Southey (1774-1843) was the son of a linen-draper. While attending Westminster School in London, he wrote an essay against flogging, which led to his expulsion. He was frequently in trouble, because of the frank way in which he expressed his opinions. At Oxford, he formed a fast friendship with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, with whom he retired to the Lake Country, where he spent the last thirty years of his life. In 1814, he was appointed Poet Laureate. His prose work is much better than his poetry, which lacks both imagination and

passion. His clear, straightforward business-like style is at its best in his biographies of John Wesley and Lord Nelson.

St. Keyne: a Celtic saint, who dwelt near Mount St. Michael in Cornwall, where she caused to burst from the earth a spring whose waters were said to have powers of healing. Legend says that the one who tastes this water first after marriage will control the household. the angel, etc.: before her death.

LITTLE GAVROCHE

Spring in Paris is frequently accompanied by keen, sharp north winds, by which one is not exactly frozen, but thoroughly chilled. These winds, which mar the brightest days, have exactly the same effect as those currents of cold air which enter a warm room through the cracks of an ill-closed door or window. It seems as if the dreary door of winter were partly open and the wind were coming through it.

One evening when these winds were blowing sharply —so sharply that January seemed to have returned— and the citizens had put on their cloaks again, little Gavroche, shivering cheerfully under his rags, was standing, as if in ecstasy, before a hairdresser's shop. He was adorned with a woman's woollen shawl, picked up nobody knows where, of which he had made a muffler. Little Gavroche seemed to be lost in admiration of a waxen image of a bride wearing a low-necked dress and with orange flowers in her hair—which figure was revolving between two lamps and lavishing its smile upon the passers-by.

As he was contemplating the bride, he muttered between his teeth: "Tuesday. This isn't Tuesday. Is

it Tuesday? Perhaps it is Tuesday. Yes, it is Tuesday."

To what this monologue related was never known. If, perchance, it referred to the last time he had dined, it was three days before, for this was Friday.

While Gavroche was examining the bride and the windows, two boys of unequal height, rather decently dressed and younger than himself, one apparently about seven years old, the other five, timidly turned the knob of the door and entered the shop, asking for something—charity, perhaps—in a plaintive murmur which was more like a sob than a request. They both spoke at once, and their words were unintelligible because sobs choked the voice of the younger, while the cold made the elder's teeth chatter. The barber turned with a furious face and, without laying down his razor, pushed the elder boy into the street with his left hand, and the little one with his knee, and shut the door, saying, "Would you come and freeze people for nothing!"

The two children went on, crying. Meanwhile a cloud had come up, and it began to rain.

Little Gavroche ran after the children and accosted them: "What is the matter with you, youngsters?"

"We don't know where to sleep," replied the elder.

"Is that all?" asked Gavroche. "That's a great thing to cry about! Are you canary birds?"

And assuming, through his somewhat bantering superiority, a tone of softened authority and gentle protection, he added, "Come with me, babes."

"Yes, sir," said the elder.

And the two children followed him as they would have followed an archbishop. They had stopped crying.

Gavroche led them along the Rue St. Antoine in the direction of the Bastille, and as he departed, cast an indignant and retrospective glance at the hairdresser's shop.

"He has no heart, that barber," he muttered. Then, looking at the cloud, he cried, "Hello! It is raining again."

The two children limped along behind him, and as they passed one of those thick-grated lattices which indicate a baker's shop—for bread, like gold, is kept behind gratings—Gavroche turned: "By the way, youngsters, have you dined?"

"Mister," answered the elder, "we have not had anything to eat since early this morning."

"Then you haven't a father or mother?" continued Gavroche, majestically.

"I beg your pardon, sir, we have a papa and a mamma, but we don't know where they are."

"Sometimes that is better than knowing," said Gavroche, who was a philosopher in a small way.

"For two hours now," continued the elder lad, "we have been walking; we have been looking for things in every corner, but we can find nothing."

"I know," said Gavroche. "The dogs eat up everything."

He stopped, and for some minutes groped and fumbled in all sorts of recesses which he had in his rags. At last he raised his head with an air which was only intended to express satisfaction, but which was in reality triumphant.

"Let us compose ourselves, babes. Here is supper for three."

And he drew a sou from one of his pockets.

Without giving the two boys time for amazement, he pushed them both before him into the baker's shop, and laid his sou on the counter, crying, "Boy! a cent's worth of bread."

The man, who was the master baker himself, took a loaf and a knife.

"In three pieces, boy," remarked Gavroche; and he added with dignity, "There are three of us."

The baker could not help smiling, and while cutting the bread, gazed at the children in a compassionate way which offended Gavroche.

"Well, baker's man," said he, "what is there about us that you should measure us like that?"

When the bread was cut, the baker put the sou into the till, and Gavroche said to the children, "Fill up!"

At the same time he handed each of them a piece of bread. One piece was smaller than the other two; he took that for himself.

The poor boys, Gavroche included, were starving. While they were tearing the bread with their teeth, they encumbered the shop of the baker, who, now that he had received his pay, was looking at them somewhat ill-humoredly.

"Come into the street," said Gavroche.

They went on in the direction of the Bastille.

Twenty years ago there might still have been seen in the southeast corner of the square of the Bastille, near the canal basin dug in the ancient moat of the prison citadel, a grotesque monument which has now faded away from the memory of Parisians. We say monument, though it was only a plaster cast, but this cast was prodigious. It represented an elephant forty feet high, constructed of framework and masonry,

bearing on its back a tower which resembled a house, once painted green by some calciminer, now painted black by the sun, the rain, and the dust. In that open and deserted corner of the square the broad forehead of the colossus—its trunk, its tusks, its tower, its enormous back, its four legs like columns—produced at night, under a starlit sky, a startling and terrible outline.

Few strangers visited this edifice, and passers-by had ceased to look at it. It was falling into ruin; and each season the dropping of pieces of plaster from its sides made hideous wounds upon it. It stood there in its corner, gloomy, sick, crumbling, surrounded by a rotten fence. There were yawning cracks in its stomach, a lath issued from its tail, and grass grew between its legs. It was unclean, neglected, repulsive, and superb.

As we have said, night altered its appearance. So soon as twilight fell, the old elephant was transfigured and assumed a tranquil and terrible form in the fearful serenity of the darkness. Being of the past, it was of the night; and this obscurity only set off its grandeur.

Toward this corner of the square, dimly lighted by the reflection of a distant oil lamp, Gavroche led the two children. As they came near the colossus, Gavroche understood the effect which the infinitely great may produce upon the infinitely small, and said, "Youngsters, don't be frightened."

Then he entered through a hole in the fence into the inclosure around the elephant and helped the children to crawl through the breach. The two lads, a little frightened, followed him without a word and trusted themselves to that little Providence in rags who had given them bread and promised them a lodging.

Lying by the side of the fence was a ladder. Gavroche lifted it with singular vigor and set up it against one of the elephant's forelegs. At the point where the ladder ended, a sort of black hole could be distinguished in the under side of the colossus. Gavroche showed the ladder and the hole to his guests, and said "Up, and get in."

The two little fellows looked at each other in growing terror.

"You are afraid, youngsters!" exclaimed Gavroche. Then he added, "You shall see."

He clasped the elephant's wrinkled foot, and in a twinkling, without deigning to make use of the ladder, he reached the hole. He went in as a lizard glides into a crevice, and a moment later the two children saw his face dimly looking out, like a pale, wan apparition, at the edge of the hole full of darkness.

"Well," he cried, "come up, my blessed babes, and see how snug it is. Come up," said he to the elder; "I'll give you a hand."

The little ones urged each other forward. The gamin made them afraid and reassured them at the same time; and then it was raining very hard. The elder ventured. The younger, seeing his brother go up and himself left alone between the paws of this huge beast, had a great desire to cry, but did not dare.

The elder clambered up the rounds of the ladder. He tottered badly. Gavroche, meanwhile, encouraged him with such exclamations as a fencing master might give to his scholars, or a muleteer to his mules: "Don't be afraid! That's it! Come on! Put your foot there! Your hand here! Good!"

And when the boy came within his reach, he caught

him quickly and vigorously by the arm and drew him up.

"Swallowed!" he said.

The boy had passed through the hole.

"Now," said Gavroche, "wait for me. Be good enough to sit down."

And going out of the hole as he had entered, he slid down the elephant's leg with the agility of a monkey, landed upon his feet in the grass, caught the little five-year-old around the waist, and set him halfway up the ladder; then he began to mount up behind, crying to the elder boy, "I'll push and you pull."

In an instant the little fellow was lifted, pushed, dragged, pulled, stuffed, crammed through the hole without having had time to know what was going on. Gavroche, entering after him and kicking away the ladder so that it fell upon the grass, began to clap his hands and cried, "Here we are! Hurrah for General Lafayette!"

After this explosion he added, "Youngsters, you are in my house."

Gavroche was in fact at home. . . .

The hole by which Gavroche had entered was a break hardly visible from the outside, concealed as it was, on the under side of the elephant, and so narrow that nothing but cats and boys could pass through it.

"Let us begin," said Gavroche, "by telling the porter that we are not in."

And plunging into the darkness like one who knows every corner of his room, he took a board and stopped the hole.

Gavroche plunged again into the darkness. The children heard the sputtering of a taper plunged into a

bottle of phosphorus—for matches did not then exist. A sudden light made them blink; Gavroche had lighted one of those bits of string dipped in pitch, called "cellar rats," and this thing, which made more smoke than light, rendered the inside of the elephant dimly visible.

Gavroche's two guests looked about them, and felt somewhat as Jonah must have felt inside the whale. An entire gigantic skeleton was visible to them and shut them in. Above their heads a long brown beam, from which at regular distances sprang heavy cross-bars, represented the spine and ribs of the creature. Stalactites of plaster hung down between them, and vast spider webs spread from side to side. Here and there, in the corners, could be seen black spots which seemed alive and changed places with a quick and startled movement.

The smaller boy hugged close to his brother and said in a low tone, "It's dark."

"What is the matter with you?" cried Gavroche. "Must you have a palace?"

A little roughness is good in terror, for it reassures. The two children drew nearer to Gavroche, who, affected paternally by this confidence, passed from sternness to gentleness, and addressing the younger lad :

"Silly!" he said, toning down the insult with a caressing inflection of the voice, "it is outside that it's black. Outside it rains, and here it does not rain; outside it is cold, and here there is not a breath of wind; outside there's a heap of people, and here there's nobody; outside there's not even the moon, and here there's a candle."

The two lads began to regard the apartment with

less fear, but Gavroche did not allow them any longer leisure for contemplation.

"Quick!" said he.

And he pushed them toward what we are happy to call the end of the room—where his bed was. Gavroche's bed was complete; that is to say, there was a mattress, a coverlet, and a canopy with curtains. The mattress was a straw mat; the coverlet was a rather wide wrapper of coarse gray wool, very warm and almost new. The canopy was made by three long supports firmly driven into the plaster of the floor, two in front and one behind, and tied together by a string at the top, so as to form a frame. This frame supported a screen of brass-wire netting, which was hung over it and artistically fastened by iron wire so that it entirely surrounded the three poles. A row of large stones fastened down the screen, allowing nothing to pass under it. The screen was nothing more nor less than a fragment of the nettings which are used for bird houses in menageries, and Gavroche's bed was under it as in a cage.

Gavroche moved a few of the stones that held down the netting in front, and the two folds, which lay one over the other, opened.

"Now, then! on all fours!" said Gavroche.

He made his guests enter the cage carefully; then he crept in after them, replaced the stones, and closed the opening. All three lay down upon the straw.

"Now," said Gavroche, "to roost! I am going to remove the chandelier."

"Mister," inquired the elder boy, pointing to the netting, "what is that thing?"

"That," said Gavroche, gravely, "is for the rats."

While he was talking, he wrapped a fold of the coverlet about the smaller one, who murmured: "Oh! that is good. It is warm."

As he was on the edge of the mat, the elder being in the middle, Gavroche tucked the coverlet under the little fellow as a mother would have done, and raised the mat under his head with some old rags, to make a pillow. Then he turned toward the elder: "Eh! we are pretty well off here?"

"Oh, yes!" answered the elder, looking at Gavroche with the expression of a rescued angel.

The two poor little soaked children were beginning to get warm.

"By the way," continued Gavroche; "what in the world were you blubbering about?"

And pointing to the little one, he added, "I say nothing to a youngster like that, but for a big boy like you to cry is idiotic; it makes you look like a calf."

"Well, sir," said the child, "we hadn't any lodging,—no place to go. And then we were afraid to be all alone like that in the night."

"Listen to me," continued Gavroche. "You must never blubber for anything. I'll take care of you, and you'll see what fun we shall have. In summer we'll go to the park with a friend of mine. We'll go swimming in the dock. We'll go to see the skeleton man. He's alive and as thin as you please. And then I'll take you to the theatre. I can get tickets, for I know some of the actors; I even acted once myself. A lot of us boys ran about under a canvas, and that made the sea. I will get you an engagement at my theatre. Ah! we shall have great fun!"

At this moment a drop of pitch fell on Gavroche's hand and recalled him to the realities of life.

Said he: "There's the match used up. Listen! I can't afford more than a sou a month for my illumination. When people go to bed, they are expected to go to sleep."

The storm grew more furious, and in the intervals of the thunder the rain could be heard beating upon the back of the colossus.

"Pour away, rain," said Gavroche. "It does me good to hear the old water bottle emptying itself down the legs of my house. The storm's a fool; he throws away his goods, he loses his trouble, he can't wet us, and that's what makes him grumble."

This allusion to thunder was followed by a vivid flash, so blinding that something of it entered by the hole into the body of the elephant. Almost at the same instant the thunder burst forth again most furiously. The two little boys uttered a cry and rose so quickly that the wire canopy was almost thrown down; but Gavroche turned his bold face toward them and took advantage of the clap of thunder to burst into a laugh.

"Be calm, children. Don't upset the edifice. That was fine thunder; give us some more."

Then he restored the netting to its position, gently pushed the two children to the head of the bed, pressed their knees to make them stretch out at full length, and exclaimed: "Youngsters, we must sleep. It's very bad not to sleep. Wrap yourselves well up in the blanket, for I'm going to put out the light. Are you all right?"

"Yes," murmured the elder boy, "I'm all right. I feel as if I had a feather pillow under my head."

The two children hugged close to each other. Gavroche finished arranging them upon the mat, and pulled the coverlet up to their ears; then he repeated in his mystic language, "Now, roost!" and blew out the taper.

Hardly was the light extinguished when a singular tremor began to shake the screen under which the three children were lying. It was a multitude of dull rubbings, which produced a metallic sound, as if claws and teeth were assailing the brass wire. This was accompanied by all sorts of little sharp cries.

The five-year-old, hearing this tumult above his head and shivering with fear, nudged his elder brother, but the elder brother was "roosting" already, as Gavroche had ordered him. Then the little one, unable to keep still, for fright, ventured to accost Gavroche, but very low and holding his breath: "Mister!"

"Hey?" said Gavroche, who had just closed his eyes.

"What is that?"

"It's the rats," answered Gavroche.

And he laid his head again upon the mat. The rats, in fact, which swarmed by thousands in the elephant's carcass and which were the live black spots to which we have alluded, had been held in check by the flame of the taper so long as it was alight; but as soon as this cavern, which was, so to speak, their city, had been restored to night, sniffing what that famous story-teller Perrault calls "fresh meat," they rushed in crowds upon Gavroche's tent, climbed to the top, and were biting its meshes as if trying to get through this new-fashioned mosquito bar. The boy did not sleep.

"Mister!" he said.

"Hey?" said Gavroche.

"What are rats?"

"They're mice."

This explanation slightly reassured the child. He had seen some white mice in the course of his life, and had not been afraid of them. However, he raised his voice again: "Mister!"

"Hey?" replied Gavroche.

"Why don't you keep a cat?"

"I had one," answered Gavroche. "I brought her here, but they ate her up for me."

This second explanation undid the work of the first, and the little fellow began to tremble once more. The dialogue was resumed for the fourth time: "Mister!"

"Hey?"

"Who was it that was eaten up?"

"The cat."

"Who was it that ate the cat?"

"The rats."

"The mice?"

"Yes, the rats."

The child, dismayed by these mice who ate cats, continued: "Mister, would those mice eat us?"

"Oh, yes!" said Gavroche.

The child's terror was complete, but Gavroche added: "Don't be afraid. They can't get in. And then I am here. Take my hand, keep quiet, and go to sleep."

Gavroche at the same time took the little fellow's hand across his brother. The child clasped Gavroche's hand against his body and felt safe, for courage and strength have mysterious communications. It was

once more silent about them; the sound of voices had startled and driven away the rats. When they returned a few minutes later and made another furious attack, they brought no terror with them; the three boys, plunged in slumber, heard them no more.

Darkness covered the square of the Bastille; a cold wind, which mingled with the rain, blew in gusts. Policemen examined doors, alleys, yards, and dark corners, and while searching for nocturnal vagabonds, passed silently before the elephant. The monster, erect and motionless, with eyes open in the darkness, appeared to be lost in thought and congratulating himself upon his good deed, for he was sheltering from the heavens and from men the three poor, sleeping children.

—Victor Hugo.

Victor Hugo (1802-1885) was the son of a general in Napoleon's army, and the greater part of his childhood was spent in military camps, following the French army in various parts of Italy and Spain. He was very fond of poetry, and, before he was seventeen, had carried off a number of prizes for his verse. Hugo was a Republican, and the satires which he wrote denouncing Napoleon III forced him to flee to Guernsey, where he lived in exile for seventeen years. After the Franco-Prussian War and the re-establishment of the republic, he returned to Paris, where honors were heaped upon him. He was distinguished as a poet, a dramatist, and an essayist, but most of all as a novelist. His greatest novels are *Notre Dame de Paris* and *Les Miserables*, the latter of which was published in ten different languages on the same day.

This selection is taken from Victor Hugo's most famous novel *Les Miserables*, which when translated means "The Unfortunate Ones." The hero of the story is Jean Valjean, a simple hard-working peasant, whose whole life is one of sacrifice for others, in spite of the fact that he is constantly being wronged and persecuted. Little Gavroche is a typical

Paris street-urchin, bold and fearless, happy in spite of his sordid surroundings, and generous to a degree with his meagre possessions. He dies in a daring game of hide-and-seek with death, as he darts here and there amid a shower of bullets gathering amunition with which to defend the barricade of Paris during the insurrection of 1832.

Waxen image: the wax figure on which hairdressers are accustomed to display wigs for sale. **Rue St. Antoine**: a well known street in Paris leading to the Bastille. **the Bastille**: a celebrated state prison in Paris built during the 14th century. It contained many iron cages and dreaded vaults where people were imprisoned from time to time. During the Revolution of 1789, it was stormed by the mob and forced to surrender. Since that time the date of the storming of the Bastille, July 14th, has been celebrated as the national holiday in France. **bread, etc.**: in those times the stealing of bread was so general that it was necessary to take every means to prevent it. **sou**: a French copper coin of the value of about one cent. **moat**: a deep ditch dug around the Bastille and filled with water as a means of protection against attack. **colossus**: a gigantic statue; originally the bronze statue of Apollo at Rhodes, one of the seven wonders of the world. **General Lafayette**: a celebrated French general and stateman (1757-1834). He was commander-in-chief of the national guard during the Revolution of 1789 and again in 1830. **stalactite**: a formation of carbonate of lime resembling a huge icicle which hangs from the roofs of caves. **Perrault**: Charles Perrault (1628-1703), a celebrated French writer, who first put into simple and lasting form in French the old fairy-tales of *Cinderella*, *Little Red Riding-Hood*, *Puss-in-Boots*, etc.

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST

Belshazzar the king made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand. Belshazzar, whiles he tasted the wine, commanded to bring the golden and silver vessels which his father

Nebuchadnezzar had taken out of the temple which was in Jerusalem; that the king, and his princes, and his wives might drink therein. Then they brought the golden vessels that were taken out of the temple of the house of God which was at Jerusalem; and the king, and his princes, and his wives drank in them. They drank wine, and praised the gods of gold, and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone.

In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace: and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote. Then the king's countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another. The king cried aloud to bring in the astrologers, the Chaldeans, and the soothsayers. And the king spake, and said to the wise men of Babylon, Whosoever shall read this writing, and show me the interpretation thereof, shall be clothed with scarlet, and have a chain of gold about his neck, and shall be the third ruler in the kingdom. Then came in all the king's wise men: but they could not read the writing, nor make known to the king the interpretation thereof. Then was king Belshazzar greatly troubled, and his countenance was changed in him, and his lords were astonished.

Now the queen, by reason of the words of the king and his lords, came into the banquet house: and the queen spake, and said, O king, live for ever: let not thy thoughts trouble thee, nor let thy countenance be changed: there is a man in thy kingdom in whom is the spirit of the holy gods; and in the days of thy father, light and understanding and wisdom, like the

wisdom of the gods, was found in him; whom the king Nebuchadnezzar thy father, the king, I say, thy father, made master of the magicians, astrologers, Chaldeans, and soothsayers; forasmuch as an excellent spirit, and knowledge, and understanding, interpreting of dreams, and showing of hard sentences, and dissolving of doubts, were found in the same Daniel, whom the king named Belteshazzar: now let Daniel be called, and he will show the interpretation. Then was Daniel brought in before the king. And the king spake and said unto Daniel, Art thou that Daniel, which art of the children of the captivity of Judah, whom the king my father brought out of Jewry? I have even heard of thee, that the spirit of the gods is in thee, and that light and understanding and excellent wisdom is found in thee. And now the wise men, the astrologers, have been brought in before me, that they should read this writing, and make known unto me the interpretation thereof: but they could not show the interpretation of the thing: and I have heard of thee, that thou canst make interpretations, and dissolve doubts: now if thou canst read the writing, and make known to me the interpretation thereof, thou shalt be clothed with scarlet, and have a chain of gold about thy neck, and shalt be the third ruler in the kingdom.

Then Daniel answered and said before the king, Let thy gifts be to thyself, and give thy rewards to another; yet I will read the writing unto the king, and make known to him the interpretation. O thou king, the most high God gave Nebuchadnezzar thy father a kingdom, and majesty, and glory, and honor: and for the majesty that he gave him, all people, nations, and languages, trembled and feared before him: whom

he would he slew, and whom he would he kept alive, and whom he would he set up, and whom he would he put down. But when his heart was lifted up, and his mind hardened in pride, he was deposed from his kingly throne, and they took his glory from him: and he was driven from the sons of men; and his heart was made like the beasts, and his dwelling was with the wild asses: they fed him with grass like oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven; till he knew that the most high God ruled in the kingdom of men, and that he appointeth over it whomsoever he will. And thou his son, O Belshazzar, hast not humbled thine heart, though thou knewest all this; but hast lifted up thyself against the Lord of heaven; and they have brought the vessels of his house before thee, and thou, and thy lords, and thy wives have drunk wine in them; and thou hast praised the gods of silver, and gold, of brass, iron, wood, and stone, which see not, nor hear, nor know: and the God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified: then was the part of the hand sent from him; and this writing was written.

And this is the writing that was written, MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN. This is the interpretation of the thing: MENE; God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it. TEKEL; Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. PERES; Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians. Then commanded Belshazzar, and they clothed Daniel with scarlet, and put a chain of gold about his neck, and made a proclamation concerning him, that he should be the third ruler in the kingdom.

In that night was Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain. And Darius the Median took the kingdom, being about threescore and two years old.

—The Bible, Daniel V.

His father: according to the common account, Belshazzar was the grandson of Nebuchednezzar. **astrologers:** those who pretended to foretell the future by the stars, especially by the planets. **Chaldeans:** a general name for the astrologers, soothsayers, and sorcerers. **soothsayers:** those who pretended to prophesy regarding the future. **could not read:** the writing was in ancient Hebrew. **the queen:** probably the queen-mother, a Mede. Belshazzar's wives were at the feast. **magicians:** wise men. **Jewry:** Judaea, **third ruler:** next to the king and to the queen-mother. **deposed:** see *Daniel iv.* **Mene:** number. The repetition of the word shows that the decree was certain. **Tekel:** weight. **Peres:** divisions, the plural of *pharsin;* "u" is the conjunction "and." **Medes:** the Medes occupied the territory lying between Persia, Armenia, and Assyria. They were joined with the Persians in the conquest of Babylon.

THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW

Pipes of the misty moorlands,
  Voice of the glens and hills;
The droning of the torrents,
  The treble of the rills!
Not the braes of broom and heather,
  Nor the mountains dark with rain,
Nor maiden bower, nor border tower,
  Have heard your sweetest strain!

Dear to the Lowland reaper,
  And plaided mountaineer,—

To the cottage and the castle
The Scottish pipes are dear;—
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch
O'er mountain, loch, and glade;
But the sweetest of all music
The pipes at Lucknow played.

Day by day the Indian tiger
Louder yelled, and nearer crept;
Round and round the jungle-serpent
Near and nearer circles swept.
"Pray for rescue, wives and mothers,—
Pray to-day!" the soldier said;
"To-morrow, death's between us
And the wrong and shame we dread."

Oh, they listened, looked, and waited,
Till their hope became despair;
And the sobs of low bewailing
Filled the pauses of their prayer.
Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
With her ear unto the ground:
"Dinna ye hear it?—dinna ye hear it?
The pipes o' Havelock sound!"

Hushed the wounded man his groaning;
Hushed the wife her little ones;
Alone they heard the drum-roll
And the roar of Sepoy guns.
But to sounds of home and childhood
The Highland ear was true;—
As her mother's cradle-crooning
The mountain pipes she knew.

Like the march of soundless music
Through the vision of the seer,
More of feeling than of hearing,
Of the heart than of the ear,
She knew the droning pibroch,
She knew the Campbell's call:
"Hark! hear ye no' MacGregor's,—
The grandest o' them all!"

Oh, they listened, dumb and breathless,
And they caught the sound at last;
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee
Rose and fell the piper's blast!
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
Mingled woman's voice and man's;
"God be praised!—the march of Havelock!
The piping of the clans!"

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,
Came the wild MacGregor's clan-call,
Stinging all the air to life.
But when the far-off dust-cloud
To plaided legions grew,
Full tenderly and blithesomely
The pipes of rescue blew!

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
Moslem mosque and Pagan shrine,
Breathed the air to Britons dearest,
The air of "Auld Lang Syne."
O'er the cruel roll of war-drums
Rose that sweet and homelike strain;

And the tartan clove the turban,
As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the corn-land reaper
And plaided mountaineer,—
To the cottage and the castle
The piper's song is dear.
Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch
O'er mountain, glen, and glade;
But the sweetest of all music
The pipes at Lucknow played!

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892) was born and brought up on a farm near Haverhill, Massachusetts. His family were poor, hard-working Quakers, but young Whittier found happiness in the beauties of nature and in the rough life around him, and often wrote little poems about them. He was eager to learn, and for two terms he paid for his own schooling by making slippers at eight cents a pair. For many years he did newspaper work, taking an active part in the effort to free the slaves. Owing to ill-health, the last fifty years of his life were spent quietly but pleasantly with his sister, Elizabeth, in Amesbury, Massachusetts, where he wrote most of his poems. His verse shows a vivid imagination and intense emotional power. His best-known poem is *Snowbound.*

The defence of Lucknow during the Indian Mutiny of 1857 is one of the most glorious incidents in the British annals. The mutiny was evident in Lucknow on May 30th, 1857, but it was not until July 1st that Sir Henry Lawrence resolved to defend the Residency, as the only hope of saving his forces. W. H. Fitchett says: "What was called the Residency was really a cluster of houses and gardens, covering an area of about thirty-three acres, looking down from a slight ridge upon the river Goomtee. In the centre stood the Residency itself, a lofty three-storied building with many windows and wide-circling

verandahs: a spacious and comfortable residence, but singularly ill-adapted for the purposes of war. The houses and gardens around it had been woven together with trenches and earth-works, with light batteries sprinkled at regular intervals on each front, and the external walls of the houses along the outer fronts were pierced with loopholes. But in the whole position there was not a defence anywhere that could resist artillery fire." Inside this space were gathered about 3,000 human beings: about 700 native servants, about 700 loyal Sepoys or native soldiers, 775 British officers and men and 153 civilians, mostly clerks. For 87 days this small force held out against tens of thousands of rebel Sepoys, who kept up an incessant fire day and night, until relieved by Sir Henry Havelock. The gallant Sir Henry Lawrence was killed during the early days of the siege, but his example nerved the survivors to defend themselves the more desperately. The relief under Havelock was merely a reinforcement, and it was not until some time later that Sir Colin Campbell fought his way into the Residency and withdrew the garrison in safety. The whole story is a marvellous record of heroic endurance and steadfast courage, of which every Briton should be proud.

Braes: slopes, sides of the hills. **broom and heather**: characteristic vegetation of the Highlands. **pibroch**: the music of the bagpipes. **Indian tiger**: the mutineers had all the cunning and fierceness of the tiger. **jungle-serpent**: compared to snakes from the jungle. **Scottish maiden**: Jessie Brown, the wife of a sergeant in one of the Scottish regiments. She heard the pipes in the underground cellar of the Residency hours before any person could believe that a rescuing force was near. **dinna**: do ye not. **Havelock**: General Sir Henry Havelock (1795-1857) was in command of the relieving force, among which were the 78th Highlanders. He died shortly after the removal of the garrison from the Residency by Sir Colin Campbell. **Sepoy**: the native soldiers in the employ of the East India Company, who had mutinied. **seer**: prophet. **Goomtee**: the river on which Lucknow is situated. **Moslem mosques**: the temples of the Mohammedan worshippers. **Pagan shrines**: the shrines of the Hindoos. **tartan, etc.**: the claymores of the Highlanders clove the turbans of the mutineers.

NEW ENGLAND WEATHER

I don't know who makes New England weather; but I think it must be raw apprentices in the weather clerk's factory, who experiment and learn how in New England, for board and clothes, and then are promoted to make weather for countries that require a good article and will take their custom elsewhere if they don't get it.

There is a sumptuous variety about the New England weather that compels the stranger's admiration—and regret. The weather is always doing something there, always attending strictly to business, always getting up new designs and trying them on the people to see how they will go. But it gets through more business in the spring than in any other season. In the spring I have counted one hundred and thirty-six different kinds of weather inside of four and twenty hours.

It was I that made the fame and fortune of the man who had that marvellous collection of weather on exhibition at the Centennial, that so astounded the foreigners. He was going to travel all over the world, and get specimens from all climes. I said, "Don't you do it: you come to New England on a favorable spring day." I told him what we could do in the way of style, variety, and quantity.

Well, he came, and he made his collection in four days. As to variety—why, he confessed he got hundreds of kinds of weather that he had never heard of before. And as to quantity,—well, after he had picked out and discarded all that were blemished in any way, he not only had weather enough, but weather to spare; weather to hire out; weather to sell;

weather to deposit; weather to invest; weather to give to the poor.

"Old Probabilities" has a mighty reputation for accurate prophecy, and thoroughly well deserves it. You take up the papers, and observe how crisply and confidently he checks off what to-day's weather is going to be on the Pacific coast, down South, in the Middle States, in the Wisconsin region; see him sail along in the joy and pride of his power till he gets to New England.

Well, he mulls over it, and by and by he gets out something about like this: "Probably northeast to southwest winds, varying to the southward and westward and eastward and points between; high and low barometer, sweeping around from place to place; probable areas of rain, snow, hail, and drought, succeeded or preceded by earthquakes, with thunder and lightning." Then he jots down this postscript from his wandering mind, to cover accidents: "But it is possible that the programme may be wholly changed in the meantime."

Yes, one of the brightest gems in the New England weather is the dazzling uncertainty of it. There is only one thing certain about it: you are certain there is going to be plenty of weather,—a perfect grand review; but you never can tell which end of the procession is going to move first.

You fix up for the drought: you leave your umbrella in the house, and sally out with your sprinkling pot, and ten to one you get drowned. You make up your mind that the earthquake is due: you stand from under, and take hold of something to steady yourself, and, the first thing you know, you get struck by

lightning. These are great disappointments, but they can't be helped.

Now, as to the size of the weather in New England—lengthways I mean. It is utterly disproportionate to the size of that little country. Half the time, when it is packed as full as it can hold, you will see that New England weather sticking out beyond the edges, and projecting around hundreds and hundreds of miles over the neighboring states. She can't hold a tenth part of her weather.

I could speak volumes about the inhuman perversity of the New England weather, but I will give only a single specimen. I like to hear the rain on a tin roof; so I covered part of my roof with tin, with an eye to that luxury. Well, sir, do you think it ever rains on the tin? No, sir; it skips it every time.

I have been trying merely to do honor to the New England weather; no language could do it justice. But after all there are at least one or two things about that weather which we residents would not like to part with.

If we had not our bewitching autumn foliage, we should still have to credit the weather with one feature which compensates for all its bullying vagaries—the ice storm; when a leafless tree is clothed with ice from the bottom to the top, ice that is as bright and clear as crystal; every bough and twig is strung with ice beads, frozen dewdrops, and the whole tree sparkles cold and white like the Shah of Persia's diamond plume.

Then the wind waves the branches; and the sun comes out, and turns all those myriads of beads and drops to prisms, that glow and flash with all manner of

colored fires, which change and change again with inconceivable rapidity, from blue to red, from red to green, and green to gold; the tree becomes a sparkling fountain, a very explosion of dazzling jewels; and it stands there the acme, the climax, the supremest possibility in art or nature of bewildering, intoxicating, intolerable magnificence!

—Samuel Langhorne Clemens.

Samuel Langhorne Clemens (1835-1910) spent his boyhood in the town of Hannibal, Missouri, where he played along the banks of the Mississippi River and longed to become a cabin-boy on one of the river boats. Upon the death of his father, he learned the printing trade and worked in several newspaper offices in New York and Philadelphia, but at the first opportunity he became a pilot on "the river." After six years he took up newspaper work, signing his articles "Mark Twain," which was the cry of the rivermen on the Mississippi as they called out the depth of the water. His later years were devoted to writing books and delivering lectures. Mark Twain's best writings as a humorist are those which deal with boy life, *Tom Sawyer*, *Huckleberry Finn*, and *Pudd'nhead Wilson*.

This selection is taken from the report of a speech made by Mark Twain at a dinner of the New England Society in New York city in 1876. It was delivered in response to a toast to "Our Oldest Inhabitant—The Weather of New England."

New England: the name usually applied to the group of states in the north-eastern section of the United States—Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut. **Centennial**: the exhibition held at Philadelphia in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence by the representatives of the thirteen colonies. **Shah of Persia**: shortly before this, the Shah, or ruler, of Persia had paid a state visit to England, where he dazzled the people by the magnificence of his costumes and his display of jewels.

BOB ACRES' DUEL

SCENE: *King's-Mead-Fields*

Enter SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER *and* ACRES, *with pistols.*

Acres. By my valor! then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance. Odds levels and aims!—I say it is a good distance.

Sir Lucius. Is it for muskets or small field-pieces? Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, you must leave those things to me.—Stay now—I'll show you.—(*Measures paces along the stage.*) There now, that is a very pretty distance—a pretty gentleman's distance.

Acres. Z—ds! we might as well fight in a sentry-box! I tell you Sir Lucius, the farther he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

Sir Lucius. Faith! then I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight!

Acres. No, Sir Lucius; but I should think forty or eight-and-thirty yards——

Sir Lucius. Pho! pho! nonsense! three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

Acres. Odds bullets, no!—by my valor! there is no merit in killing him so near: do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot:—a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me!

Sir Lucius. Well—the gentleman's friend and I must settle that.—But tell me now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you?

Acres. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius, but I don't understand——

Sir Lucius. Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk—and if an unlucky bullet should carry a *Quietus* with it—I say it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

Acres. A *Quietus!*

Sir Lucius. For instance, now—if that should be the case—would you choose to be pickled and sent home?—or would it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey? I'm told there is very snug lying in the Abbey.

Acres. Pickled!—Snug lying in the Abbey!—Odds tremors! Sir Lucius, don't talk so!

Sir Lucius. I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before?

Acres. No, Sir Lucius, never before.

Sir Lucius. Ah! that's a pity!—there's nothing like being used to a thing. Pray now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

Acres. Odds files!—I've practised that—there, Sir Lucius—there. (*Puts himself in an attitude*) A side-front, hey? Odd! I'll make myself small enough? I'll stand edgeways.

Sir Lucius. Now—you're quite out—for if you stand so when I take my aim— (*Levelling at him.*)

Acres. Zounds! Sir Lucius—are you sure it is not cocked?

Sir Lucius. Never fear.

Acres. But—but—you don't know—it may go off of its own head!

Sir Lucius. Pho! be easy.—Well, now if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance—for if it misses a vital part of your right side—'twill be very hard if it don't succeed on the left!

Acres. A vital part! O, my poor vitals!

Sir Lucius. But, there—fix yourself so—(*Placing him*)—let him see the broad-side of your full front—there—now a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do any harm at all.

Acres. Clean through me!—a ball or two clean through me!

Sir Lucius. Ay—may they—and it is much the genteelest attitude into the bargain.

Acres. Look'ee, Sir Lucius—I'd just as lieve be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one; so, by my valor! I will stand edge-ways.

Sir Lucius. (*Looking at his watch.*) Sure they don't mean to disappoint us—Hah?—no faith—I think I see them coming.

Acres. Hey!—what!—coming!——

Sir Lucius. Ay.—Who are those yonder getting over the stile?

Acres. There are two of them indeed!—well—let them come—hey, Sir Lucius!—we—we—we—we—won't run.

Sir Lucius. Run!

Acres. No—I say—we *won't* run, by my valor!

Sir Lucius. What the devil's the matter with you?

Acres. Nothing—nothing—my dear friend—my dear Sir Lucius—but I—I—I don't feel quite so bold, somehow, as I did.

Sir Lucius. O fie!—consider your honor.

Acres. Ay—true—my honor. Do, Sir Lucius, hedge in a word or two every now and then about my honor.

Sir Lucius. Well, here they're coming. (*Looking.*)

Acres. Sir Lucius—if I wa'n't with you, I should

almost think I was afraid.—If my valor should leave me!—Valor will come and go.

Sir Lucius. Then pray keep it fast, while you have it.

Acres. Sir Lucius—I doubt it is going—yes—my valor is certainly going!—it is sneaking off!—I feel it oozing out as it were at the palms of my hands!

Sir Lucius. Your honor—your honor.—Here they are.

Acres. Oh mercy!—now—that I was safe at Clod-Hall! or could be shot before I was aware!

Enter FAULKLAND *and* CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Sir Lucius. Gentlemen, your most obedient.—Hah! —what, Captain Absolute!—So, I suppose, sir, you are come here, just like myself—to do a kind office, first for your friend—then to proceed to business on your own account.

Acres. What, Jack!—my dear Jack!—my dear friend!

Absolute. Hark'ee, Bob. Beverley's at hand.

Sir Lucius. Well, Mr. Acres—I don't blame your saluting the gentleman civilly.—So, Mr. Beverley, (*to* FAULKLAND) if you'll choose your weapons, the captain and I will measure the ground.

Faulkland. My weapons, Sir!

Acres. Odds life! Sir Lucius, I'm not going to fight Mr. Faulkland; these are my particular friends.

Sir Lucius. What, Sir, did you not come here to fight Mr. Acres?

Faulkland. Not I, upon my word, Sir.

Sir Lucius. Well, now, that's mighty provoking! But I hope, Mr. Faulkland, as there are three of us come on purpose for the game—you won't be so cantankerous as to spoil the party by sitting out.

Absolute. O pray, Faulkland, fight to oblige Sir Lucius.

Faulkland. Nay, if Mr. Acres is so bent on the matter——

Acres. No, no, Mr. Faulkland:—I'll bear my disappointment like a Christian.—Look'ee, Sir Lucius, there's no occasion at all for me to fight; and if it is the same to you, I'd as lieve let it alone.

Sir Lucius. Observe me, Mr. Acres—I must not be trifled with. You have certainly challenged somebody —and you came here to fight him. Now, if that gentleman is willing to represent him—I can't see, for my soul, why it isn't just the same thing.

Acres. Zounds;—Sir Lucius—I tell you, 'tis one Beverley I've challenged—a fellow, you see, that dare not show his face!—If *he* were here, I'd make him give up his pretensions directly!

Absolute. Hold, Bob—let me set you right—there is no such man as Beverley in the case.—The person who assumed that name is before you; and as his pretensions are the same in both characters, he is ready to support them in whatever way you please.

Sir Lucius. Well, this is lucky.—Now you have an opportunity——

Acres. What, quarrel with my dear friend, Jack Absolute?—not if he were fifty Beverleys! Zounds! Sir Lucius, you would not have me be so unnatural.

Sir Lucius. Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, your valor has *oozed* away with a vengeance!

Acres. Not in the least! Odds Backs and Abettors! I'll be your second with all my heart —and if you should get a *Quietus,* you may command me entirely. I'll get you a *snug lying* in the *Abbey here;* or *pickle* you,

and send you over to Blunderbuss-hall, or any of the kind, with the greatest pleasure.

Sir Lucius. Pho! pho! you are little better than a coward.

Acres. Mind, gentleman, he calls me a *Coward;* Coward was the word, by my valor!

Sir Lucius. Well, Sir?

Acres. Look'ee, Sir Lucius, 'tisn't that I mind the word Coward—*Coward* may be said in joke—But if you had called me a *Poltroon,* odds Daggers and Balls——

Sir Lucius. Well, sir?

Acres. I should have thought you a very ill-bred man.

Sir Lucius. Pho! you are beneath my notice.

Absolute. Nay, Sir Lucius, you can't have a better second than my friend Acres.—He is a most *determined dog*—called in the country, *Fighting Bob.*—He generally *kills a man a week*—don't you Bob?

Acres. Ay—at home! But here I make no pretensions to anything in the world; and if I can't get a wife without fighting for her, by my valor! I'll live a bachelor.

—Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751-1816) was born in Dublin. As a boy he was notorious for his indolence and at school was dubbed "an impenetrable dunce." His first notable production, *The Rivals,* achieved widespread popularity, and two years later the publication of *The School for Scandal* established his reputation as "a dramatic star of the first magnitude." As a member of Parliament he became noted as a brilliant orator. His mode of living was so extravagant, that he died deeply in debt with bailiffs in his house.

This scene is taken from one of Sheridan's most successful comedies, *The Rivals*. Captain Jack Absolute has assumed the role of Ensign Beverley in order to win the affections of Lydia Languish, a romantic young woman, who is charmed with the idea that she is outwitting her aunt, Mrs. Malaprop, by planning to elope with a man so far beneath her in the social scale. Absolute realizes that if Lydia were to discover that he was in reality the son of a baronet and heir to a large fortune, she would have nothing more to do with him. Bob Acres, who has been rejected by Lydia in favor of Beverley, is induced by Sir Lucius O'Trigger to challenge the unknown Beverley to a duel, and never suspecting that his intimate friend, Absolute, and Beverley are one, he asks Absolute to convey his challenge to his opponent. In the meantime, Sir Lucius has challenged Absolute for some fancied insult, and they have agreed to fight immediately after the other duel is ended. When Mrs. Malaprop finds that Lydia stubbornly refuses to have anything to do with Acres, she determines that her niece shall marry Captain Absolute, and with that youth's father, Sir Anthony, she arranges a meeting between the two young people. Having already given her heart to Beverley, Lydia refuses to obey her aunt's orders to accept the attentions of Captain Absolute. Later, when she discovers that Beverley has been deceiving her and that he is Absolute, and when the way is opened for her to marry the man of her choice in the usual, accepted manner, she feels that all the glamor of the romance has vanished, and she sends him away in anger. The rumor of the duel and fears for the safety of her lover bring her to her senses; she hastens to him, and all ends happily.

King's-Mead-Fields: an open space on the outskirts of the town of Bath, where the scene of the play is laid. **by my valor:** the speeches in this scene are filled with expletives which have no meaning, but which help to create the impression that Acres is putting on a bold front in spite of the fact that in reality he is a coward and is inwardly trembling lest his opponent may appear at any moment. **the gentleman's friend:** the opponent's second. **quietus:** death. **of its own head:** by itself. **I doubt it is going:** I fear it is going. **Falkland:** was a friend of Absolute and one of the minor characters of the play. **do a kind office:** to take the part of second in the duel. **proceed to business, etc.:**

Sir Lucius had challenged Absolute to a duel to be fought immediately after this one was finished. **measure the ground:** step off the distance by which the opponents were to be separated from each other. **Blunderbuss-hall:** the estate of the O'Trigger family. **poltroon:** a spiritless fellow, one degree worse than a coward. **determined dog, etc.:** at the time when Acres sent Absolute with his challenge to Beverley, he asked Absolute to describe him thus to his opponent, so as to strike fear into him.

HUNTING THE HIPPO

The next morning we had our third and last chance at a hippo.

It is distinctly a hard-luck story. We had just gone on the bridge for breakfast when we saw him walking slowly from us along an island of white sand as flat as your hand, and on which he loomed large as a haystack. Captain Jensen was a true sportsman. He jerked the bell to the engine-room, and at full speed the *Deliverance* raced for the shore. The hippo heard us, and, like a baseball player caught off base, tried to get back to the river. Captain Jensen danced on the deck plates:

"Schoot it! schoot it!" he yelled, "Schoot it!" When Anfossi and I fired, the *Deliverance* was a hundred yards from the hippo, and the hippo was not five feet from the bank. In another instant, he would have been over it and safe. But when we fired, he went down as suddenly as though a safe had dropped on him. Except that he raised his head, and rolled it from side to side, he remained perfectly still. From his actions, or lack of actions, it looked as

though one of the bullets had broken his back; and when the blacks saw he could not move they leaped and danced and shrieked. To them the death of the big beast promised much chop.

But Captain Jensen was not so confident. "Schoot it," he continued to shout, "we lose him yet! Schoot it!"

My gun was an American magazine rifle, holding five cartridges. We now were very near the hippo, and I shot him in the head twice, and, once, when he opened them, in the jaws. At each shot his head would jerk with a quick toss of pain, and at the sight the blacks screamed with delight that was primitively savage. After the last shot, when Captain Jensen had brought the *Deliverance* broadside to the bank, the hippo ceased to move. The boat had not reached the shore before the boys with the steel hawser were in the water; the gang-plank was run out, and the black soldiers and wood boys, with their knives, were dancing about the hippo and hacking at his tail. Their idea was to make him the more quickly bleed to death. I ran to the cabin for more cartridges. It seemed an absurd precaution. I was as sure I had the head of that hippo as I was sure that my own was still on my neck. My only difficulty was whether to hang the head in the front hall or in the dining-room. It might be rather too large for the dining-room. That was all that troubled me. After three minutes, when I was back on deck, the hippo still lay immovable. Certainly twenty men were standing about him; three were sawing off his tail, and the women were chanting triumphantly a song they used to sing in the days when the men were allowed to hunt, and had returned successful with food.

On the bridge was Anfossi with his camera. Before the men had surrounded the hippo he had had time to snap one picture of it. I had just started after my camera, when from the blacks there was a yell of alarm, of rage, and amazement. The hippo had opened his eyes and raised his head. I shoved the boys out of the way, and, putting the gun close to his head, fired pointblank. I wanted to put him out of pain. I need not have distressed myself. The bullet affected him no more than a quinine pill. What seemed chiefly to concern him, what apparently had brought him back to life was the hacking at his tail. That was an indignity he could not brook.

His expression, and he had a perfectly human expression, was one of extreme annoyance and of some slight alarm, as though he were muttering: "This is no place for *me*," and, without more ado, he began to roll toward the river. Without killing some one, I could not again use the rifle. The boys were close upon him, prying him back with the gangplank, beating him with sticks of firewood, trying to rope him with the steel hawser. Everybody shoved and pushed and beat at the great bulk, and the great bulk rolled steadily on. We might as well have tried to budge the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He reached the bank, he crushed it beneath him, and, like a suspension bridge, splashed into the water. Even then, we who watched him thought he would stick fast between the boat and the bank, that the hawser would hold him. But he sank like a submarine, and we stood gaping at the muddy water and saw him no more. When I recovered from my first rage I was glad he was still alive to float in the sun and puff and blow

open his great jaws in a luxurious yawn. I could imagine his joining his friends after his meeting with us, and remarking in reference to our bullets: "I find the mosquitoes are quite bad this morning."

—Richard Harding Davis.

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Richard Harding Davis (1864-1916) was a noted American novelist and playwright. He acted as war correspondent for the *London Times* and the *New York Herald* in the Turkish-Greek, Spanish-American, South African, and Russian-Japanese Wars, and consequently travelled extensively. He is the author of a few plays as well as a large number of novels, many of which deal with his travels.

The incident told here is taken from *The Congo and Coasts of Africa,* which relates the experiences of the author on a journey through that district in the capacity of newspaper correspondent. The particular part of the journey on which the hippo hunt took place was made in the *Deliverance,* one of the large State boats plying on the Upper Congo between Leopoldville and Stanleyville. There were on board only four white men—Captain Jensen, a Dane; his engineer; and two passengers—Captain Anfossi and the author. Anfossi was a young Italian, cheerful and amusing in spite of the fact that he was setting out upon a two months' journey to his post, which could be reached only by walking for a whole month through the jungle.

Deck plates: the deck of the ship was made of iron plates. **chop:** the word used by the natives to mean food. **wood boys:** each ship carried twenty wood boys, who were sent ashore at each State post to lay in a supply of wood for the furnace to carry the vessel to the next post. Each boy was required to cut at each post sufficient wood to make a pile three feet high and three feet wide. **Fifth Avenue Hotel:** a celebrated hotel in New York at that time, but no longer in existence.

I VOW TO THEE, MY COUNTRY

I vow to thee, my country—all earthly things above—
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love,
The love that asks no question: the love that stands the test,
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best:
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

And there's another country, I've heard of long ago—
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know—
We may not count her armies: we may not see her King—
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering—
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,
And her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are Peace.

—Sir Cecil Spring-Rice.

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Sir Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice (1860-1918) was educated at Oxford and later entered the diplomatic service. He filled many important posts, representing Great Britain successively in Persia, Sweden, and the United States. He died at Ottawa in 1918.

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it.

THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE

Two days afterward, I went to visit a friend in the country, a modest man, with a quiet country home. It was just a simple, unpretentious house, set about with big trees, encircled in meadow and field rich with the promise of harvest. The fragrance of the pink and hollyhock in the front yard was mingled with the aroma of the orchard and of the gardens, and resonant with the cluck of poultry and the hum of bees.

Inside was quiet, cleanliness, thrift, and comfort. There was the old clock that had welcomed, in steady measure, every newcomer to the family, that had ticked the solemn requiem of the dead, and had kept company with the watcher at the bedside. There were the big, restful beds and the open fireplace, and the old family Bible, thumbed with the fingers of hands long since still, and wet with the tears of eyes long since closed, beholding the simple annals of the family and the heart and the conscience of the home.

Outside, there stood my friend, the master, a simple, upright man, with no mortgage on his roof, no lien on his growing crops, master of his land and master of himself. There was his old father, an aged, trembling man, but happy in the heart and home of his son. And as they started to their home, the hands of the old man went down on the young man's shoulder, laying there the unspeakable blessing of the honored and grateful father and ennobling it with the knighthood of the fifth commandment.

And as they reached the door the old mother came with the sunset falling fair on her face, and lighting up her deep patient eyes, while her lips, trembling with

the rich music of her heart, bade her husband and son welcome to their home. Beyond was the housewife, busy with her household cares, clean of heart and conscience, the buckler and helpmeet of her husband. Down the lane came the children, trooping home after the cows, seeking as truant birds do the quiet of their home nest.

And I saw the night come down on that house, falling gently as the wings of the unseen dove. And the old man—while a startled bird called from the forest, and the trees were shrill with the cricket's cry, and the stars were swarming in the sky—got the family around him, and, taking the old Bible from the table, called them to their knees, the little baby hiding in the folds of its mother's dress, while he closed the record of that simple day by calling God's benediction on that family and on that home.

—Henry Woodfin Grady.

Henry Woodfin Grady (1851-1889) was a distinguished American journalist and orator. For ten years he was managing editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, one of the leading newspapers of the South. He took an active part in the reconstruction of the South after the Civil War, and by his writings did much to bring about a spirit of unity between the Northern and Southern States.

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD

Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf

Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!

And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

—Robert Browning.

Robert Browning (1812-1889) was a painter, musician, and poet. At the age of three he began to draw, coloring his drawings with black currant juice; and he early developed a love for music. He had a vivid imagination and frequently amused himself by making up stories about the people around him, in whom all his life he was intensely interested. In 1846, he married Elizabeth Barrett. For fifteen years they lived happily in Italy, but after her death he returned with his son to London, where the last thirty years of his life were spent. He is at his best in his *Dramatic Lyrics* and *Monologues*, which, though somewhat difficult to understand, are full of beauty and tenderness and show the poet's unfailing optimism and unwavering faith.

This selection was written while Browning was living on the Continent.

Bole: trunk. chaffinch: a small song-bird common in England from spring to the middle of summer. Its song

is short and oft repeated, and the male has a very beautiful plumage. **whitethroat**: a small bird which appears about the middle of April. It usually builds its nest near the ground. **edge**: tip. **thrush**: there are over one hundred birds belonging to the thrush family; the throstle is the best-known member of the family in England. **melon-flower**: a large, brilliant wild flower that grows plentifully in Italy.

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM THE SEA

Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the Northwest
died away;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz
Bay;
Bluish mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay;
In the dimmest Northeast distance dawned Gibraltar
grand and gray;
"Here and here did England help me; how can I help
England?"—say,
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise
and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

—Robert Browning.

When returning by ship from Italy to England, Browning passed the scene of various famous English naval victories, and the patriotic reflections in this poem are the result. "There did England help me; how can I help England?"

Cape Saint Vincent: a promontory forming the southwest corner of Portugal. Off this cape in 1797, Jarvis totally defeated the fleet of Spain. **Cadiz Bay**: in 1587, Drake destroyed the Spanish fleet, as it lay in the harbor, and nine years later Essex plundered and burned the city. **Trafalgar**: in 1805, Lord Nelson defeated the combined fleets of France and Spain in Trafalgar Bay, losing his life in the battle. **Gibraltar**: captured from the Spaniards in 1704. It has remained

in the possession of Great Britain since that time. **Jove's planet**: the planet Jupiter, so named after Jupiter, or Jove, the king of the gods among the ancient Romans.

ALEXANDER SELKIRK

Under the title of this paper, I do not think it foreign to my design to speak of a man born in Her Majesty's dominions, and relate an adventure in his life so uncommon that it is doubtful whether the like has happened to any other of the human race. The person I speak of is Alexander Selkirk, whose name is familiar to men of curiosity from the fame of his having lived four years and four months alone in the island of Juan Fernandez.

I had the pleasure frequently to converse with the man soon after his arrival in England, in the year 1711. It was matter of great curiosity to hear him, as he is a man of good sense, give an account of the different revolutions in his own mind in that long solitude. When we consider how painful absence from company, for the space of but one evening, is to the generality of mankind, we may have a sense how painful this necessary and constant solitude was to a man bred a sailor, and ever accustomed to enjoy and suffer, eat, drink, and sleep, and perform all offices of life in fellowship and company.

He was put ashore from a leaky vessel, with the captain of which he had an irreconcilable difference; and he chose rather to take his fate in this place than in a crazy vessel under a disagreeable commander. His portion was a sea-chest, his wearing clothes and

bedding, a firelock, a pound of gunpowder, a large quantity of bullets, a flint and steel, a few pounds of tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a Bible, and other books of devotion; together with pieces that concerned navigation, and his mathematical instruments.

Resentment against his officer, who had ill-used him, made him look forward on this change of life as the more eligible one, till the instant in which he saw the vessel put off; at which moment his heart yearned within him, and melted at the parting with his comrades and all human society at once. He had in provisions for the sustenance of life but the quantity of two meals. The island abounding only with wild goats, cats, and rats, he judged it most probable that he should find more immediate and easy relief by finding shell-fish on the shore than seeking game with his gun.

He accordingly found great quantities of turtle, whose flesh is extremely delicious, and of which he frequently ate very plentifully on his first arrival, till it grew disagreeable to his stomach, except in jellies. The necessities of hunger and thirst were his greatest diversions from the reflections on his lonely condition.

When those appetites were satisfied, the desire of society was as strong a call upon him, and he appeared to himself least necessitous when he wanted everything; for the supports of his body were easily attained, but the eager longings for seeing again the face of man, during the interval of craving bodily appetites, were hardly supportable. He grew dejected, languid, and melancholy, scarce able to refrain from doing himself violence, till by degrees, by the force of reason,

and frequent reading the Scriptures and turning his thoughts upon the study of navigation, after the space of eighteen months he grew thoroughly reconciled to his condition.

When he had made this conquest, the vigor of his health, disengagement from the world, a constant, cheerful, serene sky, and a temperate air made his life one continual feast, and his being much more joyful than it had before been irksome. He now taking delight in everything, made the hut in which he lay, by ornaments which he cut down from a spacious wood on the side of which it was situated, the most delicious bower, fanned with continual breezes and gentle aspirations of wind, that made his repose after the chase equal to the most sensual pleasures.

I forgot to observe that during the time of his dissatisfaction, monsters of the deep, which frequently lay on the shore, added to the terrors of his solitude—the dreadful howlings and voices seemed too terrible to be made for human ears; but upon the recovery of his temper he could with pleasure not only hear their voices, but approach the monsters themselves with great intrepidity. He speaks of sea-lions, whose jaws and tails were capable of seizing or breaking the limbs of a man if he approached them.

But at that time his spirits and life were so high that he could act so regularly and unconcerned that, merely from being unruffled in himself, he killed them with the greatest ease imaginable; for observing that though their jaws and tails were so terrible, yet the animals being mighty slow in working themselves round, he had nothing to do but place himself exactly opposite to their middle, and as close to them

as possible, and he dispatched them with his hatchet at will.

The precaution which he took against want in case of sickness was to lame kids when very young, so that they might recover their health, but never be capable of speed. These he had in great numbers about his hut; and as he was himself in full vigor, he could take at full speed the swiftest goat running up a promontory, and never failed of catching them but on a descent.

His habitation was extremely pestered with rats, which gnawed his clothes and feet when sleeping. To defend himself against them, he fed and tamed numbers of young kittens, who lay about his bed and preserved him from the enemy. When his clothes were quite worn out, he dried and tacked together the skins of goats, with which he clothed himself, and was inured to pass through woods, bushes, and brambles with as much carelessness and precipitance as any other animal. It happened once to him that, running on the summit of a hill, he made a stretch to seize a goat, with which, under him, he fell down a precipice, and lay senseless for the space of three days, the length of which he measured by the moon's growth since his last observation.

This manner of life grew so exquisitely pleasant that he never had a moment heavy upon his hands; his nights were untroubled and his days joyous, from the practice of temperance and exercise. It was his manner to use stated hours and places for exercises of devotion, which he performed aloud, in order to keep up the faculties of speech, and to utter himself with greater energy.

When I first saw him, I thought, if I had not been let into his character and story, I could have discerned that he had been much separated from company, from his aspects and gestures; there was a strong but cheerful seriousness in his looks, and a certain disregard to the ordinary things about him, as if he had been sunk in thought. When the ship which brought him off the island came in, he received them with the greatest indifference, with relation to the prospect of going off with them, but with great satisfaction in an opportunity to help and refresh them.

The man frequently bewailed his return to the world, which could not, he said, with all its enjoyments restore him to the tranquillity of his solitude. Though I had frequently conversed with him, after a few months' absence he met me in the street; and though he spoke to me, I could not recollect that I had seen him—familiar discourse in this town had taken off the loneliness of his aspect, and quite altered the air of his face.

This plain man's story is a memorable example that he is happiest who confines his wants to natural necessities, and he that goes further in his desires increases his wants in proportion to his acquisitions; or, to use his own expression: "I am now worth eight hundred pounds, but shall never be so happy as when I was not worth a farthing."

—Sir Richard Steele.

Sir Richard Steele (1672-1729) was the son of a Dublin attorney. He was sent to school at the Charterhouse in London, where he became a firm friend of Joseph Addison. Upon leaving Oxford, he enlisted as a private in the Coldstream Guards, which action led his uncle to disinherit him. He was impulsive and

good-natured, but extravagant and extremely erratic. In 1709, with the assistance of Addison, he started his thrice-weekly paper *The Tatler*, and later *The Spectator* and *The Guardian*. He tried his hand also at writing plays, but these were not successful. His claim to remembrance rests upon his essays, which depict in a pleasing manner the best aspects of the social life of his time.

This selection was an article which appeared on December 3rd, 1713, in the *Englishman*, a paper conducted by Steele, who had met and become much interested in Alexander Selkirk.

Alexander Selkirk (1676-1723) was a Scottish sailor, who took part in a number of buccaneering expeditions to the South Seas. During one of these voyages, he quarrelled with the captain of his vessel and at his own request was put ashore on the uninhabited island of Juan Fernandez. After four years, he was rescued by a British ship and returned to England, where the story of his adventures created great interest. He is supposed to be the original of Defoe's story of *Robinson Crusoe*. **Her Majesty**: Queen Anne. **Juan Fernandez**: an island in the South Pacific, belonging to Chile. It was discovered by Juan Fernandez, a Spaniard, about 1583, and during the two centuries which followed was a favorite resort of pirates. **firelock**: a musket discharged by means of a mechanical device which caused sparks by striking a flint on a steel. **flint and steel**: before the introduction of matches, sparks for the lighting of fires were obtained by striking together flint and steel. **temper**: composure. **sea-lion**: a large-eared seal varying in length from 11 to 13 feet. **dispatched**: killed. **to utter himself**: to express himself. **been let into**: been told about.

THE SOLITUDE OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute,
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.

O Solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech,
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestow'd upon man,
Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore

Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends,—do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl has gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair,
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair,
There's mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

—William Cowper.

William Cowper (1731-1800) was the son of a clergyman. After the death of his mother, when he was only six years old, his father sent him away to boarding school, where the shy, sensitive child was tortured and abused by a domineering schoolfellow, of whom he said: "I was so afraid that I knew him better by his shoebuckles than any other part of his dress." After the death of his father, he made his home with the Unwins, who cared for him during the fits of illness and mel-

ancholy to which he was subject all his life. He was a master in the art of letter-writing. His long poem, *The Task*, shows at its best his ease, grace, and clearness of expression. He had also a whimsical humor, which is seen particularly in *John Gilpin*.

These verses are supposed to have been written by Alexander Selkirk during his solitary sojourn in the Island of Juan Fernandez.

A PICNIC BY THE BALTIC

Yesterday, by way of a change, we went for a picnic to the shores of the Baltic, ice-bound at this season, and utterly desolate at our nearest point. I have a weakness for picnics, especially in winter, when the mosquitoes cease from troubling and the ant-hills are at rest; and of all my many favorite picnic spots this one on the Baltic is the loveliest and best. As it is a three-hours' drive, the Man of Wrath is loud in his lamentations when the special sort of weather comes which means, as experience has taught him, this particular excursion. There must be deep snow, hard frost, no wind, and a cloudless sky; and when, on waking up, I see these conditions fulfilled, then it would need some very potent reason to keep me from having out a sleigh and going off. It is, I admit, a hard day for the horses; but why have horses if they are not to take you where you want to go, and at the time you want to go? And why should not horses have hard days as well as everybody else? The Man of Wrath loathes picnics, and has no eye for nature and frozen seas, and is simply bored by a long drive through a forest that does not belong to him; a single turnip on

his own place is more admirable in his eyes than the tallest, pinkest, straightest pine that ever reared its snow-crowned head against the setting sunlight. Now observe the superiority of woman, who sees that both are good, and after having gazed at the pine and been made happy by its beauty, goes home and placidly eats the turnip. He went once and only once to this particular place, and made us feel so small by his *blasé* behavior that I never invite him now. It is a beautiful spot, endless forest stretching along the shore as far as the eye can reach; and after driving through it for miles you come suddenly, at the end of an avenue of arching trees, upon the glistening, oily sea, with the orange-colored sails of distant fishing-smacks shining in the sunlight. Whenever I have been there it has been windless weather, and the silence so profound that I could hear my pulses beating. The humming of insects and the sudden scream of a jay are the only sounds in summer, and in winter the stillness is the stillness of death.

Every paradise has its serpent, however, and this one is so infested by mosquitoes during the season when picnics seem most natural, that those of my visitors who have been taken there for a treat have invariably lost their tempers, and made the quiet shores ring with their wailing and lamentations. These despicable but irritating insects don't seem to have anything to do but to sit in multitudes on the sand, waiting for any prey Providence may send them; and as soon as the carriage appears they rise up in a cloud, and rush to meet us, almost dragging us out bodily, and never leave us until we drive away again. The sudden view of the sea from the mossy, pine-covered height directly

above it where we picnic; the wonderful stretch of lonely shore with the forest to the water's edge; the colored sails in the blue distance; the freshness, the brightness, the vastness—all is lost upon the picnickers, and made worse than indifferent to them, by the perpetual necessity they are under of fighting these horrid creatures. It is nice being the only person who ever goes there or shows it to anybody, but if more people went, perhaps the mosquitoes would be less lean, and hungry, and pleased to see us. It has, however, the advantage of being a suitable place to which to take refractory visitors when they have stayed too long, or left my books out in the garden all night, or otherwise made their presence a burden too grevious to be borne; then one fine hot morning when they are all looking limp, I suddenly propose a picnic to the Baltic. I have never known this proposal fail to be greeted with exclamations of surprise and delight.

"The Baltic! You never told us you were within driving distance? How *heavenly* to get a breath of sea air on a day like this! The very *thought* puts new life into one! And how *delightful* to see the Baltic! Oh, *please* take us!" And then I take them.

But on a brilliant winter's day my conscience is as clear as the frosty air itself, and yesterday morning we started off in the gayest of spirits, even Minora being disposed to laugh immoderately on the least provocation. Only our eyes were allowed to peep out from the fur and woollen wrappings necessary to our heads if we would come back with our ears and noses in the same places they were in when we started, and for the first two miles the mirth created by each other's strange appearance was uproarious,—a fact I mention

merely to show what an effect dry, bright, intense cold produces on healthy bodies, and how much better it is to go out in it and enjoy it than to stay indoors and sulk. As we passed through the neighboring village with cracking of whip and jingling of bells, heads popped up at the windows to stare, and the only living thing in the silent, sunny street was a melancholy fowl with ruffled feathers, which looked at us reproachfully, as we dashed with so much energy over the crackling snow.

"Oh, foolish bird!" Irais called out as we passed; "you'll be indeed a cold fowl if you stand there motionless, and every one prefers them hot in weather like this!"

And then we all laughed exceedingly, as though the most splendid joke had been made, and before we had done we were out of the village and in the open country beyond, and could see my house and garden far away behind, glittering in the sunshine; and in front of us lay the forest, with its vistas of pines stretching away into infinity, and a drive through it of fourteen miles before we reached the sea.

It was a hoar-frost day, and the forest was an enchanted forest leading into fairyland, and though Irais and I have been there often before, and always thought it beautiful, yet yesterday we stood under the final arch of frosted trees, struck silent by the sheer loveliness of the place. For a long way out the sea was frozen, and then there was a deep blue line, and a cluster of motionless orange sails; at our feet a narrow strip of pale yellow sand; right and left the line of sparkling forest; and we ourselves standing in a world of white and diamond traceries. The stillness of

an eternal Sunday lay on the place like a benediction.

Minora broke the silence by remarking that Dresden was pretty, but she thought this beat it almost.

"I don't quite see," said Irais in a hushed voice, as though she were in a holy place, "how the two can be compared."

"Yes, Dresden is more convenient, of course," replied Minora; after which we turned away and thought we would keep her quiet by feeding her, so we went back to the sleigh and had the horses taken out and their cloths put on, and they were walked up and down a distant glade while we sat in the sleigh and picnicked. It *is* a hard day for the horses,—nearly thirty miles there and back and no stable in the middle; but they are so fat and spoiled that it cannot do them much harm sometimes to taste the bitterness of life. I warmed soup in a little apparatus I have for such occasions, which helped to take the chilliness off the sandwiches,—this is the only unpleasant part of a winter picnic, the clammy quality of the provisions just when you most long for something very hot. Minora let her nose very carefully out of its wrappings, took a mouthful, and covered it up quickly again. She was nervous lest it should be frost-nipped, and truth compels me to add that her nose is not a bad nose, and might even be pretty on anybody else; but she does not know how to carry it, and there is an art in the angle at which one's nose is held just as in everything else, and really noses were intended for something besides mere blowing.

It is the most difficult thing in the world to eat sandwiches with immense fur and woollen gloves on, and I think we ate almost as much fur as anything, and choked exceedingly during the process. Minora was

angry at this and at last pulled off her glove, but quickly put it on again.

"How very unpleasant," she remarked after swallowing a large piece of fur.

"It will wrap round your pipes, and keep them warm," said Irais.

"Pipes!" echoed Minora, greatly disgusted by such vulgarity.

"I'm afraid I can't help you," I said, as she continued to choke and splutter; "we are all in the same case and I don't know how to alter it."

"There are such things as forks, I suppose," snapped Minora.

"That's true," said I, crushed by the obviousness of the remedy; but of what use are forks if they are fifteen miles off? So Minora had to continue to eat her gloves.

By the time we had finished, the sun was already low behind the trees and the clouds beginning to flush a faint pink. The old coachman was given sandwiches and soup, and while he led the horses up and down with one hand and held his lunch in the other, we packed up—or, to be correct, I packed, and the others looked on and gave me valuable advice.

This coachman, Peter by name, is seventy years old, and was born on the place, and has driven its occupants for fifty years, and I am nearly as fond of him as I am of the sun-dial; indeed, I don't know what I should do without him, so entirely does he appear to understand and approve of my tastes and wishes. No drive is too long or difficult for the horses if I want to take it, no place impossible to reach if I want to go to it, no weather or roads too bad to prevent my going out if I wish to: to all my suggestions he responds with the

readiest cheerfulness, and smoothes away all objections raised by the Man of Wrath, who rewards his alacrity in doing my pleasure by speaking of him as an *alter Esel.* In the summer, on fine evenings, I love to drive late and alone in the scented forests, and when I have reached a dark part stop, and sit quite still, listening to the nightingales repeating their little tune over and over again after interludes of gurgling, or if there are no nightingales, listening to the marvellous silence, and letting its blessedness descend into my very soul. The nightingales in the forests about here all sing the same tune, and in the same key.

I don't know whether all nightingales do this, or if it is peculiar to this particular spot. When they have sung it once, they clear their throats a little, and hesitate, and then do it again, and it is the prettiest little song in the world. How could I indulge my passion for these drives with their pauses without Peter? He is so used to them that he stops now at the right moment without having to be told, and he is ready to drive me all night if I wish it, with no sign of anything but cheerful willingness on his nice old face. The Man of Wrath deplores these eccentric tastes, as he calls them, of mine; but has given up trying to prevent my indulging them because, while he is deploring in one part of the house, I have slipped out at a door in the other, and am gone before he can catch me, and have reached and am lost in the shadows of the forest by the time he has discovered that I am nowhere to be found.

The brightness of Peter's perfections is sullied, however, by one spot, and that is, that as age creeps upon him, he not only cannot hold the horses in if

they don't want to be held in, but he goes to sleep sometimes on his box if I have him out too soon after lunch, and has upset me twice within the last year—once last winter out of a sleigh, and once this summer, when the horses shied at a bicycle, and bolted into the ditch on one side of the *chaussee* (German for high road), and the bicycle was so terrified at the horses shying that it shied too into the ditch on the other side, and the carriage was smashed, and the bicycle was smashed, and we were all very unhappy, except Peter, who never lost his pleasant smile, and looked so placid that my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth when I tried to make it scold him.

"But I should think he ought to have been *thoroughly* scolded on an occasion like that," said Minora, to whom I had been telling this story as we wandered on the yellow sands while the horses were being put in the sleigh; and she glanced nervously up at Peter, whose mild head was visible between the bushes above us. "Shall we get home before dark?" she asked.

The sun had altogether disappeared behind the pines and only the very highest of the little clouds were still pink; out at sea the mists were creeping up, and the sails of the fishing-smacks had turned a dull brown; a flight of wild geese passed across the disk of the moon with loud cacklings.

"Before dark?" echoed Irais, "I should think not. It is dark now nearly in the forest, and we shall have the loveliest moonlight drive back."

"But it is surely very dangerous to let a man who goes to sleep drive you," said Minora apprehensively.

"But he's such an old dear," I said.

"Yes, yes, no doubt," she replied testily; "but there

are wakeful old dears to be had, and on a box they are preferable."

Irais laughed. "You are growing quite amusing, Miss Minora," she said.

"He isn't on a box to-day," said I; "and I never knew him to go to sleep standing up behind us on a sleigh."

But Minora was not to be appeased, and muttered something about seeing no fun in foolhardiness, which shows how alarmed she was, for it was rude.

Peter, however, behaved beautifully on the way home, and Irais and I at least were as happy as possible driving back, with all the glories of the western sky flashing at us every now and then at the end of a long avenue as we swiftly passed, and later on, when they had faded, myriads of stars in the narrow black strip of sky over our heads.

—Countess Russell.

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Countess Russell (1856—) is an Australian by birth, the daughter of Herron Beauchamp. Her first husband, Count Henning August von Arnim, died in 1910, and six years later she married Earl Russell and now makes her home in London. She is the author of a number of novels.

This selection is taken from *Elizabeth and her German Garden*, the diary of an imaginative, care-free young English woman who is married to a typical stolid, matter-of-fact, German husband, whom she playfully dubs "the Man of Wrath." Much against the wishes of her husband, Elizabeth has buried herself and her family in a very old, deserted house in a garden which she herself describes as more of a wilderness than a garden. There she revels in the beauties of nature and finds

perfect happiness in the simple happenings of every-day life. The arrival of two unexpected, and not altogether welcome, guests, Irais and Minora, spoils her plans for a happy little Christmas and makes her exclaim somewhat petulantly, "I have done nothing to provoke such an infliction." Irais is a fascinating, irresponsible young woman who has become wearied by the constant and fretful demands of a sick husband and seeks refuge with her friend in the country. Minora is a hard-working young English student, whom the pursuit of art has led to Dresden and whom Elizabeth has reluctantly consented to entertain for the Christmas season. The height of Minora's ambition is to write books, and to this end she has formed an irritating habit of producing a pencil at most inopportune moments to make a note of her impressions lest she should forget them. She is utterly lacking in a sense of humor and is the unconscious butt of many a joke on the part of Elizabeth and Irais, who take delight in teasing her.

Blasé: bored: as if everything were old and tiresome. alter **Esel**: old donkey.

KEW IN LILAC-TIME

Go down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time;
Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)
And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's wonderland;
Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)

The cherry-trees are seas of bloom and soft perfume and sweet perfume,
The cherry-trees are seas of bloom (and oh, so near to London!)
And there they say, when dawn is high and all the world's a blaze of sky

The cuckoo, though he's very shy, will sing a song for London.

The nightingale is rather rare and yet they say you'll hear him there
At Kew, at Kew in lilac-time (and oh, so near to London!)
The linnet and the throstle, too, and after dark the long halloo
And golden-eyed *tu-whit, tu-whoo* of owls that ogle London.

For Noah hardly knew a bird of any kind that isn't heard
At Kew, at Kew in lilac-time (and oh, so near to London!)
And when the rose begins to pout and all the chestnut spires are out
You'll hear the rest without a doubt, all chorussing for London:—

Come down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time;
Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)
And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's wonderland;
Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)

—Alfred Noyes.

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Alfred Noyes (1880-) was born in Staffordshire, England, and educated at Oxford. In 1913, he went to the United States to give the Lowell Lectures and at the same time paid a brief visit to Canada. He was elected professor of Modern English Literature at Princeton University the following year, but resigned in 1923. He is a frequent contributor to a number of English and United States periodicals. His chief charm lies in the personal note and the musical rhythm found in all his verse.

This selection is one of the poems in *The Barrel-Organ*. It is, however, complete in itself and may be considered entirely apart from the poem of which it forms a part.

Kew: a village in Surrey, on the right bank of the Thames, only a few miles from London. The Royal Botanic Gardens and Arboretum are located there, and contain magnificent collections of trees, shrubs, ferns, and plants. **cuckoo**: the common cuckoo is about fourteen inches long with an ashy plumage, varied with white and black. It is named for its peculiar cry. It has the habit of laying its eggs in the nests of other birds. **throstle**: one of the most beautiful singers of the thrush family. *See page 119.*

TARTARY

If I were Lord of Tartary,
  Myself and me alone,
My bed should be of ivory,
  Of beaten gold my throne;
And in my court should peacocks flaunt,
And in my forests tigers haunt,
And in my pools great fishes slant
  Their fins athwart the sun.

If I were Lord of Tartary,
  Trumpeters every day

To every meal should summon me,
And in my courtyard bray;
And in the evening lamps would shine,
Yellow as honey, red as wine,
While harp, and flute, and mandoline,
Made music sweet and gay.

If I were Lord of Tartary,
I'd wear a robe of beads,
White, and gold, and green they'd be—
And clustered thick as seeds;
And ere should wane the morning-star,
I'd don my robe and scimitar,
And zebras seven should draw my car
Through Tartary's dark glades.

Lord of the fruits of Tartary,
Her rivers silver-pale!
Lord of the hills of Tartary,
Glen, thicket, wood, and dale!
Her flashing stars, her scented breeze,
Her trembling lakes, like foamless seas,
Her bird-delighting citron-trees
In every purple vale!

—WALTER DE LA MARE.

By permission of the author and of Heinemann & Co.

Walter De la Mare (1873-) is an English poet who has distinguished himself particularly in the realms of childhood. So doubtful was he of his ability to write poetry, that it was not until he was thirty years old that his first efforts appeared in print, and then under the pen-name of Walter Ramal. His

poetry is, for the most part, simple and possessed of that exquisite musical charm which appeals so strongly to children.

Scimitar: a curved sword. citron-trees: a tree with a very heavy foliage. The leaves are large, oval, and spear-shaped.

STRAWBERRIES

Was it old Dr. Parr who said or sighed in his last illness, "Oh, if I can only live till strawberries come!" The old scholar imagined that if he could weather it till then, the berries would carry him through. No doubt he had turned from the drugs and the nostrums, or from the hateful food, to the memory of the pungent, penetrating, and unspeakably fresh quality of the strawberry with the deepest longing. The very thought of these crimson lobes, embodying as it were the first glow and ardor of the young summer, and with their power to unsheathe the taste and spur the flagging appetite, made life seem possible and desirable with him.

The strawberry is always the hope of the invalid, and sometimes no doubt his salvation. It is the first and finest relish among fruits, and well merits the memorable saying, that "doubtless God might have made a better berry than the strawberry, but, doubtless, God never did."

On the threshold of summer, Nature proffers us this, her virgin fruit; more rich and sumptuous are to follow, but the wild delicacy and fillip of the strawberry are never repeated,—that keen, feathered edge greets the tongue in nothing else.

Let me not be afraid of overpraising it, but probe and probe for words to hint its surprising virtues. We may

well celebrate it with festivals and music. It has that indescribable quality of all first things—that shy, uncloying, provoking barbed sweetness. It is eager and sanguine as youth. It is born of the copious dews, the fragrant nights, the tender skies, the plentiful rains of the early season. The singing of birds is in it, and the health and frolic of lusty nature. It is the product of liquid May touched by the June sun. It has the tartness, the briskness, the unruliness of spring, and the aroma and intensity of summer.

O the strawberry days! how vividly they come back to one! The smell of clover in the fields, of blooming rye on the hills, of the wild grape beside the woods, and of the sweet honeysuckle and spiræa about the house. The first hot, moist days. The daisies and buttercups, the songs of the birds, their first reckless jollity and love-making over, the full tender foliage of the trees, the bees swarming, and the air strung with resonant musical chords. The time of the sweetest and most succulent grass, when the cows come home with aching udders. Indeed, the strawberry belongs to the juiciest time of the year.

What a challenge it is to the taste, how it bites back again! and is there any other sound like the snap and crackle with which it salutes the ear on being plucked from the stems? It is a threat to one sense that the other is soon to verify. It snaps to the ear as it smacks to the tongue. All other berries are tame beside it.

The plant is almost an evergreen; it loves the coverlid of the snow, and will keep fresh through the severest winters with a slight protection. The frost leaves its virtues in it. The berry is a kind of vegetable snow. How cool, how tonic, how melting, and how perishable!

It is almost as easy to keep frost. Heat kills it, and sugar quickly breaks up its cells.

Is there anything like the odor of strawberries? The next best thing to tasting them is to smell them; one may put his nose to the dish while the fruit is yet too rare and choice for his fingers. Touch not and taste not, but take a good smell and go mad. Last fall I potted some of the Downer, and in the winter grew them in the house. In March the berries were ripe, only four or five on a plant, just enough, all told, to make one consider whether it was not worth while to kill off the rest of the household, so that the berries need not be divided. But if every tongue could not have a feast, every nose banqueted daily upon them. They filled the house with perfume. The Downer is remarkable in this respect. Grown in the open field, it surpasses in its odor any strawberry of my acquaintance. And it is scarcely less agreeable to the taste. It is a very beautiful berry to look upon, round, light pink, with a delicate, fine-grained expression. Some berries shine, the Downer glows as if there were a red bloom upon it. Its core is firm and white, its skin thin and easily bruised, which makes it a poor market berry, but with its high flavor and productiveness, an admirable one for home use. It seems to be as easily grown as the Wilson, while it is much more palatable.

The great trouble with the Wilson, as everybody knows, is its rank acidity. When it first comes, it is difficult to eat it without making faces. It is crabbed and acrimonious. Like some persons, the Wilson will not ripen and sweeten till its old age. Its largest and finest crop, if allowed to remain on the vines, will soften and fall unregenerated, or with all its sins upon

it. But wait till toward the end of the season, after the plant gets over its hurry and takes time to ripen its fruit. The berry will then face the sun for days, and if the weather is not too wet, instead of softening, will turn dark and grow rich. Out of its crabbedness and spitefulness come the finest, choicest flavors. It is an astonishing berry. It lays hold of the taste in a way that the aristocratic berries, like the Jecunda or Triumph, cannot approximate to. Its quality is as penetrating as that of ants and wasps, but sweet. It is indeed a wild bee turned into a berry, with the sting mollified and the honey disguised. A quart of these rare-ripes, I venture to say, contains more of the peculiar virtue and excellence of the strawberry kind than can be had in twice the same quantity of any other cultivated variety. Take these berries in a bowl of rich milk with some bread,—ah, what a dish,—too good to set before a king! I suspect this was the food of Adam in Paradise, only Adam did not have the Wilson strawberry; he had the wild strawberry that Eve plucked in their hill-meadow and "hulled" with her own hands, and that, take it all in all, even surpasses the late ripened Wilson.

Adam is still extant in the taste and appetite of most country boys; lives there a country boy who does not like wild-strawberries-and-milk,—yea, prefers it to any other known dish? I am not thinking of a dessert of strawberries-and-cream; this the city boy may have too, after a sort; but bread-and-milk, with the addition of wild strawberries, is peculiarly a country dish, and is to the taste what a wild bird's song is to the ear. When I was a lad, and went afield with my hoe or with the cows, during the strawberry season, I was sure to

return at meal-time with a lining of berries in the top of my straw hat. They were my daily food, and I could taste the liquid and gurgling notes of the bobolink in every spoonful of them; and at this day, to make a dinner or supper off a bowl of milk with bread and strawberries,—plenty of strawberries,—well, is as near to being a boy again as I ever expect to come. The golden age draws sensibly near. Appetite becomes a kind of delicious thirst,—a gentle and subtle craving of all parts of the mouth and throat,—and those nerves of taste that occupy, as it were, a back seat, and take little cognisance of grosser foods, come forth, and are played upon and set vibrating. Indeed, I think, if there is ever rejoicing throughout one's alimentary household,—if ever that much-abused servant, the stomach, says Amen, or those faithful handmaidens, the liver and spleen, nudge each other delightedly, it must be when one on a torrid summer day passes by the solid and carnal dinner for this simple Arcadian dish.

The wild strawberry, like the wild apple, is spicy and high-flavored, but, unlike the apple, it is also mild and delicious. It has the true rustic sweetness and piquancy. What it lacks in size, when compared with the garden berry, it makes up in intensity. It is never dropsical or overgrown, but firm-fleshed and hardy. Its great enemies are the plough, gypsum, and the horse-rake. It dislikes a limestone soil, but seems to prefer the detritus of the stratified rock. Where the sugar-maple abounds, I have always found plenty of wild strawberries. We have two kinds,—the wood berry and the field berry. The former is as wild as a partridge. It is found in open places in the woods and along the borders, growing beside stumps and rocks,

never in abundance, but very sparsely. It is small, cone-shaped, dark red, shiny, and pimply. It looks woody, and tastes so. It has never reached the table, nor made the acquaintance of cream. A quart of them, at a fair price for human labor, would be worth their weight in silver, at least.

Of the field strawberry there are a great many varieties,—some growing in meadows, some in pastures, and some upon mountain-tops; some are round, and stick close to the calyx or hull; some are long and pointed, with long, tapering necks. These usually grow upon tall stems. They are, indeed, of the slim, linear kind. Your corpulent berry keeps close to the ground; its stem and foot-stalk are short, and neck it has none. Its color is deeper than that of its tall brother, and of course it has more juice. You are more apt to find the tall varieties upon knolls in low, wet meadows, and again upon mountain-tops, growing in tussocks of wild grass about the open summits. These latter ripen in July, and give one his last taste of strawberries for the season.

But the favorite haunt of the wild strawberry is an up-lying meadow that has been exempt from the plough for five or six years, and that has little timothy and much daisy. When you go a-berrying turn your steps toward the milk-white meadows. The slightly bitter odor of the daisies is very agreeable to the smell, and affords a good background for the perfume of the fruit. The strawberry cannot cope with the rank and deep-rooted clover, and seldom appears in a field till the clover has had its day. But the daisy with its slender stalk does not crowd or obstruct the plant, while its broad white flower is like a light parasol that tempers

and softens the too strong sunlight. Indeed, daisies and strawberries are generally associated. Nature fills her dish with the berries, then covers them with the white and yellow of milk and cream, thus suggesting a combination we are quick to follow. Milk alone, after it loses its animal heat, is a clod, and begets torpidity of the brain; the berries lighten it, give wings to it, and one is fed as by the air he breathes or the water he drinks.

Then the delight of "picking" the wild berries. It is one of the fragrant memories of boyhood. Indeed, for boy or man to go a-berrying in a certain pastoral country I know of, where a passer-by along the highway is often regaled by a breeze loaded with a perfume of the o'er-ripe fruit, is to get nearer to June than by almost any course I know of. Your errand is so private and confidential! You stoop low. You part away the grass and the daisies, and would lay bare the inmost secrets of the meadow. Everything is yet tender and succulent; the very air is bright and new; the warm breath of the meadow comes up in your face; to your knees you are in a sea of daisies and clover; from your knees up you are in a sea of solar light and warmth. Now you are prostrate like a swimmer, or like a surf-bather reaching for pebbles or shells, the white and green spray breaks above you; then like a devotee before a shrine, or naming his beads, your rosary strung with luscious berries; anon you are a grazing Nebuchadnezzar, or an artist taking an inverted view of the landscape.

The birds are alarmed by your close scrutiny of their domain. They hardly know whether to sing or to cry, and do a little of both. The bobolink follows you and

circles above and in advance of you, and is ready to give you a triumphal exit from the field, if you will only depart. You soon find out the spring in the corner of the field under the beechen tree. While you wipe your brow and thank the Lord for spring water, you glance at the initials in the bark, some of them so old that they seem runic and legendary. You find out, also, how gregarious the strawberry is—that the different varieties exist in little colonies about the field. When you strike the outskirts of one of these plantations, how quickly you work toward the centre of it, and then from the centre out, then circumnavigate it, and follow up all its branchings and windings!

Then the delight in the abstract and in the concrete of strolling and lounging about the June meadows; of lying in pickle for half a day or more in this pastoral sea, laved by the great tide, shone upon by the virile sun, drenched to the very marrow of your being with the warm and wooing influences of the young summer!

I was a famous berry-picker when a boy. It was near enough to hunting and fishing to enlist me. Mother would always send me in preference to any of the rest of the boys. I got the biggest berries and the most of them. There was something of the excitement of the chase in the occupation, and something of the charm and preciousness of game about the trophies. The pursuit had its surprises; its expectancies, its sudden disclosures,—in fact, its uncertainties. I went forth adventurously. I could wander free as the wind. Then there were moments of inspiration, for it always seemed a felicitous stroke to light upon a particularly fine spot, as it does when one takes an old and wary trout. You discovered the game where it was hidden.

Your genius prompted you. Another had passed that way and had missed the prize. Indeed, the successful berry-picker is born, not made. In the same field one boy gets big berries and plenty of them; another wanders up and down, and finds only a few little ones. He cannot see them; he does not know how to divine them where they lurk under the leaves and vines. The berry-grower knows that in the cultivated patch his pickers are very unequal, the baskets of one boy or girl having so inferior a look that it does not seem possible they could have been filled from the same vines with certain others. But neither blunt fingers nor blunt eyes are hard to find, and as there are those who can see nothing clearly, so there are those who can touch nothing deftly or gently.

The strawberry, in the main, repeats the form of the human heart, and perhaps of all the small fruits known to man none other is so deeply and fondly cherished, or hailed with such universal delight, as this lowly but youth-renewing berry.

—John Burroughs.

From "Locusts and Wild Honey."

John Burroughs (1837-1921) grew up on a farm and was educated in a little country schoolhouse in the village of Roxbury, New York, on the edge of the Catskill Mountains. He taught school for a few years, and while still quite young began to write essays. After twenty years spent in the government service, he had saved a sum sufficient to buy a farm on the Hudson, where he retired to grow grapes and write books. There in his study, or at "Slabsides," a cabin up in the mountains, or still further away at "Woodchuck Lodge," a lonely farmhouse, he lived on intimate terms with the birds and all the creatures of the forest that came to his doorway. His

writings, which are mainly in the form of short essays, deal with nature in its various moods and appearances.

This selection, complete in itself, is taken from a volume of essays entitled *Locusts and Wild Honey*. All the essays deal with nature in its wilder aspects.

Dr. Parr: Samuel Parr (1747-1825) was a celebrated English scholar. After recovering from a serious illness, he partook of a sumptuous meal on his birthday, declaring that his stomach had "never complained in seventy-three years." His last long illness ended on March 6th, before the strawberries were ripe. **nostrums**: patent medicines. **spiræa**: commonly called bridal-wreath. **bobolink**: the bobolink frequents the hay and clover fields and builds its nest on the ground. **golden age**: the age when there will be nothing but beauty and happiness in the world. **alimentary household**: the digestive system. **carnal dinner**: dinner of meat. **Arcadian dish**: the Arcadians were a pastoral people of ancient Greece, who lived very simply on the products of the soil. **detritus**: loose fragments of rock, either worn or angular. **grazing Nebuchadnezzar**: see *Daniel iv, 33*. **gregarious**: literally, living in flocks like sheep.

A BALLAD OF JOHN NICHOLSON

It fell in the year of Mutiny,
  At darkest of the night,
John Nicholson by Jalándhar came,
  On his way to Delhi fight.

And as he by Jalándhar came
  He thought what he must do,
And he sent to the Rajah fair greeting,
  To try if he were true.

"God grant your Highness length of days,
  And friends when need shall be;

And I pray you send your Captains hither,
That they may speak with me."

On the morrow through Jalándhar town
The Captains rode in state;
They came to the house of John Nicholson
And stood before the gate.

The chief of them was Mehtab Singh,
He was both proud and sly;
His turban gleamed with rubies red,
He held his chin full high.

He marked his fellows how they put
Their shoes from off their feet;
"Now wherefore make ye such ado
These fallen lords to greet?

"They have ruled us for a hundred years,
In truth I know not how,
But though they be fain of mastery,
They dare not claim it now."

Right haughtily before them all
The durbar hall he trod,
With rubies red his turban gleamed,
His feet with pride were shod.

They had not been an hour together,
A scanty hour or so,
When Mehtab Singh rose in his place
And turned about to go.

Then swiftly came John Nicholson
  Between the door and him,
With anger smouldering in his eyes
  That made the rubies dim.

"You are overhasty, Mehtab Singh,"—
  Oh, but his voice was low!
He held his wrath with a curb of iron,
  That furrowed cheek and brow.

"You are overhasty, Mehtab Singh,
  When that the rest are gone,
I have a word that may not wait
  To speak with you alone."

The Captains passed in silence forth
  And stood the door behind;
To go before the game was played
  Be sure they had no mind.

But there within John Nicholson
  Turned him on Mehtab Singh,
"So long as the soul is in my body
  You shall not do this thing.

"Have ye served us for a hundred years
  And yet ye know not why?
We brook no doubt of our mastery,
  We rule until we die.

"Were I the one last Englishman
  Drawing the breath of life,
And you the master-rebel of all
  That stir this land to strife—

"Were I," he said, "but a Corporal,
And you a Rajput King,
So long as the soul was in my body
You should not do this thing.

"Take off, take off those shoes of pride,
Carry them whence they came;
Your Captains saw your insolence
And they shall see your shame."

When Mehtab Singh came to the door
His shoes they burned his hand,
For there in long and silent lines
He saw the Captains stand.

When Mehtab Singh rode from the gate
His chin was on his breast:
The Captains said, "When the strong command
Obedience is best."

—Sir Henry Newbolt.

By kind permission of the Author.

Sir Henry John Newbolt (1862-) is one of the leading English poets and educationists of the present day. After graduating from Oxford, he took up the study of law, but soon abandoned law for literature. Of late years, he has devoted all his energies to the production of his various poems and books and to the advancement of education among the people. He has written several successful novels. His verse is simple and direct, and possesses a swing and charm of metre which appeals to the reader.

The incident related in the poem took place at Jalándhar. The Rajah of Kapurthalla had placed there a body of his own troops to take the place of the Sepoys who had mutinied. When

Nicholson reached Jalándhar, he consented to receive the officers of the Rajah at a durbar. What took place is exactly as related in the text. Lord Roberts in his *Forty-one Years in India* tells the story on which Sir Henry Newbolt has founded his poem.

Brigadier-General John Nicholson (1821-1857) was one of the outstanding figures of the Indian Mutiny, which broke out in 1857. So strong was his influence in the northern sections of India that he was worshipped as a god. He was mainly responsible for holding the Punjab loyal to Great Britain. He led the chief storming column at the capture of Delhi, but was mortally wounded in the attack. He died a few days later. "Had Nicholson lived, he would as a commander have risen to the highest post. He had every quality necessary for a successful commander: energy, forethought, decision, good judgment, and courage of the highest order."

In the year of Mutiny: 1857. *See page 98.* **Jalándhar**: a very ancient city of the Punjab, with a population of about 70,000 people. **Delhi**: the ancient capital of India was closely besieged by the British, who were resolved to capture it on account of the moral effect on the mutineers. **Rajah**: the Rajah of Kapurthalla, who remained loyal to the British. **Mehtab Singh**: a close relative of the Rajah. **fain**: glad of. **durbar**: an official reception. **do this thing**: Nicholson's words were: "There is no possible excuse for such an act of gross impertinence. Mehtab Singh knows perfectly well that he would not venture to step on his own father's carpet, save barefooted; and he has committed this breach of etiquette to-day, only because he thinks we are not in a position to resent it, and that he can treat us as he would not have dared to do a month ago. If I were the last Englishman left in Jalándhar, you should not come into my room with your shoes on." **Rajput**: the Rajputs are one of the oldest and the proudest of the ruling races of India.

It is not what he has, nor even what he does, which directly expresses the worth of a man, but what he is.

—AMIEL.

"GENTLEMEN, THE KING!"

When I was a child and knelt on a big hassock in the rectory pew of a Suffolk church, I used to wonder while flies droned against the green-tinted diamond-paned windows, and the crowing of roosters came with drowsy sunshine through the open door, whether the dear, sad-faced lady in a widow's cap, whose picture hung in our nursery above the gray rocking-horse, knew that my father was praying for her good health.

I used to wonder, too, whether she ever reflected how at that particular moment, from one end of England to the other, men were breathing her woman's name into the hearing of the King of Kings, Lord of Lords, the only Ruler of princes. How wonderful for that little lady to think of this universal supplication—how humbling, how uplifting! Did she bow her head very, very low, I wondered, as the choric prayer of England rose in the hush of those Sabbath morns from city and town, from village and hamlet—the voice of her great little England approaching the confidence of God on her behalf.

"Most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favor to behold our most gracious Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria, and so replenish her with the grace of Thy Holy Spirit, that she may alway incline to Thy will, and walk in Thy way. Endue her plenteously with heavenly gifts; grant her in health and wealth long to live; strengthen her that she may vanquish and overcome all her enemies; and finally, after this life, she may attain everlasting joy and felicity."

The innocent wonder of childhood lies far behind me on the dusty road of life. He who prayed and she

for whom he prayed have both out-soared the shadow of our night. Other children play in that Suffolk glebe, a different voice wakes the Sabbath echoes in that village church, and another inhabits the majestic splendor of the throne of England.

Here in Canada, far away in the West, with the croon of the Pacific Ocean in my ears and the scents of a deep, cool, pine forest stealing into the candles through the opening of a tent, I find my wonderment following the ancient trail of a far-away childhood. Does Edward the Seventh, I ask myself, ever reflect that in all the zones of the world, night after night, year in, year out, at the old familiar call, "Gentlemen, the King!"—men of Shakespeare's blood and Alfred's lineage spring to their feet, as at the sound of a trumpet and the local welkin rings with the anthem of the British? Is he conscious, wheresoever he be at this moment, of the low, strong, rumbling Amen of our anthem, which rolls through the tent as we set down our glasses and resume our chairs—"The King!—God bless him." Every night, in every quarter of the globe, as constant as the stars, as strong as the mountains, this pledge of loyalty, this profession of faith by the clean-hearted British—"The King!—God bless him."

Presently the chairman rises to propose another toast, but my thoughts cling to the ancient trail. I see a vision of Windsor Castle, with the Royal Standard streaming out against a sky of summer turquoise, exactly as it shone for my boyish eyes in a box of bricks. The fragrance of England's may-breathing hedgerows and the deep earthy scents of her glimmering woods of oak and elm, come to me from the fields

of memory. All that makes England demi-Paradise —her rose-hung hedges, her green woods, her creeping rivers, her April orchards, and her March-blown hills —all this gracious pageantry rises in a green and tender mirage to the eyes of my musing. And as I feel the spell and magic of "this other Eden" I feel also the pomp and splendor of the British throne, I understand how it is that whithersoever I go in Canada, men stand up like soldiers at the toast of the King, and, though but a moment hence they were laughing over a light story, sing with exaltation the anthem of the British: "The King!—God bless him." He is to these dwellers in a far land, these English Esaus, who "tramp free hills and sleep beneath blue sky," the magic name which opens for them the gates of the past, and shows again the pleasant vision of childhood. At the name of the King rises the vision of England, Windsor Castle, the Tower of London, Westminster Abbey—all the crowded historic greatness of free and glorious England—this memory, with childhood's picture of the Yeoman of the Guard, Lord Mayor processions, and the swirl of craft under the Thames bridges, leaps in one fond yearning affection to the exiled heart at the toast of the King. All that men learned of England at the knees of their mothers comes like a vision at the call of the King. At that name Esau dreams his dream of home.

How great and good a thing to be the head and fountain of a world-wandering people! What a sublime reflection for a single individual that men and women, scattered across the great globe, and sundered from each other by every sea that rolls beneath the stars, regard his name as a band binding them in a great

communion. To be the captain of the British people —is there higher office on the earth? To feel oneself the symbol and the sigil of a great race marching to wider freedom –is there nobler inspiration under heaven?

How often I have raised my glass in London to the toast of His Majesty, and murmured like a school-boy repeating his lesson the concordant affirmation, "The King!—God bless him." But here, separated by a continent and an ocean from the shores of England, what significance there is in the toast, and what emotion in the voices of those who stand to drink! Here in the Island of Vancouver, all formality slips from the proceeding, and our toast is sacred, like a religious service. We are men seeking to express communion. We are free people uttering the ritual of our unity. The flag which drapes the table enfolds an empire. The name of the King knits us into a common family. With what a proud challenge it rings out: "The King!—the King!" And then, quietly, under the breath, the short emphatic prayer: "God bless him!" .

My thoughts go back over the long journey from Quebec to the city of Victoria. Scarce has a day passed but in some city or village we have stood to drink the loyal and ancient toast. Not only in the proud club-houses and hotels of prosperous cities, but in little lake-side hamlets, in new-built prairie towns, and in the midst of the Rocky Mountains. And, not only have we been called upon to drink that toast by the millionaire, the politician, and the university professor, but by broken men, who drift from land to land, from city to city, who drink too deeply and who live too madly, but in whose tempestuous and

all but lawless brains beats still the lilt of England's song: "Gentlemen—the King!" For that moment we are all gentlemen. For that moment Esau wears the European livery of his brother Jacob.

It is thus throughout the vast Dominion of Canada. It is thus in the mighty Empire of India. It is thus in ancient Egypt. It is thus in South Africa. It is thus in Australia. Shore calls to shore the ancient pledge, and the ships that sail between link voice to voice. Hark, how it rings across the world, that cry: "The King!—God bless him!"—from one whole continent, from a hundred peninsulas, from five hundred promontories, from a thousand lakes, from two thousand rivers, from ten thousand islands, and from seventy out of every hundred ships at sea. What pride, what pomp, what honor, what responsibility —to be the inspiration of that prayer!

—Harold Begbie.

Harold Begbie (1871-) is an English author and journalist of note. His writings are very numerous and include novels, mostly of a didactic character, and several volumes of poems.

This selection is a part of a speech delivered by Harold Begbie at a festive gathering at Victoria, British Columbia, in reply to a toast to the king. "It expresses in eloquent words the feelings of personal loyalty which every Briton feels, no matter where he may be, towards the man who sits upon the throne, who by the position he occupies is the embodiment of the British Empire, the link that binds Britons together the world over."

Rectory pew: the author's father was rector of Farnham St. Martin in Suffolk, England. **sad-faced lady**: Queen Victoria. **most heartily, etc.**: from the Prayer Book of the Anglican Church. **glebe**: land belonging to the church. **Edward the Seventh**: Edward VII was on the throne when this speech was delivered. **Shakespeare . . . Alfred**: the great drama-

tist and the great ruler are taken as typical of what is best in England. **Windsor Castle:** one of the royal residences, not far from London. **this other Eden.** See John of Gaunt's speech on England on page 336.

English Esaus: Sir Clive Phillipps-Wolley, in the first stanza of the introductory poem to his *Songs of an English Esau*, says:

"'Hast thou no other blessing, O my father,
For me thine hunter?' It was Esau's cry,
Who left his brother all the gear to gather,
To tramp free hills and sleep beneath blue sky".

Esau is not used in the text in the sense of one who "sold his birthright for a mess of pottage," but with the meaning in the stanza here quoted. See *Genesis xxvii.* **Tower of London:** see page 27. **Westminster Abbey:** the famous minster in London, which dates back to the time of Edward the Confessor. It is now considered to be the national church of Great Britain. **Yeomen of the Guard:** the guardians of the Tower of London, who are dressed in the picturesque costumes of long ago and carry weapons long since abandoned. **Lord Mayor processions:** the procession which takes place at the inauguration of a Lord Mayor of London each year is of a very elaborate character and is one of the sights of the city. **sigil:** seal.

MENDING THE CLOCK

It is a little American clock, which I got as a present about two years ago on my coming of age. The donor told me it cost half a guinea, but on inquiry at the shop where it was bought (this is what I always do when I get a present), I learned that the real price was four-and-sixpence. Up to this time I had been hesitating about buying a stand for it, but after that I determined not to do so. Since I got it, it has stood on my study mantelpiece, except once or twice at first, when its

loud tick compelled me to wrap it up in flannel, and bury it in the bottom of a drawer. Until a fortnight ago my clock went beautifully, and I have a feeling that had we treated it a little less hardly it would have continued to go well. One night a fortnight ago it stopped, as if under the impression that I had forgotten to wind it up. I wound it up as far as was possible, but after going for an hour it stopped again. Then I shook it, and it went for five minutes. I strode into another room to ask who had been meddling with my clock, but no one had touched it. When I came back it was going again, but as soon as I sat down it stopped. I shook my fist at it, which terrified it into going for half a minute, and then it went creak, creak, like a clock in pain. The last thing it did before stopping finally was to strike nineteen, and alarm the neighborhood for two and a half minutes.

For two days I left my clock serenely alone nor would I ever have annoyed myself with the thing had it not been for my visitors. I have a soul above mechanics, but when these visitors saw that my clock had stopped they expressed surprise at my not mending it. How different I must be, they said, from my brother, who had a passion for making himself generally useful. If the clock had been his, he would have had it to pieces and put it right within the hour. Then the donor of the ill-fated clock called for the first time since he had smilingly presented me with the gift and murmured some incoherent words about ingratitude and hardness of heart. I pointed out that my mind was so full of weightier matters that I could not descend to clocks, but they had not the brains to see that what prevented my mending the clock was not

incapacity, but want of desire to do so. This has ever been the worry of my life, that, because I don't do certain things, people take it for granted that I can't do them. I took no prizes at school or college, but you entirely misunderstand me if you think that was because I could not take them. The fact is, that I had always a contempt for prizes and prizemen, and I have ever been one of the men who gather statistics to prove that it is the boy who sat at the foot of the class that makes his name in after life. I was that boy, and though I have not made my mark in life as yet, I could have done it had I wanted to do so as easily as I could mend a clock. My visitors, judging me by themselves, could not follow this argument, though I have given expression to it in their presence many times, and they were so ridiculous as to say it was a pity that my brother did not happen to be at home. "Why, what do I need him for?" I asked irritably.

"To mend the clock," they replied, and all the answer I made them was that if I wanted the clock mended I would mend it myself.

"But you don't know the way," they said.

"Do you really think," I asked them, "that I am the kind of man to be beaten by a little American clock?"

They replied that that was their belief, at which I coldly changed the subject.

"Are you really going to attempt it?" they asked, as they departed.

"Not I," I said. "I have other things to do."

Nevertheless, the way they flung my brother at me annoyed me, and I returned straight from the door to the study to mend the clock. It amused me to picture

their chagrin when they dropped in the next night and found my clock going beautifully. "Who mended it?" I fancied them asking, and I could not help practising the careless reply, "Oh, I did it myself." Then I took the clock in my hands, and sat down to examine it.

The annoying thing, to begin with, was that there seemed to be no way in. The clock was practically hermetically sealed, for, though the back shook a little when I thumped it on my knee, I could see quite well that the back would not come off unless I broke the mainspring. I examined the clock carefully round and round, but to open the thing up was as impossible as to get into an egg without chipping the shell. I twisted and twirled it, but nothing would move. Then raged I at the idiots who made clocks that would not open. My mother came in about that time to ask how I was getting on.

"Getting on with what?" I asked.

"With the clock," she said.

"The clock," I growled, "is nothing to me," for it irritated me to hear her insinuating that I had been foiled.

"But I thought you were trying to mend it," she said.

"Not at all," I replied; "I have something else to do."

"What a pity," she said, "that Andrew is not here."

Andrew is the brother they are always flinging at me.

"He could have done nothing," I retorted, "for the asses made this clock not to open."

"I'm sure it opens," my mother said.

"Why should you be sure?" I asked fiercely.

"Because," she explained, "I never saw or heard of a clock that doesn't open."

"Then," I snarled, "you can both see and hear of it now"—and I pointed contemptuously at my clock.

She shook her head as she went out, and as soon as the door shut I hit the clock with my clenched fist (stunning my fourth finger). I had a presentiment that my mother was right about the clock's opening, and I feared that she still labored under the delusion that I had been trying to mend the exasperating thing.

On the following day we had a visit from my friend Summer, and he had scarcely sat down in my study when he jumped up exclaiming:

"Hullo, is that the right time?"

I said to him that the clock had stopped, and he immediately took it on his knees. I looked at him sideways, and saw at once that he was the kind of man who knows about clocks. After shaking it he asked me what was wrong.

"It needs cleaning," I said at a venture, for if I had told him the whole story he might have thought that I did not know how to mend a clock.

"Then you have opened it and examined the works?" he asked, and not to disappoint him, I said yes.

"If it needs cleaning, why did you not clean it?" was his next question.

I hate inquisitiveness in a man, but I replied that I had not had time to clean it. He turned it round in his hands, and I knew what he was looking for before he said:

"I have never taken an American clock to pieces. Does it open in the ordinary way?"

This took me somewhat aback, but Summer, being my guest, had to be answered.

"Well," I said, cautiously, "it does and it doesn't."

He looked at it again, and then held it out to me, saying: "You had better open it yourself, seeing that you know the way."

There was a clock in the next room, and such a silence was there in my study after that remark that I could distinctly hear it ticking.

"Curiously unsettled weather," I said.

"Very," he answered. "But let me see how you get at the works of the clock."

"The fact is," I said, "that I don't want this clock mended; it ticks so loud that it disturbs me."

"Never mind," Summer said, "about that. I should like to have a look at its internals, and then we can stop it if you want to do so."

Summer talked in a light way, and I was by no means certain whether, once it was set agoing, the clock could be stopped so easily as he thought, but he was evidently determined to get inside.

"It is a curious little clock," I said to him; "a sort of puzzle, indeed, and it took me ten minutes to discover how to open it myself. Suppose you try to find out the way!"

"All right," Summer said, and then he tried to remove the glass.

"The glass doesn't come off, does it?" he asked.

"I'm not going to tell you," I replied.

"Stop a bit," said Summer, speaking to himself; "is it the feet that screw out?"

It had never struck me to try the feet; but I said: "Find out for yourself."

I sat watching with more interest than he gave me credit for, and very soon he had both the feet out; then he unscrewed the ring at the top, and then the clock came to pieces.

"I've done it," said Summer.

"Yes," I said, "but you have been a long time about it."

He examined the clock with a practised eye, and then—

"It doesn't seem to me," he said, "to be requiring cleaning."

A less cautious man than myself would have weakly yielded to the confidence of this assertion, and so have shown that he did not know about clocks.

"Oh, yes, it does," I said in a decisive tone.

"Well," he said, "we had better clean it."

"I can't be bothered cleaning it," I replied, "but, if you like, you can clean it."

"Are they cleaned in the ordinary way, those American clocks?" he asked.

"Well," I said, "they are and they aren't."

"How should I clean it, then?" he asked.

"Oh, in the ordinary way," I replied.

Summer proceeded to clean it by blowing at the wheels, and after a time he said, "We'll try it now."

He put it together again, and then wound it up, but it would not go.

"There is something else wrong with it," he said.

"We have not cleaned it properly," I explained.

"Clean it yourself," he replied, and flung out of the house.

After he had gone, I took up the clock to see how he had opened it, and to my surprise it began to go. I

laid it down triumphantly. At last I had mended it. When Summer came in an hour afterward he exclaimed:

"Hullo, it's going."

"Yes," I said, "I put it to rights after you went out."

"How did you do it?" he asked.

"I cleaned it properly," I replied.

As I spoke I was leaning against the mantelpiece, and I heard the clock beginning to make curious sounds. I gave the mantelpiece a shove with my elbow, and the clock went all right again. Summer had not noticed. He remained in the room for half an hour, and all that time I dared not sit down. Had I not gone on shaking the mantelpiece the clock would have stopped at any moment. When he went at last I fell thankfully in a chair, and the clock had stopped before he was halfway down the stairs. I shook it, and it went for five minutes, and then stopped. I shook it again, and it went for two minutes. I shook it, and it went for half a minute. I shook it, and it did not go at all.

The day was fine, and my study window stood open. In a passion I seized hold of that clock and flung it fiercely out into the garden. It struck against the trunk of a tree, and fell into a flower bed. Summer must have wound up the alarm when he was dickering with the thing, for a wild tr-r-ring suddenly cleft the noontide stillness. An old tabby leaped on the garden wall, made a spinal curve for a second, and then vanished. I stood at the window sneering at the clock. when suddenly I started. I have mentioned that it has a very loud tick. Surely I heard it ticking! I ran into the garden. The clock was going again!

Concealing it beneath my coat I brought it back to the study, and since then it has gone beautifully. Everybody is delighted except Summer, who is naturally a little annoyed.

—Sir James Matthew Barrie.

By kind permission of the Author.

Sir James Matthew Barrie (1860-) is a native of Scotland. After graduating from Edinburgh University, he went to London, where he became a journalist. He first became known through the publication of *Better Dead*, a satire on London life. Although his novels of Scottish life met with immediate success, Barrie is at his best in the drama. His whimsical humor and sentimental appeal have made him the most popular dramatist of the present day.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN

It was the calm and silent night!
  Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
  And now was queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars—
  Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars
  Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
    In the solemn midnight,
      Centuries ago.

'Twas in the calm and silent night,
  The senator of haughty Rome
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
  From lordly revel rolling home;
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell

His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What recked the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago?

Within that province far away,
Went plodding home a weary boor;
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-shut stable door
Across his path. He paused—for naught
Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars, his only thought,—
The air how cold and calm and thin,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

Oh, strange indifference! low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares;
The earth was still—but knew not why;
The world was listening unawares.
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world forever!
To that still moment none would heed
Man's doom was linked no more to sever,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

It is the calm and solemn night:
A thousand bells ring out and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness—charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no name had worn,

To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay, newborn,
The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

—Alfred Domett.

Alfred Domett (1811-1887) was born at Camberwell Grove, Surrey. He was educated at Cambridge, but left without taking his degree. He published his first volume of poems when he was twenty-two, and during the next few years contributed verses to *Blackwood's Magazine*. Among these was *A Christmas Hymn*, which justly brought him fame. His most intimate friend was Robert Browning. He travelled extensively in Europe and America and lived for thirty years in New Zealand, where he occupied successively nearly all the chief administrative offices.

The theme of the poem is summed up in the fourth stanza, in the lines:

"How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world forever!"

Seven hundred, etc.: Christ was born 753 years after the founding of Rome. **queen of land and sea**: in the time of Augustus, the Roman Empire extended over practically the whole of the civilized world. **peace brooded**: peace is represented as a dove. From 10 B.C. until 9 A.D., Rome was at peace with the world. **Apollo**: the sun god, the god of music, poetry, and eloquence. **Pallas**: Pallas Athene, or Minerva, the goddess of wisdom. **Jove**: the supreme god. **Mars**: the god of war and patron of agriculture. He was the father of Romulus and Remus, the founders of Rome. **the senator**: the senate had complete control of all matters relating to religion and war. **lordly revel**: the festival of Saturn, marking the gathering-in of the harvest, was celebrated about the middle of December. **triumphal arches**: triumphal arches were erected in Rome to commemorate the victories of celebrated generals. **recked**: cared. **a paltry province**: Judaea. **boor**: laborer. **half-shut stable door**: the stable in which Christ was born in Bethlehem. **strange**: because of the great event which was about to happen.

drowsed over: went languidly on with. **heed:** realize; supply *that.* **doom:** fate, or destiny. **it is the calm and solemn night:** the last stanza compares the atmosphere of Christmas eve *now* with that of two thousand years ago. **erst:** till then. **a happy name:** Christmas. **the peaceful Prince:** Isaiah calls Christ the "Prince of Peace."

THE FINDING OF WISDOM

Surely there is a vein for the silver,
And a place for gold *where* they fine *it.*
Iron is taken out of the earth,
And brass *is* molten *out of* the stone.
He setteth an end to darkness,
And searcheth out all perfection,
The stones of darkness,
And the shadow of death.
The flood breaketh out from the inhabitant;
Even the waters forgotten of the foot:
They are dried up,
They are gone away from men.
As for the earth, out of it cometh bread:
And under it is turned up as it were fire.
The stones of it *are* the place of sapphires:
And it hath dust of gold.
There is a path which no fowl knoweth,
And which the vulture's eye hath not seen:
The lion's whelps have not trodden it,
Nor the fierce lion passed by it.
He putteth forth his hand upon the rock;
He overturneth the mountains
By the roots.

He cutteth out rivers among the rocks;
And his eye seeth every precious thing.
He bindeth the floods from overflowing;
And *the thing that is* hid
Bringeth he forth to light.
But where shall wisdom be found?
And where *is* the place of understanding?
Man knoweth not the price thereof;
Neither is it found in the land of the living.
The depth saith, It *is* not in me:
And the sea saith, *It is* not with me.
It cannot be gotten for gold,
Neither shall silver be weighed
For the price thereof.
It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir,
With the precious onyx, or the sapphire.
The gold and the crystal cannot equal it:
And the exchange of it *shall not be*
For jewels of fine gold.
No mention shall be made of coral, or of pearls:
For the price of wisdom *is* above rubies.
The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it,
Neither shall it be valued with pure gold.
Whence then cometh wisdom?
And where *is* the place of understanding?
Seeing it is hid from the eyes of all living,
And kept close from the fowls of the air.
Destruction and death say,
We have heard the fame thereof
With our ears.
God understandeth the way thereof,
And he knoweth the place thereof.
For he looketh to the ends of the earth,

And seeth under the whole heaven;
To make the weight for the winds;
And he weigheth the waters by measure.
When he made a decree for the rain,
And a way for the lightning of the thunder:
Then did he see it, and declare it;
He prepared it, yea, and searched it out.
And unto man he said,
Behold, the fear of the Lord,
That *is* wisdom;
And to depart from evil *is* understanding.
—THE BIBLE, JOB XXVIII.

This chapter from *Job* sets forth in many different ways the single thought that man cannot find wisdom no matter how diligently he may search. God alone knows where it may be found, and man's wisest course is to live in the fear of the Lord. The chapter falls naturally into three divisions: (1) The precious ores may be discovered no matter how deeply they are hidden in the earth, but wisdom is not to be found there. (2) Wisdom is not to be found in the markets, nor can it be bought at any price. (3) God alone knows the way to wisdom and the place where it may be found.

Vein: a mine or source which men have discovered. **where they fine it**: more correctly, which they refine. **brass is molten**: men melt copper out of stone. **he setteth an end to darkness**: man penetrates the dark places of the earth. **all perfection**: to the utmost limit. **the stones of darkness and the shadow of death**: the darkest recesses of the earth; *shadow of death* means "midnight." **the flood breaketh out from the inhabitant**: the Revised Version reads "He breaketh open a shaft away from where men sojourn." This line and the sixteen lines following give a description of mining operations. **forgotten of the foot**: there they are forgotten by those who pass above them. **they are dried up, they are gone away from men**: the Revised Version translates these lines "They hang afar from men, they swing to and fro," i.e., suspended in cages. **as for the earth**:

note the contrast here between the peaceful pursuit of agriculture and the destructive operations of mining. **as it were fire**: read "as it were *by* fire." **the stones of it**: the stones of the deep places of the earth. **it hath dust of gold**: the deep places of the earth contain gold. **there is a path**: man has discovered a path which the birds and beasts have passed by. **he putteth forth his hand**: man does not allow even the rock to stand in his way. **rivers**: canals. **he bindeth the floods**: lime or clay was used to prevent the water from trickling into the mine. **man knoweth not the price thereof**: it is not an article of merchandise. **be weighed**: in ancient times money was weighed instead of being counted as it is nowadays. **Ophir**: in Old Testament times a land noted for its gold and probably situated on the south-east coast of Arabia, on the Persian Gulf. **crystal**: glass, which was rare and, therefore, very precious. **Ethiopia**: an indefinite region south of Egypt. The topaz of Ethiopia was famous for its beauty. **close**: concealed. **destruction**: Sheol, the place where deceased persons congregate, dark but not painful. **he looketh to the ends of the earth**: God sees all things. **to make the weight for the winds**: making the winds of greater or less force. **the waters**: rains; *winds* and *waters* are taken to represent all the forces of nature, which God controls. **a decree**: when He made all the laws governing the rain, i.e., at the time of creation. **prepared**: established. **searched it out**: He visualized the full idea of it.

ABOU BEN ADHEM

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,

"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

—LEIGH HUNT.

James Henry Leigh Hunt (1784-1859) was a delicate boy with a vivid imagination. He was sent to a private school in London, where the boys were half-starved and were frequently flogged upon the slightest pretext. While still at school he began to write verses and essays which were afterwards published. With his brother he was sent to prison for two years for publishing in their paper, *The Examiner*, a satirical article attacking the Prince of Wales. While in prison, he was visited by many of the leading literary men of the day, among whom were Shelley, Keats, and Byron. He edited several papers and was a frequent contributor to a number of periodicals. He has been described as "a pleasant and graceful poet, a diverting trifler in literary chit-chat, and a fine critic."

THE DELIGHTS OF READING

Books are to mankind what memory is to the individual. They contain the history of our race, the discoveries we have made, the accumulated knowledge and experience of ages; they picture for us the marvels and beauties of nature; help us in our difficulties,

comfort us in sorrow and in suffering, change hours of weariness into moments of delight, store our minds with ideas, fill them with good and happy thoughts, and lift us out of and above ourselves.

There is an Oriental story of two men: one was a king, who every night dreamt he was a beggar; the other was a beggar, who every night dreamt he was a prince and lived in a palace. I am not sure that the king had very much the best of it. Imagination is sometimes more vivid than reality. But, however this may be, when we read we may not only (if we wish it) be kings and live in palaces, but, what is far better, we may transport ourselves to the mountains or the seashore, and visit the most beautiful parts of the earth, without fatigue, inconvenience, or expense.

Many of those who have had, as we say, all that this world can give, have yet told us they owed much of their purest happiness to books. Ascham, in "The Schoolmaster," tells a touching story of his last visit to Lady Jane Grey. He found her sitting in an oriel window reading Plato's beautiful account of the death of Socrates. Her father and mother were hunting in the park, the hounds were in full cry and their voices came in through the open window. He expressed his surprise that she had not joined them. But, said she, "I wist that all their pleasure in the park is but a shadow to the pleasure I find in Plato."

Macaulay had wealth and fame, rank and power, and yet he tells us in his biography that he owed the happiest hours of his life to books. In a charming letter to a little girl he says: "Thank you for your very pretty letter. I am always glad to make my little girl happy, and nothing pleases me so much as to see

that she likes books, for when she is as old as I am she will find that they are better than all the tarts and cakes, toys and plays, and sights in the world. If any one would make me the greatest king that ever lived, with palaces and gardens and fine dinners, and wines and coaches, and beautiful clothes, and hundreds of servants, on condition that I should not read books, I would not be a king. I would rather be a poor man in a garret with plenty of books than a king who did not love reading."

Books, indeed, endow us with a whole enchanted palace of thoughts. In one way they give us an even more vivid idea than the actual reality, just as reflections are often more beautiful than real nature. All mirrors, says George MacDonald, "are magic mirrors. The commonest room is a room in a poem when I look in a glass."

English literature is the birthright and inheritance of the English race. We have produced and are producing some of the greatest of poets, of philosophers, of men of science. No race can boast a brighter, purer, or nobler literature—richer than our commerce, more powerful than our arms. It is the true pride and glory of our country, and for it we cannot be too thankful.

Precious and priceless are the blessings which the books scatter around our daily paths. We walk, in imagination, with the nobler spirits, through the most sublime and enchanting regions,—regions which, to all that is lovely in the forms and colors of earth,

> Add the gleam,
> The light that never was on sea or land,
> The consecration and the poet's dream.

Without stirring from our firesides we may roam to the remotest regions of the earth, or soar into realms where Spenser's shapes of unearthly beauty flock to meet us, where Milton's angels peal in our ears the choral hymns of Paradise. Science, art, literature, philosophy,—all that man has thought, all that man has done,—the experience that has been bought with the sufferings of a hundred generations,—all are garnered up for us in the world of books.

—Lord Avebury.

From "The Uses of Life" by permission of The Macmillan Company of Canada, Limited.

Sir John Lubbock, Lord Avebury (1834-1913), was a prominent English banker, with a strong literary bent. He was actively connected with many societies for the advancement of science, and wrote a number of books on scientific and literary subjects. Two of his most popular books are *The Pleasures of Life* and *The Uses of Life.* The selection in the text is taken from the latter.

Ascham: Roger Ascham (1515-1568) was a famous English scholar and author. He was Latin secretary to Queen Mary and afterwards to Queen Elizabeth. His most famous book is *The Schoolmaster.* **Lady Jane Grey:** see page 27. **Plato:** the most famous of the Greek philosophers (430 B.C.-347 B.C.) . He has left us an account of the death of his master, Socrates, in his *Phaedo, or The Immortality of the Soul.* **Socrates:** one of the greatest of the Greek philosophers (470 B.C.-399 B.C.). He was accused of being an unbeliever in the gods of Athens and was condemned to take his own life by drinking hemlock. He met his end calmly and quietly.

Macaulay: Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay (1800-1859), the famous English statesman, poet, essayist, and historian. He is best remembered by his *Lays of Ancient Rome* and his *History of England.* **George MacDonald:** the Scottish novelist (1824-

1905). He is the author of *The Princess and Curdie*, *The Princess and the Goblin*, and *At the Back of the North Wind*. **add the gleam, etc.:** this quotation is from *Elegiac Stanzas Suggested by a Picture of Peel Castle in a Storm* by William Wordsworth. **Spenser:** Edmund Spenser (1553-1599) was a celebrated poet of the time of Queen Elizabeth. His great work is *The Faerie Queene*. **Milton:** John Milton (1608-1674), the great Puritan poet and the author of *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*.

THE MOUNTED POLICE

In the little Crimson Manual it's written plain and clear,
That who would wear the scarlet coat shall say good-bye to fear;
Shall be a guardian of the right, a sleuth-hound of the trail—
In the little Crimson Manual there's no such word as "fail."
It's duty, duty, first and last, the Crimson Manual saith;
The Scarlet Rider makes reply: "It's duty—to the death."
And so they sweep the solitudes, free men of all the earth;
And so they sentinel the woods, the wilds that know their worth;
And so they scour the startled plains, and mock at hurt and pain,
And read their Crimson Manual, and find their duty plain.

Knights of the lists of unrenown, born of the frontier's need,
Disdainful of the spoken word, exultant in the deed;
Unconscious heroes of the waste, proud players of the game;
Props of the power behind the throne, upholders of the name;
For thus the Great White Chief hath said, "In all my lands be peace,"
And to maintain his word he gave his West the Scarlet Police.

—Robert W. Service.

By permission of the Author and of The Ryerson Press.

Robert William Service (1876-) was born in Preston, England. He was educated in Glasgow, and there took up banking. In 1905 he emigrated to Canada. After travelling extensively on this continent, he entered the service of the Canadian Bank of Commerce and was stationed successively at Victoria, Vancouver, Kamloops, and White Horse. He was war correspondent for the *Toronto Star* during the Balkan War and again during the Great War, and for two years drove an ambulance with the Army Medical Corps. He lives at present in Paris, where he is engaged in literary work. The notable characteristics of his verse are its vigor, rhythm, and strong emotional appeal.

This selection is the first stanza of *Clancy of the Mounted Police* published in 1909 in *Ballads of a Cheechako*. The story of Clancy is that of a duty well done. He was sent to bring in to the post a man who had gone mad. He brought him in, but at a fearful cost to himself in hardship and suffering.

The North-West Mounted Police were first established in 1873 for the purpose of maintaining law and order in the territory then newly acquired from the Hudson's Bay Company. Later, the name of the force was changed to the Royal North-

West Mounted Police, and later still, they were merged into the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Crimson manual: the little book bound in red which contains the rules and regulations for the government of the force. **Great White Chief:** the name given by the Indians to the king.

WORK

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
"Of all who live, I am the one by whom
"This work can best be done in the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

—HENRY VAN DYKE.

By permission of the Author and of Charles Scribner's Sons.

Henry van Dyke (1852-) passed his boyhood in Brooklyn. He was very fond of the country, roaming with his father and enjoying nature to the full. For twenty years he was pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church in New York, resigning to

become professor of English Literature at Princeton. During the Great War he was United States minister to the Netherlands. He now devotes his time to literary work. He has distinguished himself alike as a poet, an essayist, and a writer of short stories.

This selection forms one of three companion pieces, the others being entitled *Love* and *Life*. All three are grouped under the general title of *The Three Best Things*.

COLUMBUS DISCOVERS LAND

Early in the morning of the 6th of September, Columbus set sail from the island of Gomera, with his fleet of three small vessels, but for three days a profound calm kept the vessels loitering, with flagging sails, within a short distance of the land. On the following Sunday, the 9th September, a breeze sprang up, and in the course of the day the heights of Ferro gradually faded from the horizon.

On losing sight of this last trace of land, the hearts of the crews failed them. They seemed literally to have taken leave of the world. Behind them was everything dear to the heart of man,—country, family, friends, life itself; before them everything was chaos, mystery, and peril. Many of the rugged seamen shed tears, and some broke into loud lamentations. The admiral tried to soothe their distress, and to inspire them with his own glorious anticipations.

In the course of a few days they arrived within the influence of the trade wind which blows steadily from east to west between the tropics. With this favorable breeze they were wafted gently but speedily over a tranquil sea, so that for many days they did not shift a sail.

As the days passed away one after another, the crew began to grow extremely uneasy at the length of the voyage. They had advanced much farther west than ever man had sailed before, and still they continued daily leaving vast tracts of ocean behind them, and pressing onward into that apparently boundless waste of waters. Even the gentle breeze uniformly aft, was conjured by their fears into a cause of alarm, for they began to imagine that the wind in these seas might always prevail from the east, and if so, would never permit their return to Spain. They were full of vague terrors, and harassed their commander by incessant murmurs. They fed each other's discontent, gathering together in little knots, and stirring up a spirit of mutiny. There was great danger of their breaking forth into open rebellion, and compelling Columbus to turn back. In their secret conferences they exclaimed against him as a mad desperado, and even talked of throwing him into the sea.

The situation of Columbus was daily becoming more and more critical. In proportion as he approached the regions where he expected to find land, the impatience of his crew increased. Columbus was not ignorant of their mutinous disposition, but he still maintained a serene and steady countenance, soothing some with gentle words, endeavoring to work upon the pride or avarice of others, and openly threatening the rebellious with punishment, should they do anything to hinder the voyage.

On the 7th of October, having observed great flocks of small field-birds going towards the south-west, and knowing that the Portuguese navigators had discovered most of their islands by following the flights of

birds, Columbus determined to alter his course to the direction in which he saw the birds fly. For three days they stood in this direction, and the farther they went the more encouraging were the signs of land.

When, however, on the evening of the third day the crew beheld the sun go down on the shoreless horizon, they broke forth into turbulent clamor. They insisted upon turning homeward and giving up the voyage as hopeless. Columbus tried to pacify them with gentle words and promises of large rewards; but finding that they only increased in clamor, he assumed a decided tone. He told them it was useless to murmur; the expedition had been sent by the sovereign to seek the Indies, and, happen what might, he was determined to persevere, until, by the blessing of God, he should accomplish the enterprise.

Columbus was now at open defiance with his crew, and his situation became desperate. Fortunately the proofs of land being near were such on the following day as no longer to admit of doubt. Besides a quantity of river-weeds, they saw a thorn branch with berries on it; then they picked up a reed, a small board, and, above all, a staff artificially carved. Gloom and mutiny now gave way to sanguine expectation. In the evening Columbus made an impressive address to his crew, and told them he thought it probable they would make land that very night.

At sunset they had stood again to the west, and were ploughing the waves at a rapid rate, the *Pinta* keeping the lead from her superior sailing. Not an eye was closed that night. As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the cabin of his vessel, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon,

and maintaining an intense and unremitting watch. About ten o'clock he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a great distance. Fearing his eager hopes might deceive him he called to a gentleman near him, and inquired whether he saw such a light; the latter replied that he did. They saw it once or twice afterwards in sudden and passing gleams, as if it were a torch of some fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves, or in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house.

They continued their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the *Pinta* gave the joyful signal of land. It was now clearly seen about two leagues distant; whereupon they took in sail, and lay to, waiting impatiently for the dawn. It was on Friday morning, the 12th of October, that Columbus first beheld the New World. As the day dawned, he saw before him a level island, several leagues in extent, and covered with trees like a continual orchard. Though apparently uncultivated, it was populous, for the inhabitants were seen issuing from all parts of the woods, and running to the shore. They were perfectly naked, and, as they stood gazing at the ships, appeared by their attitudes and gestures to be lost in astonishment.

Columbus made signal for the ships to cast anchor, and the boats to be manned and armed. He entered his own boat, richly dressed in scarlet, and holding the royal standard. As he approached the shore, he was delighted with the purity of the atmosphere, the crystal transparency of the sea, and the extraordinary beauty of the vegetation. On landing he threw himself on his knees, kissed the earth, and returned thanks

to God with tears of joy. His example was followed by the rest, whose hearts indeed overflowed with the same feelings of gratitude. Columbus, then rising, drew his sword, displayed the royal standard, and took solemn possession of the island in the name of the Spanish sovereigns, giving it the name of San Salvador.

The feelings of the crew now burst forth in the wildest transports. They thronged around the admiral, some embracing him, others kissing his hands. Those who had been the most mutinous and turbulent were now the most devoted and enthusiastic. Many of those who had outraged him by their insolence, now crouched at his feet, begging pardon for all the trouble they had caused him, and promising the blindest obedience for the future.

The natives of the island supposed that the ships had sailed out of the crystal firmament, beyond the horizon, or had descended from above on their ample wings, accompanied with lightning and thunder; and that these marvellous beings, clad in glittering steel, or raiment of various colors, were inhabitants of the skies.

Columbus supposed himself to have landed on an island at the western extremity of India, hence it and the adjoining islands were called the West Indies, and the natives, Indians, an appellation which has since been extended to all the aborigines of the New World.

—WASHINGTON IRVING.

Washington Irving (1783-1859) was a good-natured lad, fond of reading, but not a student. He first attracted attention by the publication of *Salmagundi*, a humorous paper poking fun at New York society. In 1815, he went abroad, where he remained for seventeen years. The failure of the publishing

business with which he was connected reduced him to poverty, and he was forced to support himself by his writings. The publication of *The Sketch Book*, which contains the famous story *Rip Van Winkle*, met with immediate success and established his fame. The last twenty-five years of his life he passed quietly at his home on the Hudson River, engaged in the production of his historical and other works. The remarkable characteristics of his work are its freshness and geniality, combined with purity and beauty of diction.

This selection is taken from the *History of the Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus.*

Christopher Columbus was born at Genoa about 1440. He early became a cloth-maker, but at the age of fourteen was sent to sea. For the next fourteen years he divided his time between voyages in the Mediterranean and working at his trade as a cloth-maker. About 1470 he removed to Lisbon, where he married, and afterwards made several voyages to the coast of Africa. While on shore, he supported his family by the making and selling of maps and charts. Even as a boy he had shown a great fondness for geography, and indeed had for a time studied the subject, together with astronomy and navigation, at the University of Pavia. As early as 1474, he conceived the idea that by sailing westward from the coast of Europe he could reach Japan, and soon after began to press his project upon the king of Portugal. The king, however, proved treacherous, and in disgust Columbus quitted Portugal in 1484 and settled in Spain. For many years he was unsuccessful in inducing King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella to interest themselves in his plans, but at last, in 1492, the queen was persuaded to furnish money for the expedition.

Columbus was enabled to equip but three small vessels, the *Santa Maria*, the *Pinta* and the *Nina*, the two latter having no decks amidships. The crew consisted of 120 men, of whom a number were discharged criminals. The three ships set sail from Palos on August 3rd, 1492. After delaying for a time at the Canary Islands, the vessels again, on September 6th, set forth on their voyage. A week later they crossed the equator, and shortly afterwards were becalmed for a week in the Sargasso Sea. The trade winds were next a source of terror, and the men grew mutinous. By October 4th they were 2,274 miles

from the Canaries, and it was with difficulty that Columbus persuaded his men to continue the voyage. But signs of land now became frequent, and at last, early in the morning of Friday, October 12th, land was sighted.

Gomera, Ferro: two of the Canary Islands. The nearest island of the group is about sixty-two miles from the north-west coast of Africa. Portuguese navigators: the Portuguese were among the most daring of the early navigators. sovereign: Queen Isabella. San Salvador: probably one of the islands of the Bahamas.

BRUTUS AND ANTONY

The Forum

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS, *and a throng of* Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Brutus. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Citizen.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Citizen.* I will hear Cassius, and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit Cassius with some of the Citizens. Brutus goes into the pulpit.*

3 *Citizen.* The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence!

Brutus. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear; believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe; censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honor for his valor, and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak, for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY *and others, with Cæsar's body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the

benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Citizen.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Citizen.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Citizen.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Citizen.* Cæsar's better parts
Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Citizen.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.

Brutus. My countrymen,—

2 *Citizen.* Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Citizen.* Peace, ho!

Brutus. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony;
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony
By our permission is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

1 *Citizen.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Citizen.* Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.

Antony. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

4 *Citizen.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Citizen.* He says, for Brutus' sake
He finds himself beholding to us all.

4 *Citizen.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Citizen.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.
3 *Citizen.* Nay, that's certain;
we are blest that Rome is rid of him.
2 *Citizen.* Peace, let us hear what Antony can say.
Antony. You gentle Romans,—
All. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Antony. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honorable man,
So are they all, all honorable men,—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransom did the general coffers fill;
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious,

And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Citizen.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Citizen.* If thou consider rightly of the matter, Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Citizen.* Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Citizen.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1 *Citizen.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Citizen.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Citizen.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 *Citizen.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Antony. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,

Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament,—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

4 *Citizen.* We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Antony. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs
For if you should, O, what would come of it?

4 *Citizen.* Read the will! we'll hear it, Antony!
You shall read us the will! Cæsar's will!

Antony. Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

4 *Citizen.* They were traitors! Honorable men!

All. The will! the testament!

2 *Citizen.* They were villains, murtherers! The will! Read the will!

Antony. You will compel me, then, to read the will?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 *Citizen.* Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*

3 *Citizen.* You shall have leave.

4 *Citizen.* A ring; stand round.

1 *Citizen.* Stand *from* the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Citizen.* Room for Antony!—most noble Antony!

Antony. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

All. Stand back! room! bear back!

Antony. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle; I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on.
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
See what a rent the envious Casca made;
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.—
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!—
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him. Then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,

Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Citizen.* O, piteous spectacle!

2 *Citizen.* O, noble Cæsar!

3 *Citizen.* O, woful day!

4 *Citizen.* O, traitors, villains!

1 *Citizen.* O, most bloody sight!

2 *Citizen.* We will be reveng'd!

All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live!

Antony. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Citizen.* Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Citizen.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Antony. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable.
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts.
I am no orator, as Brutus is,
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood; I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But, were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

1 *Citizen.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Citizen.* Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Antony. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Antony. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not!—I must tell you, then.
You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true;—the will!—let's stay, and hear the will.

Antony. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 *Citizen.* Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his death.

3 *Citizen.* O, royal Cæsar!

Antony. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Antony. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

1 *Citizen.* Never, never!—Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2 *Citizen.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Citizen.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Citizen.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*

Antony. Now let it work.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

From "Julius Cæsar".

William Shakespeare (1564-1616) was born at Stratford-on-Avon. Very little is known about his early life, apart from the fact that he attended the Stratford Grammar School. At eighteen he married Anne Hathaway, and three years later went to London, where it is said he held horses at the doors of theatres for a time. Subsequently he became an actor. His first play appeared in 1594, and from that time on he was firmly established as a dramatist, producing plays in regular succession. About 1613 he retired to Stratford, where he died three years later. Shakespeare is everywhere acknowledged as the greatest dramatic genius that ever lived.

This selection forms the second scene of the third act of *Julius Cæsar.* Cæsar had been murdered by the conspirators, and the citizens were in a state of great excitement. Brutus, contrary to the advice of Cassius, had given permission to Mark Antony to deliver the funeral oration over the dead body, and had himself promised to address the people and to give them satisfactory reasons for the death of Cæsar.

Brutus addresses the mob of citizens, and, by means of his moral force and high character, convinces them, and they are

apparently satisfied. Note that Brutus appeals to the reason of the fickle mob, treats them like reasonable beings, and advances arguments that are far beyond their conception. Antony follows him and plays upon the feelings and the passions of the already excited mob, so as to sweep away all recollection of what had been said by Brutus. The skill with which Antony handles the crowd is a splendid tribute to the genius of Shakespeare.

The first two acts of *Julius Cæsar* are taken up with the efforts of Cassius to induce Brutus, one of the most high-minded of the citizens of Rome, to join the conspiracy. The co-operation of Brutus was considered necessary, as only by his influence could there be any safety for the assassins after the deed was done. Cassius, who was envious of Cæsar, worked upon the patriotic feelings of Brutus, by leading him to believe that Cæsar wished to assume the purple, until he had secured his co-operation. The assassination took place, followed by the incidents in the text. Antony then joined forces with Octavius, and together they defeated Brutus and Cassius at Philippi, where the two latter met their death.

Satisfied: in regard to the murder of Cæsar. The citizens are enraged and intimate that there will be trouble unless satisfactory reasons are given. **part the numbers**: divide the crowd into two sections, those who wish to hear Brutus and those who wish to hear Cassius. **severally**: separately. **till the last**: until I have finished. **lovers**: friends. **censure**: judge me, form an opinion of me. **senses**: intelligence. **question of**: the reason for. **in the Capitol**: set forth in the official records of the Senate. The Capitol was the great national temple of Rome, dedicated to Jupiter, and was the meeting place of the Senate, the governing body of the republic. **extenuated**: lessened. **enforc'd**: magnified. **a place**: impossible while Cæsar lived. **his ancestors**: Brutus was descended from Lucius Junius Brutus, who expelled the Tarquins and was elected the first Consul of Rome. **better parts**: Brutus had all the virtues of Cæsar. **do grace to**: show respect to. **public chair**: the pulpit erected in the Forum.

For Brutus' sake, etc.: thanks to what Brutus has just said, I am indebted to you. **grievously**: Cæsar has paid dearly for his ambition. **general coffers**: the public treasury. **sterner**

stuff: sterner than to weep over the sorrows of the poor. **Lupercal**: the feast held in Rome on February 15th of each year in honor of Lupercus, the god of fertility. **brutish**: the opposite of human. **methinks**: it seems to me. **dear abide it**: pay dearly for it. **none so poor, etc.**: there are none, however humble, to honor him who in his lifetime held the highest honors. **commons**: the common people. **napkins**: handkerchiefs. **o'ershot**: gone much further than I intended. **murtherers**: murderers. **hearse**: the bier upon which the body was carried. **the Nervii**: a most telling stroke. Cæsar was the great military hero of the populace, and the victory over the Nervii was one of his greatest exploits. The Nervii were the most warlike tribe in Gaul, and were defeated by Cæsar in B.C. 58 with terrible slaughter.

Cassius: the head and front of the conspiracy: Brutus was a mere tool in his hands. **envious**: malicious. **Casca**: another of the conspirators. **to be resolved**: to be certain. **angel**: "his counterpart, his good genius, or a kind of better and dearer self." **Pompey's statua**: the statue of Pompey, who was for some years closely associated with Cæsar in the government of Rome. He afterwards took the part of the republic against Cæsar, was defeated at Pharsalia and fled into Egypt, where he was treacherously slain. **ran blood**: blood was running down the base of the statue.

The dint of pity: the impression made by pity. **private griefs**: personal grievances. **reasons**: implying that no reasons have so far been advanced. **wit**: cleverness, ingenuity. **drachma**: equal to about fourteen cents. Cæsar left to each Roman what would be equivalent in purchasing power to about $100 in our money. **Tiber**: the river on which Rome is situated. **common pleasures**: pleasures available to all the people. **holy place**: the place set apart for the burning of dead bodies. During the Roman Empire the custom of cremating the dead was general.

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oftentimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men,
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.

RIP VAN WINKLE

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but, sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle-roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant, (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weather-cocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-

worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple good-natured fellow of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christiana. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and an obedient henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation; and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by

a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through wood and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone-fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; every thing about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre

by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a hen-pecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much hen-pecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness,

and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village; which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of His Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon

the public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquility of the assemblage and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would some-

times seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought

of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air; "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist—several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and mutually relieving one another, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain

torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large beard, broad face, and small piggish eyes: the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a

weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlor of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his

senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe-begone party at nine-pins—the flagon—"Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip—"what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle!"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay

me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen: he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grapevines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of

people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed—"That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and

the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed—"My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath, was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of

the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquility. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco-smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, billious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of congress—liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "Whether he was Federal or Democrat?" Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a

gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"—"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the by-standers—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they?—name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the church-yard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Anthony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes

in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—congress —Stony Point; —he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no —that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The by-standers began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the

gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New-England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor! Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks: and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the Half-Moon; being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river, and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at nine-pins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the

election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicler of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England—and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was —petticoat government. Happily that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. When-

ever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood, but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunderstorm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine-pins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

—Washington Irving.

This selection is taken from *The Sketch Book*, where it has the fourth place in the table of contents. It was originally prefaced with a statement to the effect that the manuscript of the tale had been found among the papers of Diedrich Knickerbocker, a Dutch historian of the early colonial period. A further statement was added at the end affirming the truth of the tale, as sworn to before magistrates and others.

Kaatskill mountains: in the eastern part of New York. **great Appalachian family**: the general name of the mountain system running parallel to the Atlantic coast. **Dutch colonists**: the present state of New York originally belonged to Holland

and was first settled by the Dutch. **Peter Stuyvesant**: the last director-general of New Netherlands, as the colony was then called. He was appointed in 1645 and remained in office until 1664, when the colony was captured by the English. **Fort Christiana**: a Swedish fort on the Brandywine River in Delaware, captured by Stuyvesant in 1654. **termagant**: boisterous, brawling. **Tartar's lance**: the Tartar horsemen of the Asiatic plains were armed with long lances. **galligaskins**: loose, wide breeches.

Junto: a secret council which deliberates on affairs of government. **doublet**: an outer garment covering the body from the neck to the waist. **jerkin**: a close-fitting jacket. **the settlement**: by the Dutch in 1614. **Hollands**: Holland gin. **a red night-cap**: during the French Revolution a red cap was looked upon as the symbol of liberty. The people of the village, in order to celebrate the independence of their country, had erected a liberty-pole, crowned with the red cap, and fluttering from it the flag of the United States. **General Washington**: George Washington (1732-1799), the commander-in-chief of the colonial armies during the Revolutionary War. **congress**: the parliament of the United States. **Bunker's Hill**: the battle fought near Boston, June 17, 1775, between the rebellious colonists and the British troops. The colonists were defeated, but the way in which they held out in the struggle against disciplined troops encouraged them to carry on the conflict. **seventy-six**: the date of the Declaration of Independence. **Babylonish jargon**: Babylon was built on the site of the tower of Babel. See *Genesis xi, 9.*

Federal or Democrat: the names of the two political parties formed after the union of the thirteen colonies. **a tory**: during the Revolutionary War, those who took the side of the mother country were so called. **Stony Point**: on the Hudson. The fort on this point was captured by the British in 1779, but, about six weeks afterwards, it was recaptured by the colonists. **Anthony's Nose**: a point on the Hudson River. **Hendrick Hudson**: Henry Hudson, an English navigator, while in the service of the Dutch East India Company discovered the river that now bears his name. In 1611, he was abandoned by his mutinous crew in Hudson Bay and was never heard of again. **the Half-Moon**: the name of Hudson's vessel.

THE ANCIENT MARINER

PART I

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

The bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The wedding-guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The wedding-guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

"The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—"
The wedding-guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The wedding-guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

"And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:

And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

At length did cross an albatross,
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moon-shine."

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?" —"With my crossbow
I shot the albatross.

PART II

The sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners' hollo!

And I had done an hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe;
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah, wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun uprist:
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green and blue and white.

And some in dreams assuréd were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;

Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;

Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call:
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all a-flame.
The day was well nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.

And straight the sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas ! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the sun,
Like restless gossameres?

Are those her ribs through which the sun
Did peer, as through a grate?

And is that woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
'The game is done! I've won! I've won!'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The hornéd moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

One after one, by the star-dogged moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!"

PART IV

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown."—
"Fear not, fear not, thou wedding-guest!
This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;

I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to Heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

The moving moon went up the sky,
And no where did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;

But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charméd water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The selfsame moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART V

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!

She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessèd ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
The moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up-blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me."

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"
"Be calm, thou wedding-guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound;
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swound.

How long in that same fit I lay
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

'Is it he?' quoth one, 'Is this the man?
By Him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless albatross.

The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow'

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.'

PART VI

FIRST VOICE

'But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?'

SECOND VOICE

'Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.'

FIRST VOICE

'But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?'

SECOND VOICE

'The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go
When the Mariner's trance is abated.'

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbor-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbor-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colors came.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The pilot and the pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice:
It is the hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The albatross's blood.

PART VII

This hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,
'Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now?'

'Strange, by my faith!' the hermit said—
'And they answered not our cheer!
The planks looked warped! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along;

When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look'—
(The pilot made reply)
'I am a-feared'—'Push on, push on!'
Said the hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;

The holy hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars: the pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row.'

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!'
The hermit crossed his brow.
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou?'

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,

I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach."

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are:
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

"O wedding-guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seeméd there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends
And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding-guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;

For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the wedding-guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

—Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834) was sent to school at the age of three and at six had read *Robinson Crusoe* and several other books. He was a dreamy, highly-imaginative, indolent boy, loving nothing better than to lie in the open, reading fairy tales and allowing his imagination to run riot. The publication of *Lyrical Ballads* in conjunction with Wordsworth, with whom he had formed a lasting friendship, established the reputation of both poets. The last thirty years of his life were frequently interrupted by attacks of physical pain, in an effort to relieve which he became a slave to opium. His style is simple but extraordinarily effective. His vivid imagination, his descriptive powers, and his realization of the mysteries surrounding commonplace things are everywhere apparent in his work.

The ballad of *The Ancient Mariner* as here given is complete. It is simply a story in verse containing a strong, supernatural element and with a definite lesson intended to be taught. This lesson is summed up in the lines:

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

PART I. **Ancient**: suggesting not only aged but also belonging to olden times. **long gray beard**: this expression is

more than an expletive. It gives picturesque suggestion of the appearance of the mariner without the effort of description. **glittering eye**: the glitter of the eye characterizes some forms of insanity. **loon**: the loon is a water-fowl that affords, from its behavior when frightened, a stock comparison for oddly-behaving people. **eftsoons**: at once, forthwith. **drop**: put to sea with the ebbing tide. **kirk**: church. **bassoon**: a reed-instrument blown from the side by a bent-metal mouthpiece. **as who**: as he who. **still treads**: the shadow of his pursuing enemy already reaches his feet, but ever he presses on. **clifts**: cliffs. **sheen**: brightness, splendor. **ken**: descry, see. **swound**: swoon. **albatross**: a large web-footed sea bird. It has a stout, hooked bill, and a spread of wings of about twelve feet; the tail and feet are short. The albatrosses are noted for their powers of flight. **thorough**: through. **thunder-fit**: noise and commotion as of thunder. **vespers**: evenings, or perhaps a reference to the evening service of the Anglican and Roman Catholic churches, which are known as "vespers." **whiles**: while, time. **crossbow**: a bow fixed on a stock in which there is a groove to direct the arrow, a catch to hold the string when the bow is bent, and a trigger to release it. **I shot**: for no reason except careless, unthinking cruelty.

PART II. **Like God's own head**: connect with "uprist" in the next line. **uprist**: uprose. **then all averred**: the sailors, by condoning the crime of the mariner have made themselves partners in his cruelty. **copper**: sky of a fiery red color. **bloody**: blood red. **and all the boards, etc.**: and yet all the boards did shrink. **in reel and rout**: whirling about in confusion. **death-fires**: a luminous appearance hovering over decaying bodies, as in graveyards, is called a death-fire. **witch's oils**: this is an invention of the poet. **burnt**: the phosphorescent glow on the sea. **well a-day**: alas. **instead of the cross**: the cross is the symbol of love. The sailors took the symbol of love from about his neck, and hung there the sign of his wanton cruelty.

PART III. **I wist**: indeed, certainly. **water-sprite**: a water spirit. These spirits are supposed to control the sea and all that live in it. **tacked and veered**: the vessel pursued an erratic course, advancing now in zig-zag courses against the wind, and again running before it, with the wind now on one side and now on the other. **gramercy**: great thanks. Here the

word is a mere exclamation of surprise. **with upright keel**: moves on steadily, not bent over by the wind. **betwixt**: between. **Heaven's Mother**: one of the many names of the Virgin Mary. **gossameres**: gossamers, filmy cobwebs of small spiders, found in low bushes or floating in long threads in the air, especially in autumn. **a Death**: a skeleton endued with life. **Night-mare**: the night-mare is conceived as a demon who oppresses sleepers. **Life-in-death**: a living death. **twain**: two. **I've won**: she had won the right to do as she pleased with the mariner; he had fallen into her power. **whistle thrice**: this would be very ominous to a superstitious sailor. **sun's rim dips**: night in the Tropics, descending without twilight, is here matchlessly described. **clomb**: climbed. **one after one**: Death had the sailors in his power; before dying, they have time only to curse the mariner with their eyes. **star-dogged moon**: it is a common superstition among sailors that something dire is going to happen whenever a star follows closely in the wake of the moon. **like the whizz**: remorse makes each death a reminder of his crime.

PART IV. **Reek**: stink. **charméd water**: as if under magical influences. **alway**: always. **shining white**: the phosphorescent gleam of the sea, particularly noticeable when the surface is disturbed. **O happy living things**: the mariner suddenly sees the beauty of these living things, and love gushes up in his heart, a feeling entirely different from that which had dictated the wanton slaughter of the albatross. **I could pray**: love had come into his heart, and he could give expression to his feelings. **fell off**: the symbol of his cruelty was removed in the same moment that love entered his heart.

PART V. **Mary Queen**: the Virgin Mary. **silly**: blessed, fortunate. **dank**: damp and cold. **blessed**: enjoying the happiness of heaven. **anear**: near. **sere**: dry. **fire-flags**: flashes of lightning. **sheen**: shone. **'gan**: began. **corses**: corpses. **sky-lark**: one of the loveliest of all the singing birds. **jargoning**: singing. **above the mast**: the ship has reached the equator, and the power of the Polar spirit ceases. The ship tosses there until the demand of the spirit for vengeance is appeased, when, freed from his power, it darts northward. **I have not to declare**: I have not the knowledge to enable me to declare. **living**: conscious. **by Him who died, etc.**: Christ. **honey-dew**: a

sugary substance found on the leaves of trees in drops like dew, exuded from plant-lice, or from leaves during hot weather.

PART VI. **Fly**: it is to be supposed that the spirits are to return to some celestial goal, for which they here depart. **charnel-dungeon**: a dungeon to hold dead bodies. **breathed a wind, etc.**: contrast the wind in line 309. Even this one, sweet and gentle as it is, recalls the horror of the earlier scene. **in shade**: an earthly wind darkens the water by casting up ripples that break the reflection of the light. **strewn**: outspread. **shadow**: reflection. **shadows**: spirits. **holy rood**: the holy cross. **a seraph-man**: seraphs are winged angels of the highest order, worshipping Jehovah, and acting as his messengers and ministers throughout the earth. **cheer**: hail. **shrieve**: shrive: to hear confession, impose penance, and grant absolution of sin.

PART VII. **I trow**: I think, suppose. **ivy-tod**: a thick bush, usually of ivy. **seven days drowned**: the bodies of those who were drowned, but not recovered, were supposed to come to the surface of the water on the seventh day. **telling of the sound**: resounding, echoing. **crossed his brow**: the sign of the cross, holy water, prayers, the name of God or of Christ were all destructive of Satanic power. **I pass, etc.**: there is here a touch of the legend of the Wandering Jew. **forlorn**: deprived, bereft. **sadder**: made more serious by his experience of depths of human life hitherto unsuspected.

LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN

Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us.

The Lord hath wrought great glory by them through his great power from the beginning.

Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms, men renowned for their power, giving counsel by their understanding, and declaring prophecies:

Leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their

knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise and eloquent in their instructions:

Such as found out musical tunes, and recited verses in writing:

Rich men furnished with ability, living peaceably in their habitations:

All these were honored in their generations, and were the glory of their times.

There be of them, that have left a name behind them, that their praises might be reported.

And some there be, which have no memorial; who are perished, as though they had never been; and are become as though they had never been born; and their children after them.

But these were merciful men, whose righteousness hath not been forgotten.

With their seed shall continually remain a good inheritance, and their children are within the covenant.

Their seed standeth fast, and their children for their sakes.

Their seed shall remain for ever, and their glory shall not be blotted out.

Their bodies are buried in peace; but their name liveth for evermore.

The people will tell of their wisdom, and the congregation will shew forth their praise.

Enoch pleased the Lord, and was translated, being an example of repentance to all generations.

Noah was found perfect and righteous; in the time of wrath he was taken in exchange for the world; therefore was he left as a remnant unto the earth, when the flood came.

An everlasting covenant was made with him, that all flesh should perish no more by the flood.

Abraham was a great father of many people: in glory was there none like unto him;

Who kept the law of the most High, and was in covenant with him: he established the covenant in his flesh; and when he was proved, he was found faithful.

Therefore he assured him by an oath, that he would bless the nations in his seed, and that he would multiply him as the dust of the earth, and exalt his seed as the stars, and cause them to inherit from sea to sea, and from the river unto the utmost part of the land.

With Isaac did he establish likewise, for Abraham his father's sake, the blessing of all men, and the covenant,

And made it rest upon the head of Jacob. He acknowledged him in his blessing, and gave him an heritage, and divided his portions; among the twelve tribes did he part them.

—ECCLESIASTICUS XLIV.

This selection forms Chapter 44 of *Ecclesiasticus*, one of the group of scriptural writings known as the *Apocrypha*. They were written during the years, approximately 400, which intervened between the writings of Malachi and the birth of Christ. The *Book of Ecclesiasticus* contains the wise counsels of a learned preacher to his fellow-countrymen. The object of the chapter in the text is not primarily to praise great men, but to praise God through men, and to teach the lesson that, though all men may not be famous, all may be good, and may thus leave the world better because they have lived.

That begat us: rather, in their generation, in chronological order. such as did bear rule: the writer enumerates the various classes of men through whom God has worked (1) men

of eminence, (2) leaders and teachers, (3) composers and poets, (4) men of wealth. **meet for the people**: qualified to teach the people. **found out**: produced. **recited—in writing**: there is no explanation for this peculiar combination, but it probably means that they wrote verses and read them aloud. **furnished with ability**: well supplied with goods. **there be of them**: there are some of those mentioned, whose names are remembered and whose praises are still sung by men. **righteousness**: righteous deeds. **seed**: descendants. **within the covenant**: the covenant which God made with the fathers is extended to the sons, i.e., God's promises apply to the sons as truly as to their fathers. **for their sakes**: through them. **their seed shall remain forever**: should here be rendered "their remembrance shall remain forever."

Enoch: see *Genesis v, 24*. The writer here begins the praise of individual Hebrews known to all his hearers. **repentance**: here, wisdom. **Noah**: see *Genesis vi, 9*. **in exchange for the world**: Noah's preservation during the flood served instead of the preservation of the whole world. **an everlasting covenant**: see *Genesis vi, 18*. **Abraham**: see *Genesis xii, 2, 3; xv, 5; xvii, 4*. **established the covenant, etc.**: see *Genesis xvii, 10, 11; xxi, 4*. **when he was proved**: see *Genesis xxii, 1-14*. **he assured him**: see *Genesis xxii, 16, 17, 18*. **dust of the earth**: also translated, as the sands of the sea; i.e., in numbers. **exalt his seed**: set his descendants above all nations. **from sea to sea**: from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean. **from the river, etc.**: from the Euphrates River to the Arabian deserts. **Isaac**: see *Genesis xxvi, 3, 4, 5*. **establish**: renew. **and made it rest**: Isaac transmitted it to Jacob, when he recognized him as his heir and gave him his blessing; see *Genesis xxvii, 28, 29; xxviii, 14, 15*.

THE LAST FIGHT OF THE "REVENGE"

The Spanish fleet having shrouded their approach by reason of the island, were now so soon at hand, as our ships had scarce time to weigh their anchors, but some of them were driven to let slip their cables and set sail.

Sir Richard Grenville was the last weighed, to recover the men that were upon the island, which otherwise had been lost. The Lord Thomas with the rest very hardly recovered the wind, which Sir Richard Grenville not being able to do, was persuaded by the master and others to cut his main sail and cast about, and to trust to the sailing of the ship, for the squadron of Seville were on his weather bow. But Sir Richard utterly refused to turn from the enemy, alleging that he would rather choose to die, than to dishonor himself, his country, and Her Majesty's ship, persuading his company that he would pass through the two squadrons in despite of them, and enforce those of Seville to give him way. Which he performed upon divers of the foremost, who, as the mariners term it, sprang their luff, and fell under the lee of the *Revenge*. But the other course had been the better, and might right well have been answered in so great an impossibility of prevailing. Notwithstanding out of the greatness of his mind, he could not be persuaded.

In the meanwhile as he attended those which were nearest him, the great *San Philip* being in the wind of him, and coming towards him, becalmed his sails in such sort, as the ship could neither weigh nor feel the helm, so huge and high charged was the Spanish ship, being of a thousand and five hundred tons. Who after laid the *Revenge* aboard. When he was thus bereft of his sails, the ships that were under his lee luffing up, also laid him aboard, of which the next was the *Admiral of the Biscaines*, a very mighty and puissant ship. The said *Philip* carried three tier of ordnance on a side, and eleven pieces in every tier. She shot eight forthright out of her chase, besides those of her stern ports.

After the *Revenge* was entangled with this *Philip*, four others boarded her; two on her larboard and two on her starboard. The fight thus beginning at three of the clock in the afternoon, continued very terrible all that evening. But the great *San Philip* having received the lower tier of the *Revenge*, discharged with cross-bar shot, shifted herself with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking her first entertainment. Some say that the ship foundered, but we cannot report it for truth, unless we were assured. The Spanish ships were filled with companies of soldiers, in some two hundred, besides the mariners; in some five, in others eight hundred. In ours there were none at all, besides the mariners, but the servants of the commanders and some few voluntary gentlemen only. After many interchanged volleys of great ordnance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the *Revenge*, and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitudes of their armed soldiers and musketeers, but were still repulsed again and again, and at all times beaten back into their own ships, or into the seas. In the beginning of the fight the *George Noble*, of London, having received some shot through her by the armadas, fell under the lee of the *Revenge*, and asked Sir Richard what he would command him, being but one of the victuallers and of small force; Sir Richard bid him save himself, and leave him to his fortune.

After the fight had thus, without intermission, continued while the day lasted and some hours of the night, many of our men were slain and hurt, and one of the great galleons of the Armada and the *Admiral of the Hulks* both sunk, and in many other of the Spanish

ships great slaughter was made. Some write that Sir Richard was very dangerously hurt almost in the beginning of the fight, and lay speechless for a time ere he recovered. But two of the *Revenge's* own company affirmed that he was never so wounded as that he forsook the upper deck till an hour before midnight, and then being shot into the body with a musket as he was dressing, was again shot into the head, and withal his surgeon wounded to death.

But to return to the fight, the Spanish ships which attempted to board the *Revenge*, as they were wounded and beaten off, so always others came in their places, she having never less than two mighty galleons by her sides and aboard her. So that ere the morning from three of the clock the day before, there had fifteen several armadas assailed her, and all so ill approved their entertainment, as they were by the break of day, far more willing to hearken to a composition, than hastily to make any more assaults or entries. But as the day increased so our men decreased; and as the light grew more and more, by so much more grew our discomforts. For none appeared in sight but enemies, saving one small ship called the *Pilgrim*, commanded by Jacob Whiddon, who hovered all night to see the success: but in the morning bearing with the *Revenge*, was hunted like a hare amongst many ravenous hounds, but escaped.

All the powder of the *Revenge* to the last barrel was now spent, all her pikes broken, forty of her best men slain, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight she had but one hundred free from sickness, and fourscore and ten sick, laid in hold upon the ballast. A small troop to man such a ship,

and a weak garrison to resist so mighty an army. By those hundred all was sustained, the volleys, boardings, and enterings of fifteen ships of war, besides those which beat her at large. On the contrary, the Spanish were always supplied with soldiers brought from every squadron: all manner of arms and powder at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of ships, men, or weapons; the masts all beaten overboard, all her tackle cut asunder, her upper work altogether razed, and in effect evened she was with the water, but the very foundation or bottom of a ship, nothing being left overhead either for flight or defence.

Sir Richard, finding himself in this distress, and unable any longer to make resistance, having endured in this fifteen hours' fight, the assault of fifteen several armadas, all by turns aboard him, and by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillery, besides many assaults and entries; and that himself and the ship must needs be possessed by the enemy, who were now all cast in a ring round about him; the *Revenge* not able to move one way or other, but as she was moved with the waves and billow of the sea: commanded the master Gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship; that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards: seeing in so many hours' fight, and with so great a Navy they were not able to take her, having had fifteen hours' time, fifteen thousand men, and fifty and three sail of men-of-war to perform it withal. And persuaded the company, or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God, and to the mercy of none else; but as they had like valiant resolute men,

repulsed so many enemies, they should not now shorten the honor of their nation, by prolonging their own lives for a few hours, or a few days.

The master Gunner readily condescended and divers others; but the Captain and the Master were of another opinion, and besought Sir Richard to have care of them, alleging that the Spaniard would be as ready to entertain a composition, as they were willing to offer the same: and that there being divers sufficient and valiant men yet living, and whose wounds were not mortal, they might do their country and prince acceptable service hereafter. And (that where Sir Richard had alleged that the Spaniards should never glory to have taken one ship of Her Majesty's, seeing that they had so long and so notably defended themselves) they answered, that the ship had six foot water in hold, three shot under water which were so weakly stopped, as with the first working of the sea, she must needs sink, and was besides so crushed and bruised, as she could never be removed out of the place.

And as the matter was thus in dispute, and Sir Richard refusing to hearken to any of those reasons: the master of the *Revenge* (while the Captain won unto him the greater party) was convoyed aboard the *General Don Alfonso Bassan*. Who, finding none overhasty to enter the *Revenge* again, doubting lest Sir Richard would have blown them up and himself, and perceiving by the report of the master of the *Revenge* his dangerous disposition: yielded that all their lives should be saved, the company sent for England, and the better sort to pay such reasonable ransom as their estate would bear, and in the mean season to be free from galley or imprisonment. To this he so much

the rather condescended as well, as I have said, for fear of further loss and mischief to themselves, as also for the desire he had to recover Sir Richard Grenville; whom for his notable valor he seemed greatly to honor and admire.

When this answer was returned, and that safety of life was promised, the common sort being now at the end of their peril, the most drew back from Sir Richard and the master Gunner, being no hard matter to dissuade men from death to life. The master Gunner finding himself and Sir Richard thus prevented and mastered by the greater number, would have slain himself with a sword, had he not been by force withheld and locked into his cabin. Then the General sent many boats aboard the *Revenge*, and divers of our men, fearing Sir Richard's disposition, stole away aboard the *General* and other ships.

Sir Richard, thus overmatched, was sent unto by Alfonso Bassan to remove out of the *Revenge*, the ship being marvellous unsavory, filled with blood and bodies of dead and wounded men like a slaughter-house. Sir Richard answered that he might do with his body what he list, for he esteemed it not, and as he was carried out of the ship he swooned, and reviving again desired the company to pray for him. The General used Sir Richard with all humanity, and left nothing unattempted that tended to his recovery, highly commending his valor and worthiness, and greatly bewailed the danger wherein he was, being unto them a rare spectacle, and a resolution seldom approved, to see one ship turn towards so many enemies, to endure the charge and boarding of so many huge armadas, and to

resist and repel the assaults and entries of so many soldiers.

Sir Richard died as it is said, the second or third day aboard the General, and was by them greatly bewailed. What became of his body, whether it were buried in the sea or on the land we know not: the comfort that remaineth to his friends is, that he hath ended his life honorably in respect of the reputation won to his nation and country, and of the fame to his posterity, and that being dead, he hath not outlived his own honor.

—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Sir Walter Raleigh (1552-1618) was a versatile, brilliant, and daring Englishman, famed as a navigator, author, courtier, and commander. He is said to have won the favor of Queen Elizabeth by gallantly spreading his richly embroidered cloak upon a wet strip of ground in order that she might pass over in comfort. Upon leaving Oxford, he became a soldier and took part in fighting in France, the West Indies, and Ireland. He organized and sent out two expeditions to explore North America, and himself set out in a vain search for El Dorado and its reputed gold. Upon the accession of James I, he fell into disfavor, and, after being imprisoned for twelve years, was beheaded. His writings are "definite, exact, important, and do honor to his sagacity as well as his truthfulness."

On August 31st, 1591, while an English fleet under Lord Thomas Howard, on the lookout for the expected treasure-ships of Spain, was lying at Flores in the Azores Islands, they were surprised by the sudden approach of a Spanish fleet of fifty-three vessels. The remainder of the story is told in the selection in the text. Tennyson has immortalised the story in his ballad of *The Revenge.*

Sir Richard Grenville (1541-1591) was a distinguished naval commander of the time of Queen Elizabeth. He saw service on the Continent, and later commanded an expedition to Virginia as the representative of his cousin, Sir Walter Raleigh. During

the Armada year, he was in charge of the defences of the west coast. He met his death as related in the text.

Slip their cables: cut their cables and abandon their anchors. **upon the island**: Grenville had over fifty men sick on shore, whom he refused to abandon. **Lord Thomas**: Lord Thomas Howard (1561-1626) was a son of the Duke of Norfolk. He was one of the most distinguished admirals of his day. **hardly recovered**: caught the wind with difficulty. **utterly refused**: as a matter of fact, Sir Richard was guilty of a most flagrant disobedience to orders, for which his gallant conduct was held to atone. **those of Seville**: the Spaniards. Seville was one of the important sea-ports of Spain. **sprang their luff**: brought the heads of their vessels nearer to the wind. **in the wind of him**: cut his vessel off from the wind. **puissant**: powerful. **ordnance**: cannon. **enter**: board. **composition**: an agreement to stop the fight. **in the mean season**: until the ransom should arrive.

THE ITALIAN IN ENGLAND

That second time they hunted me
From hill to plain, from shore to sea,
And Austria, hounding far and wide
Her blood-hounds thro' the country-side,
Breathed hot and instant on my trace,—
I made six days a hiding-place
Of that dry green old aqueduct
Where I and Charles, when boys, have plucked
The fire-flies from the roof above,
Bright creeping thro' the moss they love:
—How long it seems since Charles was lost!
Six days the soldiers crossed and crossed
The country in my very sight;
And when that peril ceased at night,
The sky broke out in red dismay
With signal fires; well, there I lay

Close covered o'er in my recess,
Up to the neck in ferns and cress,
Thinking on Metternich our friend,
And Charles's miserable end,
And much beside, two days; the third,
Hunger o'ercame me when I heard
The peasants from the village go
To work among the maize; you know,
With us in Lombardy, they bring
Provisions packed on mules, a string
With little bells that cheer their task,
And casks, and boughs on every cask
To keep the sun's heat from the wine;
These I let pass in jingling line,
And, close on them, dear noisy crew,
The peasants from the village, too;
For at the very rear would troop
Their wives and sisters in a group
To help, I knew. When these had passed,
I threw my glove to strike the last,
Taking the chance: she did not start,
Much less cry out, but stooped apart,
One instant rapidly glanced round,
And saw me beckon from the ground;
A wild bush grows and hides my crypt;
She picked my glove up while she stripped
A branch off, then rejoined the rest
With that; my glove lay in her breast.
Then I drew breath: they disappeared:
It was for Italy I feared.

An hour, and she returned alone
Exactly where my glove was thrown.

Meanwhile came many thoughts; on me
Rested the hopes of Italy;
I had devised a certain tale
Which, when 'twas told her, could not fail
Persuade a peasant of its truth;
I meant to call a freak of youth
This hiding, and give hopes of pay,
And no temptation to betray.
But when I saw that woman's face,
Its calm simplicity of grace,
Our Italy's own attitude
In which she walked thus far, and stood,
Planting each naked foot so firm,
To crush the snake and spare the worm—
At first sight of her eyes, I said,
"I am that man upon whose head
They fix the price, because I hate
The Austrians over us: the State
Will give you gold—oh, gold so much!—
If you betray me to their clutch,
And be your death, for aught I know,
If once they find you saved their foe.
Now, you must bring me food and drink,
And also paper, pen and ink,
And carry safe what I shall write
To Padua, which you'll reach at night
Before the duomo shuts; go in,
And wait till Tenebræ begin;
Walk to the third confessional,
Between the pillar and the wall,
And kneeling whisper, *Whence comes peace?*
Say it a second time, then cease;
And if the voice inside returns,

From Christ and Freedom; what concerns
The cause of Peace?—for answer, slip
My letter where you placed your lip;
Then come back happy we have done
Our mother's service—I, the son,
As you the daughter of our land!"

Three mornings more, she took her stand
In the same place, with the same eyes:
I was no surer of sunrise
Than of her coming. We conferred
Of her own prospects, and I heard
She had a lover—stout and tall,
She said—then let her eyelids fall,
"He could do much"—as if some doubt
Entered her heart,—then, passing out,
"She could not speak for others, who
Had other thoughts; herself she knew:"
And so she brought me drink and food.
After four days, the scouts pursued
Another path; at last arrived
The help my Paduan friends contrived
To furnish me: she brought the news.
For the first time I could not choose
But kiss her hand, and lay my own
Upon her head—"This faith was shown
To Italy, our mother; she
Uses my hand and blesses thee."
She followed down to the sea-shore;
I left and never saw her more.

How very long since I have thought
Concerning—much less wished for—aught

Beside the good of Italy,
For which I live and mean to die!
I never was in love; and since
Charles proved false, what shall now convince
My inmost heart I have a friend?
However, if I pleased to spend
Real wishes on myself—say, three—
I know at least what one should be.
I would grasp Metternich until
I felt his red wet throat distil
In blood thro' these two hands. And next,
—Nor much for that am I perplexed—
Charles, perjured traitor, for his part,
Should die slow of a broken heart
Under his new employers. Last
—Ah, there, what should I wish? For fast
Do I grow old and out of strength.
If I resolved to seek at length
My father's house again, how scared
They all would look, and unprepared!
My brothers live in Austria's pay
—Disowned me long ago, men say;
And all my early mates who used
To praise me so—perhaps induced
More than one early step of mine—
Are turning wise: while some opine
"Freedom grows license," some suspect
"Haste breeds delay," and recollect
They always said, such premature
Beginnings never could endure!
So, with a sullen "All's for best,"
The land seems settling to its rest.
I think then, I should wish to stand

This evening in that dear, lost land,
Over the sea the thousand miles,
And know if yet that woman smiles
With the calm smile; some little farm
She lives in there, no doubt: what harm
If I sat on the door-side bench,
And, while her spindle made a trench
Fantastically in the dust,
Inquired of all her fortunes—just
Her children's ages and their names,
And what may be the husband's aims
For each of them. I'd talk this out,
And sit there, for an hour about,
Then kiss her hand once more, and lay
Mine on her head, and go my way.

So much for idle wishing—how
It steals the time! To business now.

—Robert Browning.

When the map of Europe was rearranged by the emperors and diplomatists at the Congress of Vienna, after the fall of Napoleon, Lombardy and Venice were both handed over to Austria. The rule of Austria was tyrannical and aroused strong opposition among the Italians. They were constantly in a state of rebellion against their hated masters. There is no historic ground for the incident related in the poem, but it might well have happened. Browning was in hearty sympathy with the movement for Italian liberty and did everything in his power to advance it.

That second time: showing that he had devoted his life to the cause of Italian liberty. hounding: showing the determination of the Austrians to stamp out rebellion. breathed hot, etc.: he was almost captured in the stern pursuit. Charles: evidently his brother or a close friend, who had at first taken up the cause of the patriots and afterwards abandoned it. Metternich:

Prince Metternich (1773-1859), the celebrated chancellor of the Austrian Empire, the deadly foe of Italian liberty. The word "friend" is, of course, used in an ironical sense. **crypt**: the arch of the aqueduct. **stripped a branch**: to deceive the others as to her real reason for stopping. **for Italy**: it was important for Italy that he should escape. **persuade**: to persuade. **the State**: the Austrian government. **duomo**: the cathedral.

Tenebrae: the word means "darkness." "The office of matins and lauds, for the last three days of Holy Week. Fifteen lighted candles are placed on a triangular stand, and at the conclusion of each psalm one is put out, till a single candle is left at the top of the triangle. The extinction of the other candles is said to figure the growing darkness of the world at the time of the Crucifixion. The last candle, which is not extinguished but hidden behind the altar for a few moments, represents Christ, over whom death could not prevail." **confessional**: confession box. **our mother's service**: the service of our mother Italy.

Perhaps induced: encouraged me in my early efforts on behalf of Italy. **turning wise**: note the bitter irony of this and the following lines. **to its rest**: stolid submission to the Austrian rule. **her spindle**: the piece of wood round which the flax is fastened. "It is flung around the spinner so as to rotate the thread, and in so doing may make a circular *trench* in the dust." **to business now**: something more to be done for his beloved country.

A CANADIAN ABROAD

When the croon of a rapid is heard on the breeze,
  With the scent of a pine-forest gloom,
Or the edge of the sky is of steeple-top trees,
  Set in hazes of blueberry bloom,
Or a song-sparrow sudden from quietness trills
  His delicate anthem to me,
Then my heart hurries home to the Ottawa hills,
  Wherever I happen to be.

When the veils of a shining lake vista unfold,
  Or the mist towers dim from a fall,
Or a woodland is blazing in crimson and gold,
  Or a snow-shroud is covering all,
Or there's honking of geese in the darkening sky,
  When the spring sets hepatica free,
Then my heart's winging north as they never can fly,
  Wherever I happen to be.

When the swallows slant curves of bewildering joy,
  As the cool of the twilight descends,
And rosy-cheek maiden and hazel-hue boy
  Listen grave while the Angelus ends
In a tremulous flow from the bell of a shrine,
  Then a far away mountain I see,
And my soul is in Canada's evening shine,
  Wherever my body may be.

—Edward William Thomson.

Edward William Thomson (1849-1924) was born and brought up in Ontario. He served with a cavalry regiment during the United States Civil War and with the Queen's Own Rifles in the Fenian Raid. He was for some years chief editorial writer for the Toronto *Globe* and later edited the *Youth's Companion*. For many years he lived in Ottawa as the correspondent of the *Boston Transcript*. He excelled in writing short stories, the best known of which is *Old Man Savarin*.

Song-sparrow: P. A. Taverner says: "Its little melody of chirps and thrills makes a sustained song of some duration, and to those who listen to it sympathetically it has a gladness, brightness and sweetness of tone that is difficult to surpass." **hepatica**: one of the earliest of the spring wild flowers. **Angelus**: see page 379.

The noblest mind the best contentment has.

—Edmund Spenser.

IVANHOE AND ISAAC OF YORK

"I tarry not," said the Pilgrim, giving way to the urgency of his companion; "but I must secure the means of leaving this place—follow me."

He led the way to the adjoining cell, which, as the reader is apprised, was occupied by Gurth the swineherd. "Arise, Gurth," said the Pilgrim, "arise quickly. Undo the postern gate, and let out the Jew and me."

Gurth, whose occupation, though now held so mean, gave him as much consequence in Saxon England as that of Eumæus in Ithaca, was offended at the familiar and commanding tone assumed by the Palmer. "The Jew leaving Rotherwood," said he, raising himself on his elbow, and looking superciliously at him without quitting his pallet, "and travelling in company with the Palmer to boot—"

"I should as soon have dreamt," said Wamba, who entered the apartment at the instant, "of his stealing away with a gammon of bacon."

"Nevertheless," said Gurth, again laying down his head on the wooden log which served him for a pillow, "both Jew and Gentile must be content to abide the opening of the great gate; we suffer no visitors to depart by stealth at these unseasonable hours."

"Nevertheless," said the Pilgrim, in a commanding tone "you will not, I think, refuse me that favor."

So saying, he stooped over the bed of the recumbent swineherd and whispered something in his ear in Saxon. Gurth started up as if electrified. The Pilgrim, raising his finger in an attitude as if to express caution, added, "Gurth, beware; thou art wont to be prudent. I say, undo the postern; thou shalt know more anon."

With hasty alacrity Gurth obeyed him, while Wamba and the Jew followed, both wondering at the sudden change in the swineherd's demeanor.

"My mule, my mule!" said the Jew, as soon as they stood without the postern.

"Fetch him his mule," said the Pilgrim; "and, hearest thou,—let me have another, that I may bear him company till he is beyond these parts. I will return it safely to some of Cedric's train at Ashby. And do thou"—he whispered the rest in Gurth's ear.

"Willingly, most willingly shall it be done," said Gurth, and instantly departed to execute the commission.

"I wish I knew," said Wamba, when his comrade's back was turned, "what you Palmers learn in the Holy Land."

"To say our orisons, fool," answered the Pilgrim, "to repent our sins, and to mortify ourselves with fastings, vigils, and long prayers."

"Something more potent than that," answered the Jester; "for when would repentance or prayer make Gurth do a courtesy, or fasting or vigil persuade him to lend you a mule? I trow you might as well have told his favorite black boar of thy vigils and penance, and wouldst have gotten as civil an answer."

"Go to," said the Pilgrim, "thou art but a Saxon fool."

"Thou sayest well," said the Jester; "had I been born a Norman, as I think thou art, I would have had luck on my side, and been next door to a wise man."

At this moment Gurth appeared on the opposite side of the moat with the mules. The travellers crossed the ditch upon a drawbridge of only two planks'

breadth, the narrowness of which was matched with the straitness of the postern, and with a little wicket in the exterior palisade which gave access to the forest. No sooner had they reached the mules, than the Jew, with hasty and trembling hands, secured behind the saddle a small bag of blue buckram, which he took from under his cloak, containing, as he muttered, "a change of raiment—only a change of raiment." Then getting upon the animal with more alacrity and haste than could have been anticipated from his years, he lost no time in so disposing of the skirts of his gaberdine as to conceal completely from observation the burden which he had thus deposited *en croupe*.

The Pilgrim mounted with more deliberation, reaching, as he departed, his hand to Gurth, who kissed it with the utmost possible veneration. The swineherd stood gazing after the travellers until they were lost under the boughs of the forest path, when he was disturbed from his reverie by the voice of Wamba.

"Knowest thou," said the Jester, "my good friend Gurth, that thou art strangely courteous and most unwontedly pious on this summer morning? I would I were a black Prior or a barefoot Palmer, to avail myself of thy unwonted zeal and courtesy—certes, I would make more out of it than a kiss of the hand."

"Thou art no fool thus far, Wamba," answered Gurth, "though thou arguest from appearances, and the wisest of us can do no more.—But it is time to look after my charge."

So saying, he turned back to the mansion, attended by the Jester.

Meanwhile the travellers continued to press on their journey with a dispatch which argued the extremity of

the Jew's fears, since persons at his age are seldom fond of rapid motion. The Palmer, to whom every path and outlet in the wood appeared to be familiar, led the way through the most devious paths, and more than once excited anew the suspicion of the Israelite, that he intended to betray him into some ambuscade of his enemies.

His doubts might have been indeed pardoned; for, except perhaps the flying-fish, there was no race existing on the earth, in the air, or the waters, who were the object of such an unintermitting, general, and relentless persecution as the Jews of this period. Upon the slightest and most unreasonable pretences, as well as upon accusations the most absurd and groundless, their persons and property were exposed to every turn of popular fury; for Norman, Saxon, Dane, and Briton, however adverse these races were to each other, contended which should look with greatest detestation upon a people, whom it was accounted a point of religion to hate, to revile, to despise, to plunder, and to persecute. The kings of the Norman race, and the independent nobles, who followed their example in all acts of tyranny, maintained against this devoted people a persecution of a more regular, calculated, and self-interested kind. Yet the passive courage inspired by the love of gain induced the Jews to dare the various evils to which they were subjected, in consideration of the immense profits which they were enabled to realize in a country naturally so wealthy as England. In spite of every kind of discouragement, and even of the special court of taxations, called the Jews' Exchequer, erected for the very purpose of despoiling and distressing them, the

Jews increased, multiplied, and accumulated huge sums, which they transferred from one hand to another by means of bills of exchange—an invention for which commerce is said to be indebted to them, and which enabled them to transfer their wealth from land to land, that when threatened with oppression in one country, their treasure might be secured in another.

On these terms they lived; and their character, influenced accordingly, was watchful, suspicious, and timid—yet obstinate, uncomplying, and skilful in evading the dangers to which they were exposed.

When the travellers had pushed on at a rapid rate through many devious paths, the Palmer at length broke silence.

"That large decayed oak," he said, "marks the boundaries over which Front-de-Bœuf claims authority —we are long since far from those of Malvoisin. There is now no fear of pursuit."

"May the wheels of their chariots be taken off," said the Jew, "like those of the host of Pharaoh, that they may drive heavily! But leave me not, good Pilgrim. Think but of that fierce and savage Templar with his Saracen slaves—they will regard neither territory, nor manor, nor lordship."

"Our road," said the Palmer, "should here separate, for it beseems not men of my character and thine to travel together longer than needs must be. Besides, what succor couldst thou have from me, a peaceful Pilgrim, against two armed heathens?"

"O good youth," answered the Jew, "thou canst defend me, and I know thou wouldst. Poor as I am, I will requite it—not with money, for money, so help me my Father Abraham, I have none—but—"

"Money and recompense," said the Palmer, interrupting him, "I have already said I require not of thee. Guide thee I can, and, it may be, even in some sort defend thee, since to protect a Jew against a Saracen can scarce be accounted unworthy of a Christian. Therefore, Jew, I will see thee safe under some fitting escort. We are now not far from the town of Sheffield, where thou mayest easily find many of thy tribe with whom to take refuge.

"The blessing of Jacob be upon thee, good youth!" said the Jew; "in Sheffield I can harbor with my kinsman Zareth, and find some means of travelling forth with safety."

"Be it so," said the Palmer; "at Sheffield then we part, and half an hour's riding will bring us in sight of that town."

The half hour was spent in perfect silence on both parts; the Pilgrim perhaps disdaining to address the Jew, except in case of absolute necessity, and the Jew not presuming to force a conversation with a person whose journey to the Holy Sepulchre gave a sort of sanctity to his character. They paused on the top of a gently rising bank, and the Pilgrim, pointing to the town of Sheffield, which lay beneath them, repeated the words, "Here, then, we part."

"Not till you have had the poor Jew's thanks," said Isaac; "for I presume not to ask you to go with me to my kinsman Zareth's, who might aid me with some means of repaying your good offices."

"I have already said," answered the Pilgrim, "that I desire no recompense. If among the huge list of thy debtors, thou wilt, for my sake, spare the gyves and the dungeon to some unhappy Christian who stands in

thy danger, I shall hold this morning's service to thee well bestowed."

"Stay, stay," said the Jew, laying hold of his garment; "something would I do more than this—something for thyself. God knows the Jew is poor—yes, Isaac is the beggar of his tribe—but forgive me should I guess what thou most lackest at this moment."

"If thou wert to guess truly," said the Palmer, "it is that thou canst not supply, wert thou as wealthy as thou sayest thou art poor."

"As I say?" echoed the Jew; "Oh! believe it, I say but the truth; I am a plundered, indebted, distressed man. Hard hands have wrung from me my goods, my money, my ships, and all that I possessed. Yet I can tell thee what thou lackest, and, it may be, supply it too. Thy wish even now is for a horse and armor."

The Palmer started, and turned suddenly towards the Jew: "What fiend prompted that guess?" said he, hastily.

"No matter," said the Jew, smiling, "so that it be a true one; and, as I can guess thy want, so I can supply it."

"But consider," said the Palmer, "my character, my dress, my vow."

"I know you Christians," replied the Jew, "and that the noblest of you will take the staff and sandal in superstitious penance, and walk afoot to visit the graves of dead men."

"Blaspheme not, Jew," said the Pilgrim sternly.

"Forgive me," said the Jew; "I spoke rashly. But there dropped words from you last night and this morning that, like sparks from flint, showed the metal within; and in the bosom of that Palmer's gown is

hidden a knight's chain and spurs of gold. They glanced as you stooped over my bed in the morning."

The Pilgrim could not forbear smiling. "Were thy garments searched by as curious an eye, Isaac," said he, "what discoveries might not be made!"

"No more of that," said the Jew, changing color; and drawing forth his writing materials in haste, as if to stop the conversation, he began to write upon a piece of paper, which he supported on the top of his yellow cap without dismounting from his mule. When he had finished, he delivered the scroll, which was in the Hebrew character, to the Pilgrim, saying, "In the town of Leicester all men know the rich Jew, Kirjath Jairam of Lombardy. Give him this scroll. He hath on sale six Milan harnesses, the worst would suit a crowned head; ten goodly steeds, the worst might mount a king, were he to do battle for his throne. Of these he will give thee thy choice, with everything else that can furnish thee forth for the tournament. When it is over, thou wilt return them safely—unless thou shouldst have wherewith to pay their value to the owner."

"But, Isaac," said the Pilgrim, smiling, "dost thou know that in these sports the arms and steed of the knight who is unhorsed are forfeit to his victor? Now I may be unfortunate, and so lose what I cannot replace or repay."

The Jew looked somewhat astounded at this possibility; but collecting his courage, he replied hastily, "No—no—no—it is impossible; I will not think so. The blessing of our Father will be upon thee. Thy lance will be powerful as the rod of Moses."

So saying, he was turning his mule's head away,

when the Palmer, in his turn, took hold of his gaberdine. "Nay, but, Isaac, thou knowest not all the risk. The steed may be slain, the armor injured—for I will spare neither horse nor man. Besides, those of thy tribe give nothing for nothing; something there must be paid for their use.

The Jew twisted himself in the saddle, like a man in a fit of the colic; but his better feelings predominated over those which were most familiar to him. "I care not," he said, "I care not; let me go. If there is damage, it will cost you nothing; if there is usage money, Kirjath Jairam will forgive it for the sake of his kinsman Isaac. Fare thee well!—Yet hark thee, good youth," said he, turning about, "thrust thyself not too forward into this vain hurly-burly—I speak not for endangering the steed, and coat of armor, but for the sake of thine own life and limbs."

"Gramercy for thy caution," said the Palmer, again smiling; "I will use thy courtesy frankly, and it will go hard with me but I will requite it."

They parted, and took different roads for the town of Sheffield.

—Sir Walter Scott.

Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832) was a delicate, imaginative child. In the hope of restoring him to health, his parents sent him to live for a time with his grandmother in the country, where he gained an extraordinary knowledge of Scottish history and legends, which formed the basis of most of his literary work. The publication of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* in 1805 established his reputation as a poet, but it was as a prose-writer that he won his greatest popularity, in the *Waverley Novels*. In 1826, the publishing firm of which he was a member failed, and the effort to pay their debts by writing two books a year cost Scott his life. He is chiefly remarkable for his ability to tell a good

story and to make the past live in the imagination of his readers. Some of the most interesting of his novels are *The Talisman, Count Robert of Paris, Guy Mannering, Rob Roy,* and *Kenilworth.*

This selection is taken from *Ivanhoe.* Sir Wilfred, the knight of Ivanhoe, has been disinherited by his father, Cedric, because of his fondness for Norman ways and for the Norman king, Richard I. Cedric, who dreams of having a Saxon king again on the throne of England, is anxious to marry his ward, Rowena, to Athelstane, the lineal descendant of the Saxon royal line. But Rowena is in love with Ivanhoe and he with her. Just before the incident in the text, Ivanhoe arrives at Rotherwood, the home of his father, in the disguise of a pilgrim and has an interview with Rowena. He also has a dispute with the Templar, an old enemy, and rescues Isaac, the Jew, from his plots. There are innumerable characters in the novel, but the two selections in the text may be considered entirely apart from these and from the plot.

Pilgrim: one who has made a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. The pilgrim is, of course, Ivanhoe in disguise. **giving way:** the pilgrim had become aware of a plot to seize Isaac and to convey him to a neighboring castle, for the purpose of extorting money from him. He went to warn Isaac, who, when he learned of the plot, was eager to escape at once. **Gurth:** a swineherd, a slave of Cedric, but devoted to Ivanhoe. **Eumæus in Ithaca:** the swineherd and steward of Ulysses. He was loyal to his master during twenty years and helped him to regain his kingdom of Ithaca. *See page 310.* **Palmer:** the words "pilgrim" and "palmer" were used indiscriminately. A palmer was a pilgrim who had visited the Holy Land, and who had brought back with him a palm branch to hang up in his parish church. **Rotherwood:** the abode of Cedric. **gammon of bacon:** the thigh of a hog, salted and dried. **postern:** a small back-door, or gate. **orisons:** prayers. **vigils:** night watches, engaged in prayer.

Moat: see page 91. **drawbridge:** a bridge across the moat, which could be raised or lowered at will. **palisade:** the outer fortification. **gaberdine:** a long, loose coat worn by Jews at this time. **en croupe:** on the saddle. **Prior:** the head of a monastery. **certes:** certainly. **Jews' Exchequer:** whenever the king ran short of money, it was the custom of this court

to impose fines on the unfortunate Jews. **bills of exchange**: we still use this method of transferring money from one country to another. **Front-de-Boeuf**: a brutal Norman baron, a friend and supporter of Prince John. **Malvoisin**: also a Norman noble and an adherent of the prince. **wheels of their chariots**: see *Exodus xiv, 24-25*: **Templar**: Brian de Bois-Guilbert was a Knight of the Temple. *See page 293.* **Saracen**: see page 56. **gyves**: manacles. **in thy danger**: whom you hold in your power and whom you may injure if you will. **my vow**: his vow as a Pilgrim. **staff and sandals**: a Pilgrim wore coarse sandals and carried a staff. **penance**: to atone for some sin committed. **graves of dead men**: the sepulchre of some saint. **sparks from flint**: see page 125. **spurs of gold**: gold or gilt spurs were distinctive marks of knighthood. **Lombardy**: one of the divisions of Italy. **Milan harnesses**: Milan, a city of Italy, was famous for the quality of its armor. **the rod of Moses**: see *Exodus vii, 9*, etc. **gramercy**: many thanks.

THE TOURNAMENT

Morning arose in unclouded splendor, and ere the sun was much above the horizon, the idlest or the most eager of the spectators appeared on the common, moving to the lists as to a general centre, in order to secure a favorable situation for viewing the continuation of the expected games.

The marshals and their attendants appeared next on the field, together with the heralds, for the purpose of receiving the names of the knights who intended to joust, with the side which each chose to espouse. This was a necessary precaution, in order to secure equality betwixt the two bodies who should be opposed to each other.

According to due formality, the Disinherited Knight was to be considered as leader of the one body, while Brian de Bois-Guilbert, who had been rated as having

done second-best in the preceding day, was named first champion of the other band. Those who had concurred in the challenge adhered to his party of course, excepting only Ralph de Vipont, whom his fall had rendered unfit so soon to put on his armor. There was no want of distinguished and noble candidates to fill up the ranks on either side.

In fact, although the general tournament, in which all knights fought at once, was more dangerous than single encounters, they were, nevertheless, more frequented and practised by the chivalry of the age. Many knights, who had not sufficient confidence in their own skill to defy a single adversary of high reputation, were, nevertheless, desirous of displaying their valor in the general combat, where they might meet others with whom they were more upon an equality. On the present occasion, about fifty knights were inscribed as desirous of combating upon each side, when the marshals declared that no more could be admitted, to the disappointment of several who were too late in preferring their claim to be included.

About the hour of ten o'clock, the whole plain was crowded with horsemen, horsewomen, and foot-passengers, hastening to the tournament; and shortly after, a grand flourish of trumpets announced Prince John and his retinue, attended by many of those knights who meant to take share in the game, as well as others who had no such intention.

About the same time arrived Cedric the Saxon, with the Lady Rowena, unattended, however, by Athelstane. This Saxon lord had arrayed his tall and strong person in armor, in order to take his place among the combatants; and, considerably to the surprise of

Cedric, had chosen to enlist himself on the part of the Knight Templar. The Saxon, indeed, had remonstrated strongly with his friend upon the injudicious choice he had made of his party; but he had only received that sort of answer usually given by those who are more obstinate in following their own course than strong in justifying it.

His best, if not his only reason, for adhering to the party of Brian de Bois-Guilbert, Athelstane had the prudence to keep to himself. Though his apathy of disposition prevented his taking any means to recommend himself to the Lady Rowena, he was, nevertheless, by no means insensible to her charms, and considered his union with her as a matter already fixed beyond doubt, by the assent of Cedric and her other friends. It had therefore been with smothered displeasure that the proud though indolent Lord of Coningsburgh beheld the victor of the preceding day select Rowena as the object of that honor which it became his privilege to confer. In order to punish him for a preference which seemed to interfere with his own suit, Athelstane, confident of his strength, and to whom his flatterers, at least, ascribed great skill in arms, had determined not only to deprive the Disinherited Knight of his powerful succor, but, if an opportunity should occur, to make him feel the weight of his battle-axe.

De Bracey, and other knights attached to Prince John, in obedience to a hint from him, had joined the party of the challengers, John being desirous to secure, if possible, the victory to that side. On the other hand, many other knights, both English and Norman, natives and strangers, took part against the challengers,

the more readily that the opposite band was to be led by so distinguished a champion as the Disinherited Knight had approved himself.

As soon as Prince John observed that the destined Queen of the day had arrived upon the field, assuming that air of courtesy which sat well upon him when he was pleased to exhibit it, he rode forward to meet her, doffed his bonnet, and, alighting from his horse, assisted the Lady Rowena from her saddle, while his followers uncovered at the same time, and one of the most distinguished dismounted to hold her palfrey.

"It is thus," said Prince John, "that we set the dutiful example of loyalty to the Queen of Love and Beauty, and are ourselves her guide to the throne which she must this day occupy.—Ladies," he said, "attend your Queen, as you wish in your turn to be distinguished by like honors."

So saying, the Prince marshalled Rowena to the seat of honor opposite his own; while the fairest and most distinguished ladies present crowded after her to obtain places as near as possible to their temporary sovereign.

No sooner was Rowena seated than a burst of music, half-drowned by the shouts of the multitude, greeted her new dignity. Meantime, the sun shone fierce and bright upon the polished arms of the knights of either side, who crowded the opposite extremities of the lists, and held eager conference together concerning the best mode of arranging their line of battle and supporting the conflict.

The heralds then proclaimed silence until the laws of the tourney should be rehearsed. These were calculated in some degree to abate the dangers of the

day—a precaution the more necessary, as the conflict was to be maintained with sharp swords and pointed lances.

The champions were therefore prohibited to thrust with the sword, and were confined to striking. A knight, it was announced, might use a mace or battle-axe at pleasure; but the dagger was a prohibited weapon. A knight unhorsed might renew the fight on foot with any other on the opposite side in the same predicament; but mounted horsemen were in that case forbidden to assail him. When any knight could force his antagonist to the extremity of the lists, so as to touch the palisade with his person or arms, such opponent was obliged to yield himself vanquished, and his armor and horse were placed at the disposal of the conqueror. A knight thus overcome was not permitted to take further share in the combat. If any combatant was struck down, and unable to recover his feet, his squire or page might enter the lists, and drag his master out of the press; but in that case the knight was adjudged vanquished, and his arms and horse declared forfeited. The combat was to cease as soon as Prince John should throw down his leading staff, or truncheon—another precaution usually taken to prevent the unnecessary effusion of blood by the too long endurance of a sport so desperate. Any knight breaking the rules of the tournament, or otherwise transgressing the rules of honorable chivalry, was liable to be stripped of his arms, and, having his shield reversed, to be placed in that posture astride upon the bars of the palisade, and exposed to public derision, in punishment of his unknightly conduct. Having announced these precautions, the heralds concluded

with an exhortation to each good knight to do his duty, and to merit favor from the Queen of Beauty and of Love.

This proclamation having been made, the heralds withdrew to their stations. The knights, entering at either end of the lists in long procession, arranged themselves in a double file, precisely opposite to each other, the leader of each party being in the centre of the foremost rank, a post which he did not occupy until each had carefully marshalled the ranks of his party, and stationed every one in his place.

It was a goodly, and at the same time an anxious, sight, to behold so many gallant champions, mounted bravely, and armed richly, stand ready prepared for an encounter so formidable, seated on their war-saddles like so many pillars of iron, and awaiting the signal of encounter with the same ardor as their generous steeds, which, by neighing and pawing the ground, gave signal of their impatience.

As yet the knights held their long lances upright, their bright points glancing to the sun, and the streamers with which they were decorated fluttering over the plumage of the helmets. Thus they remained while the marshals of the field surveyed their ranks with the utmost exactness, lest either party had more or fewer than the appointed number. The tale was found exactly complete. The marshals then withdrew from the lists, and William de Wyvil, with a voice of thunder, pronounced the signal words—*Laissez aller!* The trumpets sounded as he spoke; the spears of the champions were at once lowered and placed in the rests; the spurs were dashed into the flanks of the horses, and the two foremost ranks of either party

rushed upon each other in full gallop, and met in the middle of the lists with a shock, the sound of which was heard at a mile's distance. The rear rank of each party advanced at a slower pace to sustain the defeated, and follow up the success of the victors of their party.

The consequences of the encounter were not instantly seen, for the dust raised by the trampling of so many steeds darkened the air, and it was a minute ere the anxious spectators could see the fate of the encounter. When the fight became visible, half the knights on each side were dismounted, some by the dexterity of their adversary's lance; some by the superior weight and strength of opponents, which had borne down both horse and man; some lay stretched on earth as if never more to rise; some had already gained their feet, and were closing hand to hand with those of their antagonists who were in the same predicament; and several on both sides, who had received wounds by which they were disabled, were stopping their blood by their scarfs, and endeavoring to extricate themselves from the tumult. The mounted knights, whose lances had been almost all broken by the fury of the encounter, were now closely engaged with their swords, shouting their war-cries, and exchanging buffets, as if honor and life depended on the issue of the combat.

The tumult was presently increased by the advance of the second rank on either side, which, acting as a reserve, now rushed on to aid their companions. The followers of Brian de Bois-Guilbert shouted—"*Ha! Beau-seant! Beau-seant!*—For the Temple—For the Temple!" The opposite party shouted in answer—"*Desdichado! Desdichado!*"—which watchword they took from the motto upon their leader's shield.

The champions thus encountering each other with the utmost fury, and with alternate success, the tide of battle seemed to flow now toward the southern, now toward the northern extremity of the lists, as the one or the other party prevailed. Meantime the clang of the blows, and the shouts of the combatants, mixed fearfully with the sound of the trumpets, and drowned the groans of those who fell and lay rolling defenceless beneath the feet of the horses. The splendid armor of the combatants was now defaced with dust and blood, and gave way at every stroke of the sword and battle-axe. The gay plumage, shorn from the crests, drifted upon the breeze like snowflakes. All that was beautiful and graceful in the martial array had disappeared, and what was now visible was only calculated to awake terror or compassion.

Yet such is the force of habit, that not only the vulgar spectators, who are naturally attracted by sights of horror, but even the ladies of distinction, who crowded the galleries, saw the conflict with a thrilling interest certainly, but without a wish to withdraw their eyes from a sight so terrible. Here and there, indeed, a fair cheek might turn pale, or a faint scream might be heard, as a lover, a brother, or a husband was struck from his horse. But in general the ladies around encouraged the combatants, not only by clapping their hands and waving their veils and kerchiefs, but even by exclaiming, "Brave lance! Good sword!" when any successful thrust or blow took place under their observation.

Such being the interest taken by the fair sex in this bloody game, that of the men is the more easily understood. It showed itself in loud acclamations upon

every change of fortune; while all eyes were so riveted on the lists, that the spectators seemed as if they themselves had dealt and received the blows which were there so freely bestowed. And between every pause was heard the voice of the heralds, exclaiming, "Fight on, brave knights! Man dies, but glory lives!—Fight on—death is better than defeat!—Fight on, brave knights! for bright eyes behold your deeds!"

Amid the varied fortunes of the combat, the eyes of all endeavored to discover the leaders of each band, who, mingling in the thick of the fight, encouraged their companions both by voice and example. Both displayed great feats of gallantry, nor did either Bois-Guilbert or the Disinherited Knight find in the ranks opposed to them a champion who could be termed their unquestioned match. They repeatedly endeavored to single out each other, spurred by mutual animosity, and aware that the fall of either leader might be considered as decisive of victory. Such, however, was the crowd and confusion that, during the earlier part of the conflict, their efforts to meet were unavailing, and they were repeatedly separated by the eagerness of their followers, each of whom was anxious to win honor by measuring his strength against the leader of the opposite party.

But when the field became thin by the numbers on either side who had yielded themselves vanquished, had been compelled to the extremity of the lists, or been otherwise rendered incapable of continuing the strife, the Templar and the Disinherited Knight at length encountered hand to hand, with all the fury that mortal animosity, joined to rivalry of honor, could inspire. Such was the address of each in parrying and

striking, that the spectators broke forth into a unanimous and involuntary shout, expressive of their delight and admiration.

But at this moment the party of the Disinherited Knight had the worst; the gigantic arm of Front-de-Bœuf on the one flank, and the ponderous strength of Athelstane on the other, bearing down and dispersing those immediately exposed to them. Finding themselves freed from their immediate antagonists, it seems to have occurred to both these knights at the same instant that they would render the most decisive advantage to their party by aiding the Templar in his contest with his rival. Turning their horses, therefore, at the same moment, the Norman spurred against the Disinherited Knight on the one side, and the Saxon on the other. It was utterly impossible that the object of this unequal and unexpected assault could have sustained it, had he not been warned by a general cry from the spectators, who could not but take interest in one exposed to such disadvantage.

"Beware! beware! Sir Disinherited!" was shouted so universally, that the knight became aware of his danger, and, striking a full blow at the Templar, he reined back his steed in the same moment, so as to escape the charge of Athelstane and Front-de-Bœuf. These knights, therefore, their aim being thus eluded, rushed from opposite sides betwixt the object of their attack and the Templar, almost running their horses against each other ere they could stop their career. Recovering their horses, however, and wheeling them round, the whole three pursued their united purpose of bearing to the earth the Disinherited Knight.

Nothing could have saved him, except the remark-

able strength and activity of the noble horse which he had won on the preceding day.

This stood him in the more stead, as the horse of Bois-Guilbert was wounded, and those of Front-de-Bœuf and Athelstane were both tired with the weight of their gigantic masters, clad in complete armor, and with the preceding exertions of the day. The masterly horsemanship of the Disinherited Knight, and the activity of the noble animal which he mounted, enabled him for a few minutes to keep at sword's point his three antagonists, turning and wheeling with the agility of a hawk upon the wing, keeping his enemies as far separate as he could, and rushing now against the one, now against the other, dealing sweeping blows with his sword, without waiting to receive those which were aimed at him in return.

But although the lists rang with the applauses of his dexterity, it was evident that he must at last be overpowered; and the nobles around Prince John implored him with one voice to throw down his warder, and to save so brave a knight from the disgrace of being overcome by odds.

"Not I, by the light of Heaven!" answered Prince John; "this same springal, who conceals his name, and despises our proffered hospitality, hath already gained one prize, and may now afford to let others have their turn." As he spoke thus, an unexpected incident changed the fortune of the day.

There was among the ranks of the Disinherited Knight a champion in black armor, mounted on a black horse, large of size, tall, and to all appearance powerful and strong, like the rider by whom he was mounted. This knight, who bore on his shield no

device of any kind, had hitherto evinced very little interest in the event of the fight, beating off with seeming ease those combatants who attacked him, but neither pursuing his advantages nor himself assailing any one. In short, he had hitherto acted the part rather of a spectator than of a party in the tournament, a circumstance which procured him among the spectators the name of *Le Noir Faineant*, or the Black Sluggard.

At once this knight seemed to throw aside his apathy, when he discovered the leader of his party so hard bestead; for, setting spurs to his horse, which was quite fresh, he came to his assistance like a thunderbolt, exclaiming, in a voice like a trumpet-call, "*Desdichado*, to the rescue!" It was high time; for, while the Disinherited Knight was pressing upon the Templar, Front-de-Bœuf had got nigh to him with his uplifted sword; but ere the blow could descend, the Sable Knight dealt a stroke on his head which, glancing from the polished helmet, lighted with violence scarcely abated on the chamfron of the steed, and Front-de-Bœuf rolled on the ground, both horse and man equally stunned by the fury of the blow. *Le Noir Faineant* then turned his horse upon Athelstane of Coningsburgh; and his own sword having been broken in his encounter with Front-de-Bœuf, he wrenched from the hand of the bulky Saxon the battle-axe which he wielded, and, like one familiar with the use of the weapon, bestowed him such a blow upon the crest that Athelstane also lay senseless on the field. Having achieved this double feat, for which he was the more highly applauded that it was totally unexpected from him, the knight seemed to resume the sluggishness of

his character, returning calmly to the northern extremity of the lists, leaving his leader to cope as he best could with Brian de Bois-Guilbert. This was no longer matter of so much difficulty as formerly. The Templar's horse had bled much, and gave way under the shock of the Disinherited Knight's charge. Brian de Bois-Guilbert rolled on the field, encumbered with the stirrup, from which he was unable to draw his foot. His antagonist sprung from horseback, waved his fatal sword over the head of his adversary, and commanded him to yield himself; when Prince John, more moved by the Templar's dangerous situation than he had been by that of his rival, saved him the mortification of confessing himself vanquished by casting down his warder, and putting an end to the conflict.

It was, indeed, only the relics and embers of the fight which continued to burn; for of the few knights who still continued in the lists, the greater part had, by tacit consent, forborne the conflict for some time, leaving it to be determined by the strife of the leaders.

The squires, who had found it a matter of danger and difficulty to attend their masters during the engagement, now thronged into the lists to pay their dutiful attendance to the wounded, who were removed with the utmost care and attention to the neighboring pavilions, or to the quarters prepared for them in the adjoining village.

Thus ended the memorable field of Ashby-de-la-Zouche, one of the most gallantly contested tournaments of that age; for although only four knights, including one who was smothered by the heat of his armor, had died upon the field, yet upwards of thirty were desperately wounded, four or five of whom never

recovered. Several more were disabled for life; and those who escaped best carried the marks of the conflict to the grave with them. Hence it is always mentioned in the old records as the Gentle and Joyous Passage of Arms of Ashby.

It being now the duty of Prince John to name the knight who had done best, he determined that the honor of the day remained with the knight whom the popular voice had termed *Le Noir Faineant.* It was pointed out to the Prince, in impeachment of this decree, that the victory had been in fact won by the Disinherited Knight, who, in the course of the day, had overcome six champions with his own hand, and who had finally unhorsed and struck down the leader of the opposite party. But Prince John adhered to his own opinion, on the ground that the Disinherited Knight and his party had lost the day but for the powerful assistance of the Knight of the Black Armor, to whom, therefore, he persisted in awarding the prize.

To the surprise of all present, however, the knight thus preferred was nowhere to be found. He had left the lists immediately when the conflict ceased, and had been observed by some spectators to move down one of the forest glades with the same slow pace and listless and indifferent manner which had procured him the epithet of the Black Sluggard. After he had been summoned twice by sound of trumpet and proclamation of the heralds, it became necessary to name another to receive the honors which had been assigned to him. Prince John had now no further excuse for resisting the claim of the Disinherited Knight, whom, therefore, he named the champion of the day.

Through a field slippery with blood, and encumbered

with broken armor and the bodies of slain and wounded horses, the marshals of the lists again conducted the victor to the foot of Prince John's throne.

"Disinherited Knight," said Prince John, "since by that title only you will consent to be known to us, we a second time award to you the honors of this tournament, and announce to you your right to claim and receive from the hands of the Queen of Love and Beauty, the Chaplet of Honor which your valor has justly deserved." The Knight bowed low and gracefully, but returned no answer.

While the trumpets sounded, while the heralds strained their voices in proclaiming honor to the brave and glory to the victor, while ladies waved their silken kerchiefs and embroidered veils, and while all ranks joined in a clamorous shout of exultation, the marshals conducted the Disinherited Knight across the lists to the foot of that throne of honor which was occupied by the Lady Rowena.

On the lower step of this throne the champion was made to kneel down. Indeed his whole action since the fight had ended seemed rather to have been upon the impulse of those around him than from his own free will; and it was observed that he tottered as they guided him the second time across the lists. Rowena, descending from her station with a graceful and dignified step, was about to place the chaplet which she held in her hand upon the helmet of the champion, when the marshals exclaimed with one voice, "It must not be thus; his head must be bare." The knight muttered faintly a few words, which were lost in the hollow of his helmet, but their purport seemed to be a desire that his casque might not be removed.

The marshals paid no attention to his expressions of reluctance, but unhelmed him by cutting the laces of his casque and undoing the fastening of his gorget. When the helmet was removed, the well-formed yet sunburnt features of a young man of twenty-five were seen, amidst a profusion of short fair hair. His countenance was as pale as death, and marked in one or two places with streaks of blood.

Rowena had no sooner beheld him than she uttered a faint shriek; but at once summoning up the energy of her disposition, and compelling herself, as it were, to proceed, while her frame yet trembled with the violence of sudden emotion, she placed upon the drooping head of the victor the splendid chaplet which was the destined reward of the day, and pronounced, in a clear and distinct tone, these words, "I bestow on thee this chaplet, Sir Knight, as the meed of valor assigned to this day's victor." Here she paused a moment, and then firmly added, "And upon brows more worthy could a wreath of chivalry never be placed!"

The knight stooped his head and kissed the hand of the lovely Sovereign by whom his valor had been rewarded; and then, sinking yet farther forward, lay prostrate at her feet.

There was a general consternation. Cedric, who had been struck mute by the sudden appearance of his banished son, now rushed forward, as if to separate him from Rowena. But this had been already accomplished by the marshals of the field, who, guessing the cause of Ivanhoe's swoon, had hastened to undo his armor, and found that the head of a lance had penetrated his breastplate, and inflicted a wound in his side.

—Sir Walter Scott.

The story in this selection deals with the second day of the famous tournament at Ashby-de-la-Zouche. This tournament had been ordered by Prince John, who at this time was plotting against his brother, Richard I, and endeavoring to secure the throne for himself. Richard was supposed to be a captive in the hands of the Archduke of Austria, the ransom demanded not having been paid. Prince John was anxious to draw as many adherents to his banner as possible, and, to please both the barons and the people, had arranged a magnificent spectacle.

The first day of the tournament, which was confined to conflicts between individual knights, had ended in a complete victory for the Disinherited Knight, who was Ivanhoe. One after the other he had overthrown Brian de Bois-Guilbert, Front-de-Boeuf, Malvoisin, De Grantmesnil, and Ralph de Vipont, and was accordingly declared the victor of the first day. This gave him the right to name the Queen of Beauty and of Love, his choice resting on the Lady Rowena, who was present along with Cedric and Athelstane.

The lists: the enclosed space in which the tournament was held. **the marshals**: those in charge of the conduct of the tournament. **heralds**: the announcers. **concurred**: Front-de-Boeuf, Malvoisin, and De Grantmesnil. **the Knight Templar**: Brian de Bois-Guilbert, who was a deadly enemy of Ivanhoe, although he did not recognize his rival in the Disinherited Knight. **select Rowena**: as the Queen of Beauty and of Love. **De Bracy**: a Norman knight who plays a somewhat prominent part in the novel. **the tale**: the number. **Laissez aller**: let go; the signal to engage. **Beau-seant**: the famous war-cry of the Knights Templars, taken from their banner, which was striped black and white and charged with a red cross: the word *Beau-seant* is old French for a black and white horse. The special duties of the Knights Templars were to protect pilgrims on their way to the Holy Land. The order was suppressed in 1312. **Desdichado**: disinherited.

Vulgar: the common people. **springal**: youth. **conceals his name**: Ivanhoe had refused to disclose his identity to Prince John, and had also refused the invitation of the Prince to attend a banquet held after the conclusion of the first day's tournament. **the Black Sluggard**: this knight was King Richard

Coeur-de-Lion, who had returned unexpectedly to England, and, like his leader, had entered the tournament in disguise. **meed:** reward.

SAN STEFANO

(A BALLAD OF THE BOLD MENELAUS)

It was morning at St. Helen's, in the great and gallant days,
And the sea beneath the sun glittered wide,
When the frigate set her courses, all a-shimmer in the haze,
And she hauled her cable home and took the tide.
She'd a right fighting company, three hundred men and more,
Nine and forty guns in tackle running free;
And they cheered her from the shore for her colors at the fore,
When the bold *Menelaus* put to sea.

She'd a right fighting company, three hundred men and more,
Nine and forty guns in tackle running free;
And they cheered her from the shore for her colors at the fore,
When the bold Menelaus *put to sea.*

She was clear of Monte Cristo, she was heading for the land,
When she spied a pennant red and white and blue;
They were foemen, and they knew it, and they'd half a league in hand,

But she flung aloft her royals and she flew.
She was nearer, nearer, nearer, they were caught beyond a doubt,
But they slipped her, into Orbetello Bay,
And the lubbers gave a shout as they paid their cables out,
With the guns grinning round them where they lay.

Now Sir Peter was a captain of a famous fighting race,
Son and grandson of an admiral was he;
And he looked upon the batteries, he looked upon the chase,
And he heard the shout that echoed out to sea.
And he called across the decks, "Ay! the cheering might be late
If they kept it till the *Menelaus* runs;
Bid the master and his mate heave the lead and lay her straight
For the prize lying yonder by the guns."

When the summer moon was setting, into Orbetello Bay
Came the *Menelaus* gliding like a ghost;
And her boats were manned in silence, and in silence pulled away,
And in silence every gunner took his post.
With a volley from her broadside the citadel she woke,
And they hammered back like heroes all the night;
But before the morning broke she had vanished through the smoke
With her prize upon her quarter grappled tight.

It was evening at St. Helen's, in the great and gallant time,

And the sky behind the down was flushing far;
And the flags were all a-flutter, and the bells were all a-chime,
When the frigate cast her anchor off the bar.
She'd a right fighting company, three hundred men and more,
Nine and forty guns in tackle running free;
And they cheered her from the shore for her colors at the fore,
When the bold *Menelaus* came from sea.

She'd a right fighting company, three hundred men and more,
Nine and forty guns in tackle running free;
And they cheered her from the shore for her colors at the fore,
When the bold Menelaus *came from sea.*

—Sir Henry Newbolt.

The incident related in this poem took place on August 13th, 1812, while the Napoleonic Wars were in progress. Sir Peter Parker, captain of the *Menelaus*, a British ship of 38 guns, chased a brig laden with government stores into the port of San Stefano, in the Bay of Orbetello, and cut her out from under the batteries, which was considered a very daring feat in that day. Sir Peter Parker (1785-1814) was the son of Vice-Admiral Christopher Parker and the grandson of Admiral Sir Peter Parker. He was also first cousin of Lord Byron, the poet. He took part in many naval engagements in which he won distinction. In 1814 he went in command of the *Menelaus* to North America and was killed in action near Baltimore on August 30th.

St. Helen's: one of the Scilly Islands, off the coast of Cornwall. the frigate: now called a cruiser; the *Menelaus*. hauled her cable home: weighed anchor. in tackle running free: fitted with a system of pulleys ready for action. colors:

flag. **Monte Cristo**: an island in the Mediterranean. **a pennant red and white and blue**: the tricolor; the flag of France. **half a league in hand**: the enemy had the advantage of half a league, or were half a league in advance of the *Menelaus*. **royals**: small square sails, usually the highest on a ship, carried on the royalmast only in a light breeze. **they slipped her**: slipped by her. **Orbetello Bay**: a bay on the west coast of Italy. **lubbers**: a nautical term applied to those who are unacquainted with ships. **paid their cables out**: cast anchor. **batteries**: the armament of a ship of war. **chase**: the part of a gun between the trunnions and the swell of the muzzle. **till the Menelaus runs**: the inference is that the Menelaus will never run away like a coward. **heave the lead**: for the purpose of finding the depth of the water, so as to guard against running aground. **lay her straight**: head straight; steer straight. **the citadel**: the stronghold in San Stefano. **they hammered back**: the shooting on both sides continued steadily all night. **quarter**: the part of a ship between the main chains and the stern.

THE JOURNEY SOUTHWARDS

On Friday, June 12th, we started again at 4 A.M. with sails on our sledges. There had been frost, so the snow was in much better condition again. It had been very windy in the night, too, so we hoped for a good day. On the preceding day it had cleared up so that we could at last see distinctly the lands around. We now discovered that we must steer in a more westerly direction than we had done during the preceding days, in order to reach the south point of the land to the west. The lands to the east disappeared eastwards, so we had said good-bye to them the day before. We now saw, too, that there was a broad sound in the land to the west, and that it was one entire land, as we had taken it to be. The land north

of this sound was now so far away, that I could only just see it.

In the meantime the wind had dropped a good deal; the ice, too, became more and more uneven —it was evident that we had come to the drift-ice, and it was much harder work than we had expected. We could see by the air that there must be open water to the south, and as we went on, we heard, to our joy, the sound of breakers. At 6 A. M. we stopped to rest a little, and on going up on to a hummock to take a longitude observation I saw the water not far off. From a higher piece of glacier ice we could see it better. It extended towards the promontory to the south-west. Even though the wind had become a little westerly now, we still hoped to be able to sail along the edge of the ice, and determined to go to the water by the shortest way. We were quickly at the edge of the ice, and once more saw the blue water spread out before us. We soon had our kayaks lashed together, and the sail up, and put to sea. Nor were our hopes disappointed; we sailed well all day long. At times the wind was so strong that we cut through the water, and the waves washed unpleasantly over our kayaks; but we got on, and we had to put up with being a little wet.

We soon passed the point we had been making for, and here we saw that the land ran westwards, that the edge of the unbroken shore-ice extended in the same direction, and that we had water in front of us. In good spirits, we sailed westwards along the margin of the ice. So we were at last at the south of the land in which we had been wandering for so long, and where we had spent a long winter. It

struck me more than ever that, in spite of everything, this south coast would agree well with Leigh Smith's map of Franz Josef Land and the country surrounding their winter quarters; but then I remembered Payer's map, and dismissed the thought.

In the evening we put in to the edge of the ice, so as to stretch our legs a little; they were stiff with sitting in the kayak all day, and we wanted to get a little view over the water to the west, by ascending a hummock. As we went ashore the question arose as to how we should moor our precious vessel. "Take one of the braces," said Johansen; he was standing on the ice. "But is it strong enough?" "Yes," he answered; "I have used it as a halyard on my sledge-sail all the time." "Oh, well, it doesn't require much to hold these light kayaks," said I, a little ashamed of having been so timid, and I moored them with the halyard, which was a strap cut from a raw walrus-hide. We had been on the ice a little while, moving up and down close to the kayaks. The wind had dropped considerably, and seemed to be more westerly, making it doubtful whether we could make use of it any longer, and we went up on to a hummock close by to ascertain this better.

As we stood there, Johansen suddenly cried: "I say! the kayaks are adrift!" We ran down as hard as we could. They were already a little way out, and were drifting quickly off; the painter had given way. "Here, take my watch!" I said to Johansen, giving it to him; and as quickly as possible I threw off some clothing, so as to be able to swim more easily: I did not dare to take everything off, as I might so easily get cramp. I sprang into the

water, but the wind was off the ice, and the light kayaks, with their high rigging, gave it a good hold. They were already well out, and were drifting rapidly. The water was icy cold, it was hard work swimming with clothes on, and the kayaks drifted farther and farther, often quicker than I could swim. It seemed more than doubtful whether I could manage it. But all our hope was drifting there; all we possessed was on board; we had not even a knife with us; and whether I got cramp and sank here, or turned back without the kayaks, it would come to pretty much the same thing; so I exerted myself to the utmost.

When I got tired I turned over and swam on my back, and then I could see Johansen walking restlessly up and down on the ice. Poor lad! He could not stand still, and thought it dreadful not to be able to do anything. He had not much hope that I could do it, but it would not improve matters in the least if he threw himself into the water too. He said afterwards that these were the worst moments he had ever lived through. But when I turned over again, and saw that I was nearer the kayaks, my courage rose, and I redoubled my exertions. I felt, however, that my limbs were gradually stiffening and losing all feeling, and I knew that in a short time I should not be able to move them. But there was not far to go now; if I could only hold out a little longer, we should be saved—and I went on.

The strokes became more and more feeble, but the distance became shorter and shorter, and I began to think I should reach the kayaks. At last I was able to stretch out my hand to the snowshoe, which lay across the sterns; I grasped

it, pulled myself in to the edge of the kayak—and we were saved. I tried to pull myself up, but the whole of my body was so stiff with cold, that this was an impossibility. For a moment I thought that after all it was too late; I was to get so far, but not be able to get in. After a little, however, I managed to swing one leg up on to the edge of the sledge which lay on the deck, and in this way managed to tumble up.

There I sat, but so stiff with cold, that I had difficulty in paddling. Nor was it easy to paddle in the double vessel, where I first had to take one or two strokes on one side, and then step into the other kayak to take a few strokes on the other side. If I had been able to separate them, and row in one while I towed the other, it would have been easy enough; but I could not undertake that piece of work, for I should have been stiff before it was done; the thing to be done was to keep warm by rowing as hard as I could. The cold had robbed my whole body of feeling, but when the gusts of wind came they seemed to go right through me as I stood there in my thin, wet woollen shirt. I shivered, my teeth chattered, and I was numb almost all over; but I could still use the paddle, and I should get warm when I got back on to the ice again. Two auks were lying close to the bow, and the thought of having auk for supper was too tempting; we were in want of food now. I got hold of my gun, and shot them with one discharge. Johansen said afterwards that he started at the report, thinking some accident had happened, and could not understand what I was about out there, but when he saw me paddle and pick up two birds, he thought I had gone out of my mind.

At last I managed to reach the edge of the ice, but the

current had driven me a long way from our landing-place. Johansen came along the edge of the ice, jumped into the kayak beside me, and we soon got back to our place. I was undeniably a good deal exhausted, and could barely manage to crawl on land. I could scarcely stand, and while I shook and trembled all over, Johansen had to pull off the wet things I had on, put on the few dry ones I still had in reserve, and spread the sleeping-bag out upon the ice. I packed myself well into it, and he covered me with the sail and everything he could find to keep out the cold air. There I lay shivering for a long time, but gradually the warmth began to return to my body. For some time longer, however, my feet had no more feeling in them than icicles, for they had been partly naked in the water. While Johansen put up the tent and prepared supper, consisting of my two auks, I fell asleep. He let me sleep quietly, and when I awoke, supper had been ready for some time, and stood simmering over the fire. Auk and hot soup soon effaced the last traces of my swim. During the night my clothes were hung out to dry, and the next day were all nearly dry again.

—Fridtjof Nansen.

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Fridtjof Nansen (1861-) is a distinguished Norwegian explorer, who first won fame through his daring journey across Greenland in 1888. Five years later, he set out upon his memorable expedition to the North Pole. He succeeded in reaching the highest latitude attained up to that time and was accorded high praise for his success. He was for a time Professor of Zoology at Christiania University and was for two years Norwegian

Minister to Great Britain. Latterly, he has interested himself in helping the poverty-stricken peasants of Russia. He is the author of a number of books of travel and has written also many works of scientific interest.

On the 24th of June, 1893, a polar expedition under Nansen set out from Christiania in the *Fram*, a vessel specially built for the purpose. The plan was to make the vessel fast to an ice-floe and to drift in a northerly direction with the current across the Arctic Sea, hoping by that means to reach the pole. In September, the plan was carried out, and the long drift began. During the winter of 1894-95, it was decided to make an expedition northward in the spring, and on March 14th, 1895, Nansen, accompanied by Johansen, started northward. They reached the highest latitude at that time reached by man, and then turned back. The incident related in the text occurred on the return journey. They were compelled to spend a winter alone in the north. In June, 1896, they fell in with an English expedition and returned to Norway in the ship belonging to that party. They reached Vardö on August 13th, 1896, the *Fram* arriving safely a week later, having successfully accomplished her drift. Nansen tells the story of his expedition in *Farthest North*, from which this selection is taken.

Longitude observation: to find out by means of his instruments the exact longitude in which they were. **kayaks**: Eskimo boats made of skins. **halyard**: a rope used in hoisting sails. **Franz Josef Land**: a mountainous archipelago in the Arctic Ocean north of Nova Zembla. It was discovered and partly explored by Payer in 1873-74, and the southern shores were explored by Leigh Smith in 1880-82. The islands are entirely sheeted with ice. **Johansen**: a lieutenant in the Norwegian army, who signed on board the *Fram* as a fireman. **auk**: a diving bird common in the Arctic regions. There are twenty-four species belonging to the family.

Pleasure comes through toil. When one gets to love work, his life is a happy one.

—JOHN RUSKIN.

NAPOLEON AND THE BRITISH SAILOR

I love contemplating—apart
From all his homicidal glory—
The traits that soften to our heart
Napoleon's story!

'T was when his banners at Boulogne
Armed in our island every freeman,
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman.

They suffered him—I know not how—
Unprisoned on the shore to roam;
And aye was bent his longing brow
On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
Of birds to Britain half-way over,
With envy—*they* could reach the white
Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm his vessel brought
To England nearer.

At last, when care had banished sleep,
He saw one morning, dreaming, doting,
An empty hogshead from the deep
Come shoreward floating.

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The livelong day, laborious, lurking,

Until he launched a tiny boat
By mighty working.

Heaven help us! 't was a thing beyond
Description! such a wretched wherry
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,
Or crossed a ferry.

For plowing in the salt-sea field,
It would have made the boldest shudder;
Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled,—
No sail—no rudder.

From neighboring woods he interlaced
His sorry skiff with wattled willows;
And thus equipped he would have passed
The foaming billows.

A French guard caught him on the beach,
His little Argo sorely jeering;
Till tidings of him chanced to reach
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene alike in peace and danger,
And, in his wonted attitude,
Addressed the stranger.

"Rash youth, that wouldst yon Channel pass
On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned,
Thy heart with some sweet English lass
Must be impassioned."

"I have no sweetheart," said the lad;
"But—absent years from one another—
Great was the longing that I had
To see my mother."

"And so thou shalt," Napoleon said,
"Ye've both my favor justly won;
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son."

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
And, with a flag of truce, commanded
He should be shipped to England Old,
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantly shift
To find a dinner, plain and hearty,
But never changed the coin and gift
Of Buonaparté.

—THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Thomas Campbell (1777-1844) was the son of a Glasgow merchant. He won distinction at the University by his translations of the Greek dramatists. His earliest work, *The Pleasures of Hope*, met with unparalleled success and attracted the notice of Scott. A visit to the Continent, during which he witnessed the battle of Hohenlinden, fired his imagination and resulted in the production of many of his best poems. "At his best he is a spirited and impressive song-writer in the realm of 'battle, murder, and sudden death.'"

This poem relates one of the many little incidents told of Napoleon, which indicate his kindness of heart where his ambition was not concerned. **homicidal glory**: Napoleon never spared his men in war; everything was sacrificed for the sake of the glory to be derived from victory. **banners at Boulogne**: Napoleon had determined to invade England, and for that

purpose he had gathered together a large army. **armed in our island:** Napoleon's action led England to enlist every available man. **white cliffs:** the chalk cliffs of Dover, overlooking the English Channel. **wherry:** a light, shallow fishing vessel. **untarred, etc.:** with its seams uncaulked, without a compass, and without a keel; i.e., possessing none of the equipment considered necessary for any vessel crossing the Channel. **wattled willows:** interwoven twigs of willow trees. **Argo:** the name of the ship in which Jason and his fifty-four companions sailed to Colchis in quest of the Golden Fleece. **tar:** sailor; so-called because of his hands and clothes being so frequently smeared with tar. **Buonapartē:** the last letter is accented merely for the sake of the rhythm. *See page 410.*

ULYSSES

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.

I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known: cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honor'd of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,

Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me—

That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-1892) was the son of a Lincolnshire clergyman, who taught his children to love poetry and all that is best in English literature. At the age of eighteen, together with his brother Charles, he published *Poems of Two Brothers.* At Cambridge he won the Chancellor's medal for his poem *Timbuctoo.* In 1833, the death of his friend, Arthur Henry Hallam, was a severe blow from which he never entirely recovered. In 1850, in memory of his friend he published

In Memoriam. In the same year, he married Emily Sellwood and was appointed Poet Laureate. In addition to very many shorter poems, he wrote *The Princess*, *Maud*, *Enoch Arden*, and his great work, *Idylls of the King*. The last forty years of his life were passed quietly either at Farringford on the Isle of Wight or at Aldworth in Surrey. In 1884, he was raised to the peerage as Baron Tennyson. He died at Aldworth in 1892 and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His style is clear, limpid, and dignified, and through all his verse runs an exquisite melody which charms his readers.

This poem was written while Tennyson was still suffering very acutely from the death of Arthur Hallam. His friend was dead, but he must go forward and brave the struggle of life, which must be carried on until the end.

In this poem Ulysses is the speaker. He had passed through many experiences, and he was not content to settle down to the quiet life of his island kingdom. Something yet remained to be done. Gathering his companions around him, he sets out on his journey. The thought of the poem is summed up in the last six lines.

Ulysses: the king of Ithaca, the hero of Homer's *Odyssey*, which relates his adventures after the fall of Troy. For ten years he wandered over the world, encountering many romantic adventures. In all he was absent from Ithaca for twenty years, a period crowded with action and incident. **barren crags**: Ithaca was a very rocky island. **aged wife**: Penelope, whom he had married in his youth, and who was faithful to him throughout his long absence. **unequal**: imperfect, because of the rude condition of justice. **to the lees**: to the very dregs, that is, get all he can out of life. **suffer'd greatly**: Homer speaks of him as "the much-enduring Ulysses." **that loved me**: his companions in his enforced wanderings. All these companions were either killed or drowned, Ulysses returning to Ithaca alone. **scudding drifts**: the drifting scud, low clouds or spray. **Hyades**: "the rainers", the name of nymphs forming a group of seven stars in the head of the constellation Taurus. They were entrusted by Zeus with the care of his infant son, Dionysus, and were afterwards placed among the stars. The constellation of the Hyades, when rising simultaneously with the sun, announced rainy weather.

A name: famous. **ringing:** with the din of battle. **Troy:** Ulysses accompanied the other Greek kings to the siege of Troy. It was ten years before the city was captured. *windy* is the word usually applied to the city by Homer. **I am a part:** I have taken part in and influenced. **an arch, etc.:** giving ever-widening vistas of what may be done. **margin:** horizon. **hour is saved:** every hour that remains of my life is saved from death—nay it is something more than saved—it can bring, etc. **store and hoard:** to take care of myself far away from action. **gray spirit:** worn with age and toil.

Telemachus: the son of Ulysses and Penelope. He assisted his father to regain the throne of Ithaca. Athene, the goddess of wisdom, had him under her care, hence his reputation for caution. **slow prudence:** measures introduced gradually. **decent:** regardful of proprieties. **household gods:** both the Greeks and the Romans had household or family gods, whose images were kept in the central part of the house. On the hearth a perpetual fire was kept burning in their honor, and the table always bore the salt-cellar and the first fruits for these divinities. **my mariners:** according to Homer, all the mariners who accompanied Ulysses were lost before his return. **strove with Gods:** in the war against Troy, the Trojan's were assisted by Aphrodite, Phoebus Apollo, Ares, and Artemis, four of the principal divinities. **long day wanes:** note the appropriateness of setting out in the evening. **the baths, etc.:** according to the Greeks, the world was a flat plain, surrounded on all sides by an immense ocean. The stars, when setting, would sink into this ocean. **gulfs:** yawning waves.

Happy Isles: the heaven of the heroes among the Greeks. The islands were supposed to be situated in the Atlantic Ocean off the west coast of Africa. There perpetual summer reigned, and the heroes spent their time conversing with one another about their past exploits. **Achilles:** the great Greek hero of the Trojan War. He slew Hector, the leader of the Trojans, but was himself treacherously slain by Paris, the brother of Hector. **moved earth and heaven:** performed wonderful deeds of valor.

Diligence is the mother of good fortune.

—CERVANTES.

A DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTRÖM

"Myself and my two brothers once owned a schooner-rigged smack of about seventy tons burden, with which we were in the habit of fishing among the islands beyond Moskoe, nearly to Vurrgh. In all violent eddies at sea there is good fishing, at proper opportunities, if one has only the courage to attempt it; but among the whole of the Lofoden coastmen, we three were the only ones who made a regular business of going out to the islands, as I tell you. The usual grounds are a great way lower down to the southward. There fish can be got at all hours, without much risk, and therefore these places are preferred. The choice spots over here among the rocks, however, not only yield the finest variety, but in far greater abundance; so that we often got in a single day what the more timid of the craft could not scrape together in a week. In fact, we made it a matter of desperate speculation, the risk of life standing instead of labor, and courage answering for capital.

"We kept the smack in a cove about five miles higher up the coast than this; and it was our practice, in fine weather, to take advantage of the fifteen minutes' slack to push across the main channel of the Moskoe-ström, far above the pool, and then drop down upon anchorage somewhere near Otterholm, or Sandflesen, where the eddies are not so violent as elsewhere. Here we used to remain until nearly time for slack water again, when we weighed and made for home. We never set out upon this expedition without a steady side wind for going and coming (one that we felt sure would not fail us before our return) and we

seldom made a miscalculation upon this point. Twice, during six years, we were forced to stay all night at anchor on account of a dead calm, which is a rare thing indeed just about here; and once we had to remain on the grounds nearly a week, starving to death, owing to a gale which blew up shortly after our arrival, and made the channel too boisterous to be thought of. Upon this occasion we should have been driven out to sea in spite of everything (for the whirlpools threw us round and round so violently that, at length, we fouled our anchor and dragged it) if it had not been that we drifted into one of the innumerable cross currents, here to-day and gone to-morrow, which drove us under the lee of Flimen, where, by good luck, we brought up.

"I could not tell you the twentieth part of the difficulties we encountered 'on the ground' (it is a bad spot to be in, even in good weather), but we made shift always to run the gauntlet of the Moskoe-ström itself without accident; although at times my heart has been in my mouth when we happened to be a minute or so behind or before the slack. The wind sometimes was not as strong as we thought it at starting, and then we made rather less way than we could wish, while the current rendered the smack unmanageable. My eldest brother had a son eighteen years old, and I had two stout boys of my own. These would have been of great assistance at such times, in using the sweeps as well as afterward in fishing; but, somehow, although we ran the risk ourselves, we had not the heart to let the young ones get into the danger; for, after all said and done, it was a horrible danger, and that is the truth.

"It is now within a few days of three years since

what I am going to tell you occurred. It was on the tenth of July, 18—, a day which the people of this part of the world will never forget, for it was one in which blew the most terrible hurricane that ever came out of the heavens. And yet all the morning, and indeed until late in the afternoon, there was a gentle and steady breeze from the south-west, while the sun shone brightly, so that the oldest seaman among us could not have foreseen what was to follow.

"The three of us, my two brothers and myself, had crossed over to the islands about two o'clock P.M., and soon nearly loaded the smack with fine fish, which, we all remarked, were more plenty that day than we had ever known them. It was just seven, by my watch, when we weighed and started for home, so as to make the worst of the Ström at slack water, which we knew would be at eight.

"We set out with a fresh wind on our starboard quarter, and for some time spanked along at a great rate, never dreaming of danger, for indeed we saw not the slightest reason to apprehend it. All at once we were taken aback by a breeze from over Helseggen. This was most unusual—something that had never happened to us before—and I began to feel a little uneasy, without exactly knowing why. We put the boat on the wind, but could make no headway at all for the eddies, and I was upon the point of proposing to return to the anchorage, when, looking astern, we saw the whole horizon covered with a singular copper-colored cloud that rose with the most amazing velocity.

"In the meantime the breeze that had headed us off fell away, and we were dead becalmed, drifting

about in every direction. This state of things, however, did not last long enough to give us time to think about it. In less than a minute the storm was upon us; in less than two the sky was entirely overcast; and, what with this and the driving spray, it became suddenly so dark that we could not see each other in the smack.

"Such a hurricane as then blew it is folly to attempt describing. The oldest seaman in Norway never experienced anything like it. We had let our sails go by the run before it cleverly took us; but, at the first puff, both our masts went by the board as if they had been sawed off, the mainmast taking with it my youngest brother, who had lashed himself to it for safety.

"Our boat was the lightest feather of a thing that ever sat upon water. It had a complete flush deck, with only a small hatch near the bow, and this hatch it had always been our custom to batten down when about to cross the Ström, by way of precaution against the chopping seas. But for this circumstance we should have foundered at once, for we lay entirely buried for some moments. How my elder brother escaped destruction I cannot say, for I never had an opportunity of ascertaining. For my part, as soon as I had let the foresail run, I threw myself flat on deck, with my feet against the narrow gunwale of the bow, and with my hands grasping a ring-bolt near the foot of the foremast. It was mere instinct that prompted me to do this, which was undoubtedly the very best thing I could have done, for I was too much flurried to think.

"For some moments we were completely deluged, as I say, and all this time I held my breath and clung

to the bolt. When I could stand it no longer I raised myself upon my knees, still keeping hold with my hands, and thus got my head clear. Presently our little boat gave herself a shake, just as a dog does in coming out of the water, and thus rid herself, in some measure, of the seas. I was now trying to get the better of the stupor that had come over me, and to collect my senses so as to see what was to be done, when I felt somebody grasp my arm. It was my elder brother, and my heart leaped for joy, for I had made sure that he was overboard; but the next moment all this joy was turned into horror, for he put his mouth close to my ear, and screamed out the word *'Moskoe-ström!'*

"No one ever will know what my feelings were at that moment. I shook from head to foot as if I had had the most violent fit of the ague. I knew what he meant by that one word well enough; I knew what he wished to make me understand. With the wind that now drove us on, we were bound for the whirl of the Ström, and nothing could save us!

"You perceive that in crossing the Ström channel, we always went a long way up above the whirl, even in the calmest weather, and then had to wait and watch carefully for the slack, but now we were driving right upon the pool itself, and in such a hurricane as this! 'To be sure,' I thought, 'we shall get there just about the slack, there is some little hope in that,' but in the next moment I cursed myself for being so great a fool as to dream of hope at all. I knew very well that we were doomed, had we been ten times a ninety-gun ship.

"By this time the first fury of the tempest had spent itself, or perhaps we did not feel it so much, as

we scudded before it, but at all events the seas, which at first had been kept down by the wind, and lay flat and frothing, now got up into absolute mountains. A singular change, too, had come over the heavens. Around in every direction it was still as black as pitch, but nearly overhead there burst out, all at once, a circular rift of clear sky, as clear as I ever saw, and of a deep bright blue, and through it there blazed forth the full moon with a lustre that I never before knew her to wear. She lit up everything about us with the greatest distinctness, but, oh God, what a scene it was to light up!

"I now made one or two attempts to speak to my brother, but in some manner which I could not understand the din had so increased that I could not make him hear a single word, although I screamed at the top of my voice in his ear. Presently he shook his head, looking as pale as death, and held up one of his fingers, as if to say 'Listen!'

"At first I could not make out what he meant; but soon a hideous thought flashed upon me. I dragged my watch from its fob. It was not going. I glanced at its face by the moonlight, and then burst into tears as I flung it far away into the ocean. *It had run down at seven o'clock! We were behind the time of the slack, and the whirl of the ström was in full fury!*

"When a boat is well built, properly trimmed, and not deep laden, the waves in a strong gale, when she is going large, seem always to slip from beneath her, which appears strange to a landsman, and this is what is called *riding*, in sea phrase.

"Well, so far we had ridden the swells very cleverly; but presently a gigantic sea happened to take us

right under the counter, and bore us with it as it rose, up, up, as if into the sky. I would not have believed that any wave could rise so high. And then down we came with a sweep, a slide, and a plunge that made me feel sick and dizzy, as if I was falling from some lofty mountain-top in a dream. But while we were up I had thrown a quick glance around, and that one glance was all-sufficient. I saw our exact position in an instant. The Moskoe-ström whirlpool was about a quarter of a mile dead ahead, but no more like the every-day Moskoe-ström than the whirl, as you now see it, is like a mill-race. If I had not known where we were, and what we had to expect, I should not have recognized the place at all. As it was, I involuntarily closed my eyes in horror. The lids clenched themselves together as if in a spasm.

"It could not have been more than two minutes afterwards until we suddenly felt the waves subside and were enveloped in foam. The boat made a sharp half turn to larboard, and then shot off in its new direction like a thunderbolt. At the same moment the roaring noise of the water was completely drowned in a kind of shrill shriek, such a sound as you might imagine given out by the water-pipes of many thousand steam-vessels letting off their steam all together. We were now in the belt of surf that always surrounds the whirl; and I thought, of course, that another moment would plunge us into the abyss, down which we could only see indistinctly on account of the amazing velocity with which we were borne along. The boat did not seem to sink into the water at all, but to skim like an air-bubble upon the surface of the surge. Her starboard side was next the whirl, and on the

larboard arose the world of ocean we had left. It stood like a huge writhing wall between us and the horizon.

"It may appear strange, but now, when we were in the very jaws of the gulf, I felt more composed than when we were only approaching it. Having made up my mind to hope no more, I got rid of a great deal of that terror which unmanned me at first. I suppose it was despair that strung my nerves.

"It may look like boasting, but what I tell you is truth: I began to reflect how magnificent a thing it was to die in such a manner, and how foolish it was in me to think of so paltry a consideration as my own individual life, in view of so wonderful a manifestation of God's power. I do believe that I blushed with shame when this idea crossed my mind. After a little while I became possessed with the keenest curiosity about the whirl itself. I positively felt a wish to explore its depths, even at the sacrifice I was going to make; and my principal grief was that I should never be able to tell my old companions on shore about the mysteries I should see. These, no doubt, were singular fancies to occupy a man's mind in such extremity, and I have often thought since, that the revolutions of the boat around the pool might have rendered me a little light-headed.

"There was another circumstance which tended to restore my self-possession; and this was the cessation of the wind, which could not reach us in our present situation; for, as you saw for yourself, the belt of the surf is considerably lower than the general bed of the ocean, and this latter now towered above us, a high black, mountainous ridge. If you have never

been at sea in a heavy gale, you can form no idea of the confusion of mind occasioned by the wind and spray together. They blind, deafen, and strangle you, and take away all power of action or reflection. But we were now, in a great measure, rid of these annoyances, just as death-condemned felons in prison are allowed petty indulgences, forbidden them while their doom is yet uncertain.

"How often we made the circuit of the belt it is impossible to say. We careered round and round for perhaps an hour, flying rather than floating, getting gradually more and more into the middle of the surge, and then nearer and nearer to its horrible inner edge. All this time I had never let go of the ring-bolt. My brother was at the stern, holding on to a small empty water-cask which had been securely lashed under the coop of the counter, and was the only thing on deck that had not been swept overboard when the gale first took us. As we approached the brink of the pit he let go his hold upon this, and made for the ring, from which, in the agony of his terror, he endeavored to force my hands, as it was not large enough to afford us both a secure grasp. I never felt deeper grief than when I saw him attempt this act, although I knew he was a madman when he did it, a raving maniac through sheer fright. I did not care, however, to contest the point with him. I knew it could make no difference whether either of us held on at all; so I let him have the bolt, and went astern to the cask. This there was no great difficulty in doing; for the smack flew round steadily enough, and upon an even keel, only swaying to and fro with the immense sweeps and swelters of the whirl. Scarcely had I secured myself

in my new position, when we gave a wild lurch to starboard, and rushed headlong into the abyss. I muttered a hurried prayer to God, and thought all was over.

"As I felt the sickening sweep of the descent, I had instinctively tightened my hold upon the barrel, and closed my eyes. For some seconds I dared not open them, while I expected instant destruction, and wondered that I was not already in my death-struggles with the water. But moment after moment elapsed. I still lived. The sense of falling had ceased; and the motion of the vessel seemed much as it had been before, while in the belt of foam, with the exception that she now lay more along. I took courage and looked once again upon the scene.

"Never shall I forget the sensations of awe, horror, and admiration with which I gazed about me. The boat appeared to be hanging, as if by magic, midway down, upon the interior surface of a funnel, vast in circumference, prodigious in depth, and whose perfectly smooth sides might have been mistaken for ebony but for the bewildering rapidity with which they spun around, and for the gleaming and ghastly radiance they shot forth, as the rays of the full moon, from that circular rift amid the clouds, which I have already described, streamed in a flood of golden glory along the black walls, and far away down into the inmost recesses of the abyss.

"At first I was too much confused to observe anything accurately. The general burst of terrific grandeur was all that I beheld. When I recovered myself a little, however, my gaze fell instinctively downward. In this direction I was able to obtain an unobstructed

view, from the manner in which the smack hung on the inclined surface of the pool. She was quite upon an even keel; that is to say, her deck lay in a plane parallel with that of the water, but this latter sloped at an angle of more than forty-five degrees, so that we seemed to be lying upon our beam-ends. I could not help observing, nevertheless, that I had scarcely more difficulty in maintaining my hold and footing in this situation than if we had been upon a dead level; and this, I suppose, was owing to the speed at which we revolved.

"The rays of the moon seemed to search the very bottom of the profound gulf; but still I could make out nothing distinctly on account of a thick mist in which everything there was enveloped, and over which there hung a magnificent rainbow, like that narrow and tottering bridge which Mussulmans say is the only pathway between Time and Eternity. This mist, or spray, was no doubt occasioned by the clashing of the great walls of the funnel, as they all met together at the bottom; but the yell that went up to the heavens from out of that mist I dare not attempt to describe.

"Our first slide into the abyss itself, from the belt of foam above, had carried us to a great distance down the slope; but our farther descent was by no means proportionate. Round and round we swept, not with any uniform movement, but in dizzying swings and jerks, that sent us sometimes only a few hundred yards, sometimes nearly the complete circuit of the whirl. Our progress downward, at each revolution, was slow, but very perceptible.

"Looking about me upon the wide waste of liquid ebony on which we were thus borne, I perceived that

our boat was not the only object in the embrace of the whirl. Both above and below us were visible fragments of vessels, large masses of building-timber and trunks of trees, with many smaller articles, such as pieces of house furniture, broken boxes, barrels, and staves. I have already described the unnatural curiosity which had taken the place of my original terrors. It appeared to grow upon me as I drew nearer and nearer to my dreadful doom. I now began to watch, with a strange interest, the numerous things that floated in our company. I must have been delirious, for I even sought amusement in speculating upon the relative velocities of their several descents toward the foam below. 'This fir-tree,' I found myself at one time saying, 'will certainly be the next thing that takes the awful plunge and disappears,' and then I was disappointed to find that the wreck of a Dutch merchant ship overtook it and went down before. At length, after making several guesses of this nature, and being deceived in all, this fact—the fact of my invariable miscalculation—set me upon a train of reflection that made my limbs again tremble, and my heart beat heavily once more.

"It was not a new terror that thus affected me, but the dawn of a more exciting hope. This hope arose partly from memory, and partly from present observation. I called to mind the great variety of buoyant matter that strewed the coast of Lofoden, having been absorbed and then thrown forth by the Moskoe-ström. By far the greater number of the articles were shattered in the most extraordinary way, so chafed and roughened as to have the appearance of being stuck full of splinters, but then I distinctly recollected that there were some

of them which were not disfigured at all. Now I could not account for this difference except by supposing that the roughened fragments were the only ones which had been completely absorbed; that the others had entered the whirl at so late a period of the tide, or, from some reason, had descended so slowly after entering, that they did not reach the bottom before the turn of the flood came, or of the ebb, as the case might be. I conceived it possible, in either instance, that they might thus be whirled up again to the level of the ocean, without undergoing the fate of those which had been drawn in more early or absorbed more rapidly.

"I made, also, three important observations. The first was, that, as a general rule, the larger the bodies were, the more rapid their descent; the second, that, between two masses of equal extent, the one spherical, and the other of any other shape, the superiority in speed of descent was with the sphere; the third, that, between two masses of equal size, the one cylindrical, and the other of any other shape, the cylinder was absorbed the more slowly. Since my escape, I have had several conversations on this subject with an old schoolmaster of the district; and it was from him that I learned the use of the words 'cylinder' and 'sphere.' He explained to me, although I have forgotten the explanation, how what I observed was, in fact, the natural consequence of the forms of the floating fragments, and showed me how it happened that a cylinder, swimming in a vortex, offered more resistance to its suction, and was drawn in with greater difficulty than an equally bulky body, of any form whatever.

"There was one startling circumstance which went a great way in enforcing these observations, and rendering me anxious to turn them to account, and this was that, at every revolution, we passed something like a barrel, or else the yard or the mast of a vessel, while many of these things, which had been on our level when I first opened my eyes upon the wonders of the whirlpool, were now high above us, and seemed to have moved but little from their original station.

"I no longer hesitated what to do. I resolved to lash myself securely to the water-cask upon which I now held, to cut it loose from the counter, and to throw myself with it into the water. I attracted my brother's attention by signs, pointed to the floating barrels that came near us, and did everything in my power to make him understand what I was about to do. I thought at length that he comprehended my design; but, whether this was the case or not, he shook his head despairingly, and refused to move from his station by the ring-bolt. It was impossible to reach him; the emergency admitted of no delay; and so, with a bitter struggle, I resigned him to his fate, fastened myself to the cask by means of the lashings which secured it to the counter, and precipitated myself with it into the sea, without another moment's hesitation.

"The result was precisely what I had hoped it might be. As it is myself who now tell you this tale, as you see that I did escape, and as you are already in possession of the mode in which this escape was effected, and must therefore anticipate all that I have further to say, I will bring my story quickly to conclusion. It might have been an hour, or thereabout, after my quitting the smack, when, having descended

to a vast distance beneath me, it made three or four wild gyrations in rapid succession, and, bearing my loved brother with it, plunged headlong, at once and forever, into the chaos of foam below. The barrel to which I was attached sunk very little farther than half the distance between the bottom of the gulf and the spot at which I leaped overboard before a great change took place in the character of the whirlpool. The slope of the sides of the vast funnel became momently less and less steep. The gyrations of the whirl grew, gradually, less and less violent. By degrees, the froth and the rainbow disappeared, and the bottom of the gulf seemed slowly to uprise. The sky was clear, the winds had gone down, and the full moon was setting radiantly in the west, when I found myself on the surface of the ocean, in full view of the shores of Lofoden, and above the spot where the pool of the Moskoe-ström had been.

"It was the hour of the slack, but the sea still heaved in mountainous waves from the effects of the hurricane. I was borne violently into the channel of the Ström, and in a few minutes was hurried down the coast into the 'grounds' of the fishermen. A boat picked me up, exhausted from fatigue, and (now that the danger was removed) speechless from the memory of its horror. Those who drew me on board were my old mates and daily companions, but they knew me no more than they would have known a traveller from the spirit-land. My hair, which had been raven-black the day before, was as white as you see it now. They say, too, that the whole expression of my countenance had changed. I told them my story; they did not believe it. I now

tell it to you, and I can scarcely expect you to put more faith in it than did the merry fishermen of Lofoden."

—Edgar Allan Poe.

Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849) was the son of an American actor. When he was only four years old, both his parents died, and he was adopted by his godfather. He was a brilliant student, but self-willed, reckless, and discontented, and the habits of drinking and gambling formed at college caused him to be cast off by his foster-parent. Thrown on his own resources, he drifted from place to place doing newspaper work, but seldom earning enough to procure any of the comforts of life. The bad habits of his youth and the use of opium, to which he finally resorted, led to his early death. He was a brilliant critic, "an ingenious versifier with flashes of greatness, and a master craftsman in the romance of horror." He is at his best in such stories as *The Murder in the Rue Morgue*, *The Mystery of Marie Roget*, and *The Gold Bug*.

In this selection Poe was drawing upon his imagination and exaggerating old stories connected with the whirlpool. The Maelström is simply a very strong current running past the south end of the island of Maskenaes, one of the Lofoden Islands on the west coast of Norway. The current is dangerous to navigation, but the stories commonly told as to the horrors of the whirlpool are mere fables.

The story here related is supposed to have been told to the author by the man who played the principal part in the adventure. The places mentioned in the text are connected with the Lofoden Islands and need not be considered other than as names. The Moskoe-ström is commonly rendered in English as the Maelström.

Slack: the time when the tide runs slowly, between ebb and flow. **fouled:** caught in the cable. **larboard:** to the left; the word "port" is now used. **starboard:** the right side when facing the bow. **Mussulmans:** Mohammedans, the followers of Mahomet or Mohammed (569-632). The Mohammedan religion is spread widely throughout the Eastern world, especially in Turkey, Arabia, and India.

THE OCEAN

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin, his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths, thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee and arbiter of war,—
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?

Thy waters wash'd them power while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play;
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow;
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

—Lord Byron.

Lord Byron. George Gordon, Lord Byron (1788-1824) was most unhappy in his family relations. After squandering his wife's fortune, Byron's father deserted his mother, and the latter, a weak and silly woman, took her son with her to live in Aberdeen. He was shy and sensitive, particularly about his lameness, but proud and passionate. He heartily disliked studying, but was an insatiable reader. The publication of the first two cantos of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, based upon two years of travel abroad, established his reputation as a poet. In 1815 he married Miss Anna Milbanke, but he and his wife were not congenial, and they soon separated. The last eight years of his life were spent wandering over Europe and aiding the Greeks in their fight for freedom. His poetry is a direct reflection of his personality, vigorous and passionate, cheap and tawdry at times, but with many splendid flashes of beauty.

This poem forms part of the longer poem *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, which has been described as "a guide book to

Europe." Each of the four cantos of the poem deals with a different portion of the continent of Europe as seen by the pilgrims in their wanderings. Canto IV, from which this selection is taken, is a descriptive sketch of Italy. The pilgrimage is nearly over. The pilgrims stand on the top of the Alban mount and view the sea in the distance. Then follows the outburst in the text. The poem is full of vigor and melody, bringing out in a forceful manner the littleness and insignificance of man and the works of man when contrasted with the mighty forces of nature.

A shadow: vestige or trace. **save his own:** *destruction* is understood after "own." **bubbling groan:** the gasping of a drowning man. **unknown:** his grave is not marked. **thy fields are not, etc.:** man cannot despoil the sea as he can the earth for his own gain. **shake him:** note the impatience expressed in these words. **for earth's destruction:** man is represented purely as an agent of destruction and the plaything of nature. **spurning:** thrusting scornfully. **to the skies:** "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths." See *Psalm cvii, 23-26.* **to his Gods:** man is forced to seek help from his gods, whose shrine perchance may be found in some near-by port. **petty:** in comparison with the forces arrayed against him. **dashest him to earth:** casts him up on shore. **lay:** the use of this word cannot be defended. It is an evidence of Byron's carelessness.

Thunderstrike: cannonade. **oak leviathans:** huge warships. *Leviathan* is the name given to a monster described in the Bible and may possibly mean a crocodile. **clay creator:** man. **yeast of waves:** frothy waves. **Armada's pride:** after the defeat of the Spanish Armada by the English under Lord Howard in 1588, what remained of the fleet was shattered by storms. **spoils of Trafalgar:** almost all the vessels captured by the British fleet at the Battle of Trafalgar, October 21st, 1805, were destroyed by a storm which immediately followed the battle. For the sake of the rhythm Tra-fal'gar is here pronounced Tra'fal-gar. **Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage:** the great monarchies of the ancient world. **wash'd them power:** they gained their power through overseas commerce. **many a tyrant:** many a tyrant with his fleets has come from over the

ocean to inflict his rule upon them. **stranger**: foreigner. **their decay**: the countries over which those tyrants ruled in the ancient world are of little account today. **such as creation's dawn**: the ocean is the same "yesterday, to-day, and forever." **glasses itself**: God reveals himself in the storm. **icing**: covering with ice. **the pole**: the North and South Pole.

THE LOTOS-EATERS

"Courage!" he said, and pointed toward the land,
"This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon."
In the afternoon they came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;
And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land: far off, three mountaintops,
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
Stood sunset-flush'd: and, dew'd with showery drops,
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charmed sunset linger'd low adown
In the red West: thro' mountain clefts the dale
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down

Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale
And meadow, set with slender galingale;
A land where all things always seem'd the same!
And round about the keel with faces pale,
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
To each, but whoso did receive of them,
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far far away did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;
And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake,
And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore;
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
Of child, and wife, and slave; but evermore
Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
Then some one said, "We will return no more;"
And all at once they sang, "Our island home
Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam."

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

After the fall of Troy, Ulysses set sail for home, but was driven by storm first to Thrace, then across the Mediterranean to the coast of Libya, where he encountered the Lotophagi, or Lotos-eaters. Homer in the *Odyssey* relates how Ulysses and his companions landed and were hospitably received by the Lotophagi, who gave them of the lotos to taste "Now, whoso-

ever of them did eat the honey-sweet fruit of the lotos, had no more wish to bring tidings nor to come back, but there he chose to abide with the lotos-eating men, ever feeding on the lotos and forgetful of his homeward way." Ulysses was compelled to tear away by force those of his men who had eaten of the lotos, and, hastily embarking, rowed away from the dangerous country.

"The lotos is a shrub two or three feet high; a native of Persia, the north of Africa, etc., and produces in great abundance a fruit about as large as a sloe [plum], and with a large stone, but having a sweet, floury pulp, which the natives of some parts of Africa make into cakes resembling gingerbread. A kind of wine is sometimes made from it."

He: Ulysses. **swoon**: the air lay heavy; what motion there was came like the deep sigh of a dreaming man. **downward smoke**: not only because of the motion, but the curling mist would be most wide-spread below. **wavering lights and shadows**: in contrast with the steady fall of the other cataracts, these streams rushed forth, broken into rapids, checkered with ever-changing light and shade. **aged snow**: the words suggest not only the appearance but also the height of these mountain-tops covered with perpetual snow. **up-clomb, etc.**: the dark pines could be seen ascending the mountain-side above the thickets; amidst them the cataracts fall, dashing them with spray. **copse**: a thicket of small trees.

Charmed sunset: the lovely scene charmed the sun to linger on it. **adown**: down. **down**: high, rolling open country, yellow from the sunset. **galingale**: a kind of sedge. **keel**: vessel. **faces pale**: they descended to the ship with the sunset behind them. **gushing of the wave**: first came the dulling of the sense of hearing; the sea that broke upon the beach now appeared to moan on distant shores. **music in his ears**: he heard the rhythmic beating of his heart. **our island home**: Ithaca. *See page 310.*

Better have failed in the high aim
Than vulgarly in the low aim succeed.

—Robert Browning.

SELECTIONS FROM SHAKESPEARE

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT

Enter GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, ERPINGHAM, *with all his host:* SALISBURY *and* WESTMORELAND.

Glo. Where is the king?
Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.
West. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.
Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.
Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.
God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:
If we no more meet, till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully,—my noble Lord of Bedford,—
My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,
And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu!
Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!
Exe. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art framed of the firm truth of valor.
[*Exit Salisbury.*
Bed. He is as full of valor as of kindness;
Princely in both.

Enter the KING

West. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day!
King Henry. What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin:
If we are marked to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,

The fewer men, the greater share of honor.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires;
But, if it be a sin to covet honor,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honor
As one man more, methinks, would share from me
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he, who hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is called the feast of Crispian:
He, that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He, that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbors,
And say "To-morrow is Saint Crispian:"
Then will he strip his sleeve and shew his scars,
And say, "These wounds I had on Crispin's day."
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day; then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,

Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accursed, they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

—HENRY V.

ENGLAND

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress, built by nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son,

This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it,
Like to a tenement or pelting farm:
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds;
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

—RICHARD II.

ENGLAND

This England never did, nor ever shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

—KING JOHN.

The selection entitled *The Battle of Agincourt* is Scene 3 of Act IV of *Henry V*. It is the scene between Henry and his leading nobles immediately preceding the battle. Bedford, who was Henry's second brother, was at this time regent of the kingdom in England, and neither Salisbury nor Westmoreland was present at the conflict.

Is rode: has ridden. **God be wi' you**: now contracted into *Good-bye*. **kinsman**: Westmoreland. **mind**: remind. **we are enow**: if we must die, then the loss is quite enough. **yearns**: grieves. **one man more**: the more men there were, the less would be the honor to each. **methinks**: it

seems to me. **convoy**: travelling expenses. **feast of Crispian**: October 25th is the feast of Saints Crispin and Crispian, two French martyrs, who were beheaded about 303. They were the protecting saints of the shoemakers. **stand a tip-toe**: be proud. **the vigil feast**: the evening before the festival. **with advantages**: something added to what he actually did. **gentle**: make a gentleman of him. **their manhoods cheap**: consider themselves to be cowards when placed alongside those who fought at Agincourt.

The first selection entitled *England* is taken from Scene 1 of Act II of *Richard II*. John of Gaunt is in despair at the actions of the king and wishes to have a talk with him, in order to show him that his conduct is ruining his country. While waiting for Richard to come, he converses with the Duke of York and breaks out into the magnificent eulogy of his native land as given in the text.

Seat of Mars: Mars was the god of war among the Romans. **infection**: evil influences from abroad. **this little world**: being an island, it is a little world in itself. **the office of a wall**: to keep out, or to defend. **envy**: malice, hatred. **by their breed**: on account of their long descent. **Jewry**: Judaea. The Jews were stubborn in their continued rejection of Christ. **leased out**: in order to raise money the king had leased the revenues of the kingdom to some of his nobles. **pelting**: paltry, petty. **watery Neptune**: the god of the ocean among the Romans. **inky blots**: written documents. **to conquer others**: at Crecy and Agincourt, for example. **conquest of itself**: has parted with its lands and revenues, as stated above. **ensuing**: approaching.

The second selection entitled *England* forms the closing lines of *King John*. King John is dead, the nobles have rallied around the young prince, the French invaders have been defeated, and, so long as England remains true to herself nothing can conquer her.

Not once or twice in our rough-island story
The path of duty was the way to glory.

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene, one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on:
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

—JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

John Henry, Cardinal Newman (1801-1890) was the son of an English banker. He was a thoughtful, affectionate boy, but dreamy and imaginative. He was very fond of music, and at the age of twelve had composed an opera. He was for twenty years a clergyman in the Church of England, but, being converted to the Roman Catholic faith, he became first a priest and later a cardinal. He is the author of a number of theological works as well as many poems, all of which are written in a clear and forcible style.

While travelling on the Continent, in the year 1833, Newman was the victim of a sever attack of malarial fever. Upon his

recovery, he was much depressed and longed to return to England, where he felt that he had a work to do. After being delayed for three weeks in Palermo for want of a vessel, he at last embarked in an orange boat, but was becalmed for a whole week in the Straits of Bonifacio. It was there that he wrote the poem *Lead, Kindly Light,* which has since become one of the best-known hymns in the English language. Its original title was *The Pillar of Cloud.*

The hymn is a prayer for the guidance of the Holy Spirit and a statement of the writer's belief that in God's hands he is safe. In the past he was too proud to seek help and trusted entirely to his own reason to guide him, but now he realizes the folly of such a course and appeals to the Holy Spirit for guidance.

Kindly Light: the Holy Spirit. **encircling gloom:** the doubts which assail him regarding the future. **the night is dark and I am far from home:** he cannot see his way clearly and has wandered far from the truth. **keep:** guide. **the distant scene:** he does not wish to know what the future holds in store for him, but is contented to live one day at a time. **ever:** always. **garish:** dazzling; i.e., worldly pleasures. **o'er moor and fen, etc.:** through all the trials and difficulties of life until all doubt and anxiety vanish. **the morn:** the awakening in heaven. **angel faces:** the friends who have gone before and with whom he longs to be re-united.

FOR REMEMBRANCE

All the commandments which I command thee this day shall ye observe to do, that ye may live, and multiply, and go in and possess the land which the LORD sware unto your fathers. And thou shalt remember all the way which the LORD thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, *and* to prove thee, to know what *was* in thine heart, whether thou wouldest keep his commandments,

or no. And he humbled thee, and suffered thee to hunger, and fed thee with manna, which thou knewest not, neither did thy fathers know; that he might make thee know that man doth not live by bread only, but by every *word* that proceedeth out of the mouth of the LORD doth man live. Thy raiment waxed not old upon thee, neither did thy foot swell, these forty years. Thou shalt also consider in thine heart, that, as a man chasteneth his son, *so* the LORD thy God chasteneth thee. Therefore thou shalt keep the commandments of the LORD thy God, to walk in his ways, and to fear him.

For the LORD thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil olive, and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack any *thing* in it; a land whose stones *are* iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass.

When thou hast eaten and art full, then thou shalt bless the LORD thy God for the good land which he hath given thee. Beware that thou forget not the LORD thy God, in not keeping his commandments, and his judgments, and his statutes, which I command thee this day: lest *when* thou hast eaten and art full, and hast built goodly houses, and dwelt *therein;* and *when* thy herds and thy flocks multiply, and thy silver and thy gold is multiplied, and all that thou hast is multiplied; then thine heart be lifted up, and thou forget the LORD thy God, which brought thee forth out of the land of Egypt, from the house of bondage; who led thee through that great and terrible wilderness, *wherein were* fiery

serpents, and scorpions, and drought, where *there was* no water; who brought thee forth water out of the rock of flint; who fed thee in the wilderness with manna, which thy fathers knew not, that he might humble thee, and that he might prove thee, to do thee good at thy latter end; and thou say in thine heart, My power and the might of *mine* hand hath gotten me this wealth. But thou shalt remember the LORD thy God: for *it is* he that giveth thee power to get wealth, that he may establish his covenant which he sware unto thy fathers, as *it is* this day.

And it shall be, if thou do at all forget the LORD thy God, and walk after other gods, and serve them, and worship them, I testify against you this day that ye shall surely perish. As the nations which the LORD destroyeth before your face, so shall ye perish; because ye would not be obedient unto the voice of the LORD your God.

—THE BIBLE, DEUTERONOMY VIII.

This chapter is an exhortation to the children of Israel to obey God's commandments, because of the goodness and mercy God has shown in his dealings with his own people. The Book of Deuteronomy is so-called because it is a summing-up of the laws formerly delivered to the Israelites. The persons to whom these laws had originally been given were almost all dead, and it was necessary that Moses, when about to die, should remind the Israelites of God's kindnesses and their duties toward Him, just as they were about to take possession of the promised land of Canaan.

All the commandments: Moses had just been repeating to the Israelites the moral laws delivered from Mount Sinai. the land which, etc.: the land of Canaan which God promised to Abraham and his seed; see *Genesis xii, 1-7.* to know: rather means to show man to himself that thereby He might humble him. manna: see *Exodus xvi, 3-35.* thy raiment, etc.: God

protected them from the discomforts which such a journey would ordinarily entail. **a good land**: Canaan abounded in brooks and springs and was noted for its vegetable productions and mineral wealth. It contrasted sharply with the barrenness of Egypt, where the Israelites had passed so many years in bondage. **oil olive**: olive oil was one of the chief products of Palestine. **honey**: may mean the syrup of grapes. **a land whose stones are iron, etc.**: iron ore is to be found in many parts of the hills of Lebanon. **thine heart be lifted up**: thou art happy.

The land of Egypt, etc.: the Israelites had suffered greatly at the hands of the Egyptians, under the direction of the House of Pharaoh, during the years of bondage in Egypt. **fiery serpents**: see *Numbers xxi, 6.* **brought thee forth water**: see *Exodus xvii, 6* and *Numbers xx, 11.* **thy latter end**: in thine old age. **establish his covenant**: fulfil his promise. **as it is this day**: God is just about to give them possession of the promised land. **the nations, etc.**: the nations which the Israelites were overcoming.

THE ROAD-WATERER

The beautiful wood of the Eilenriede bounds Hanover on the south and west, and here occurred a sad drama in which Harris took a prominent part.

We were riding our machines through this wood on the Monday afternoon in the company of many other cyclists, for it is a favorite resort with the Hanoverians on a sunny afternoon, and its shady pathways are then filled with happy, thoughtless folk. Among them rode a young and beautiful girl on a machine that was new. She was evidently a novice on the bicycle. One felt instinctively that there would come a moment when she would require help, and Harris, with his accustomed chivalry, suggested we should

keep near her. Harris, as he occasionally explains to George and to myself, has daughters of his own, or, to speak more correctly, a daughter, who as the years progress will no doubt cease practising catherine wheels, in the front garden, and will grow up into a beautiful and respectable young lady. This naturally gives Harris an interest in all beautiful girls up to the age of thirty-five or thereabouts; they remind him, so he says, of home.

We had ridden for about two miles, when we noticed, a little ahead of us in a space where five ways met, a man with a hose, watering the roads. The pipe, supported at each joint by a pair of tiny wheels, writhed after him as he moved, suggesting a gigantic worm, from whose open neck, as the man, gripping it firmly in both hands, pointing it now this way, and now that, now elevating it, now depressing it, poured a strong stream of water at the rate of about a gallon a second.

"What a much better method than ours," observed Harris, enthusiastically. Harris is inclined to be chronically severe on all British institutions. "How much simpler, quicker, and more economical! You see, one man by this method can in five minutes water a stretch of road that would take us with our clumsy lumbering cart half an hour to cover."

George, who was riding behind me on the tandem, said, "Yes, and it is also a method by which with a little carelessness a man could cover a good many people in a good deal less time than they could get out of the way."

George, the opposite to Harris, is British to the core. I remember that George was quite patriotically

indignant with Harris once for suggesting the introduction of the guillotine into England.

"It is so much neater," said Harris.

"I don't care if it is," said George; "I'm an Englishman; hanging is good enough for me."

"Our water-cart may have its disadvantages," continued George, "but it can only make you uncomfortable about the legs, and you can avoid it. This is the sort of machine with which a man can follow you round the corner and upstairs."

"It fascinates me to watch them," said Harris. "They are so skilful. I have seen a man from the corner of a crowded square in Strassburg cover every inch of ground, and not so much as wet an apron string. It is marvellous how they judge their distance. They will send the water up to your toes, and then bring it over your head so that it falls around your heels. They can——"

"Ease up a minute," said George.

I said: "Why?"

He said, "I am going to get off and watch the rest of this show from behind a tree. There may be great performers in this line, as Harris says; this particular artist appears to me to lack something. He has just soused a dog, and now he's busy watering a sign-post. I am going to wait till he has finished."

"Nonsense," said Harris; "he won't wet you."

"That is precisely what I am going to make sure of," answered George, saying which he jumped off, and, taking a position behind a remarkably fine elm, pulled out and commenced filling his pipe.

I did not care to take the tandem on by myself, so I stepped off and joined him, leaving the machine

against a tree. Harris shouted something or other about our being a disgrace to the land that gave us birth, and rode on.

The next moment I heard a woman's cry of distress. Glancing round the stem of the tree, I perceived that it proceeded from the young and elegant lady before mentioned, whom, in our interest concerning the road-waterer, we had forgotten. She was riding her machine steadily and straightly through a drenching shower of water from the hose. She appeared to be too paralyzed either to get off or turn her wheel aside. Every instant she was becoming wetter, while the man with the hose, who was either drunk or blind, continued to pour water upon her with utter indifference. A dozen voices yelled imprecations upon him, but he took no heed whatever.

Harris, his fatherly nature stirred to its depths, did at this point what, under the circumstances, was quite the right and proper thing to do. Had he acted throughout with the same coolness and judgment he then displayed, he would have emerged from that incident the hero of the hour, instead of, as happened, riding away followed by insult and threat. Without a moment's hesitation he spurted at the man, sprang to the ground, and, seizing the hose by the nozzle, attempted to wrest it away.

What he ought to have done, what any man retaining his common sense would have done the moment he got his hands upon the thing, was to turn off the tap. Then he might have played football with the man, or battledore and shuttlecock as he pleased; and the twenty or thirty people who had rushed forward to assist would have only applauded. His idea, however,

as he explained to us afterwards, was to take away the hose from the man, and, for punishment, turn it upon the fool himself. The waterman's idea appeared to be the same, namely, to retain the hose as a weapon with which to soak Harris. Of course, the result was that, between them, they soused every dead and living thing within fifty yards, except themselves. One furious man, too drenched to care what more happened to him, leapt into the arena and also took a hand. The three among them proceeded to sweep the compass with that hose. They pointed it to heaven, and the water descended upon the people in the form of an equinoctial storm. They pointed it downwards, and sent the water in rushing streams that took people off their feet, or caught them about the waist line, and doubled them up.

Not one of them would loosen his grip upon the hose, not one of them thought to turn the water off. You might have concluded they were struggling with some primeval force of nature. In forty-five seconds, so George said, who was timing it, they had swept that circus bare of every living thing except one dog, who, dripping like a water nymph, rolled over by the force of water, now on this side, now on that, still gallantly staggered again and again to its feet to bark defiance at what it evidently regarded as the powers of hell let loose.

Men and women left their machines upon the ground, and flew into the woods. From behind every tree of importance peeped out wet, angry heads.

At last there arrived upon the scene one man of sense. Braving all things, he crept to the hydrant, where still stood the iron key, and screwed it down.

And then from forty trees began to creep more or less soaked human beings, each one with something to say.

At first I fell to wondering whether a stretcher or a clothes basket would be the more useful for the conveyance of Harris's remains back to the hotel. I consider that George's promptness on that occasion saved Harris's life. Being dry, and therefore able to run quicker, he was there before the crowd. Harris was for explaining things, but George cut him short.

"You get on that," said George, handing him his bicycle, "and go. They don't know we belong to you, and you may trust us implicitly not to reveal the secret. We'll hang about behind, and get in their way. Ride zig-zag in case they shoot."

I wish this book to be a strict record of fact, unmarred by exaggeration, and therefore I have shown my description of this incident to Harris, lest anything beyond bald narrative may have crept into it. Harris maintains it is exaggerated, but admits that one or two people may have been "sprinkled." I have offered to turn a street hose on him at a distance of five-and-twenty yards, and take his opinion afterwards, as to whether "sprinkled" is the adequate term, but he has declined the test.

—JEROME K. JEROME.

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Jerome Klapka Jerome (1859-1927) is most successful when writing in a humorous vein. He was born and brought up at Walsall, England, and was successively clerk, schoolmaster, actor, journalist, and editor. He is the author of a number of

books, the best known of which is probably *Three Men in a Boat.*

This selection is taken from the story *Three Men on the Bummel,* which relates the adventures of three Englishmen, Harris, George, and the author, on a three weeks' bicycle tour through Germany and the Black Forest. As the author explains, there is nothing *useful* in the book. It is merely a humorous description of incidents and peculiar German customs, with no attempt to introduce a plot or to furnish a guide-book to Germany. In the words of the author, a *bummel* is translated to mean "a journey, long or short, without an end; the only thing regulating it being the necessity of getting back within a given time to the point from which one started. Sometimes it is through busy streets, and sometimes through the fields and lanes; sometimes we can be spared for a few hours, and sometimes for a few days. But long or short, but here or there, our thoughts are ever on the running of the sand. We nod and smile to many as we pass; with some we stop and talk awhile; and with a few we walk a little way. We have been much interested, and often a little tired. But on the whole we have had a pleasant time, and are sorry when 'tis over."

Hanover: the capital of the State of Hanover in the German Republic. **machines:** the common word for bicycle among English people. **catherine wheels:** handsprings resembling a kind of firework which revolves like a pinwheel. It takes its name from St. Catherine of Alexandria, who was tortured to death by being whirled about on a wheel until her back was broken. **tiny wheels:** this method of watering the streets is in use in a number of cities on the Continent. The hose is raised up from the road by means of little wheels, which keep it out of the water and prevent the rubber from rotting. **the tandem:** a bicycle on which two or more people can ride one behind the other. The three men took turns riding two on the tandem and one on a single bicycle. **guillotine:** a machine used in France for beheading condemned persons by the action of a heavily weighted knife falling between two grooved posts upon the neck of the victim. It was introduced as a humane method of execution. **Strassburg:** formerly a German city, but now belonging to France. **battledore and shuttlecock:** a game played by two or four people with a shuttlecock, a piece of

cork in which feathers are stuck, and battledores, small raquets. The shuttlecock is knocked back and forth between two players or two sides, until one fails to return it. It is very similar to tennis. **the compass:** the circle of the earth. **equinoctial storm:** the equinox, or period of equal day and night, occurs on March 21st and September 21st, when the worst storms of the year usually occur. **water nymph:** water fairy. In mythology nymphs were inferior goddesses represented as beautiful maidens, eternally young.

THE BROOK

"Here, by this brook, we parted; I to the East
And he for Italy—too late—too late:
One whom the strong sons of the world despise;
For lucky rhymes to him were scrip and share,
And mellow metres more than cent for cent;
Nor could he understand how money breeds,
Thought it a dead thing; yet himself could make
The thing that is not as the thing that is.
O had he lived! In our schoolbooks we say,
Of those that held their heads above the crowd,
They flourished then or then; but life in him
Could scarce be said to flourish, only touch'd
On such a time as goes before the leaf,
When all the wood stands in a mist of green,
And nothing perfect: yet the brook he loved,
For which, in branding summers of Bengal,
Or ev'n the sweet half-English Neilgherry air
I panted, seems, as I re-listen to it,
Prattling the primrose fancies of the boy,
To me that loved him; for 'O brook,' he says,
'O babbling brook,' says Edmund in his rhyme,
'Whence come you?' and the brook, why not? replies.

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

"Poor lad, he died at Florence, quite worn out,
Travelling to Naples. There is Darnley bridge,
It has more ivy; there the river; and there
Stands Philip's farm where brook and river meet.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

"But Philip chatter'd more than brook or bird;
Old Philip; all about the fields you caught
His weary daylong chirping, like the dry
High-elbow'd grigs that leap in summer grass.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

"O darling Katie Willows, his one child!
A maiden of our century, yet most meek;
A daughter of our meadows, yet not coarse;
Straight, but as lissome as a hazel wand;
Her eyes a bashful azure, and her hair
In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
Divides threefold to show the fruit within.

"Sweet Katie, once I did her a good turn,
Her and her far-off cousin and betrothed,
James Willows, of one name and heart with her.
For here I came, twenty years back—the week
Before I parted with poor Edmund; crost

By that old bridge, which half in ruins then,
Still makes a hoary eyebrow for the gleam
Beyond it, where the waters marry—crost,
Whistling a random bar of Bonny Doon,
And push'd at Philip's garden-gate. The gate,
Half-parted from a weak and scolding hinge,
Stuck; and he clamor'd from a casement, 'Run'
To Katie somewhere in the walks below,
'Run, Katie!' Katie never ran: she moved
To meet me, winding under woodbine bowers,
A little flutter'd, with her eyelids down,
Fresh apple-blossom, blushing for a boon.

"What was it? less of sentiment than sense
Had Katie; not illiterate; nor of those
Who dabbling in the fount of fictive tears,
And nursed by mealy-mouth'd philanthropies,
Divorce the Feeling from her mate the Deed.

"She told me. She and James had quarrell'd. Why?
What cause of quarrel? None, she said, no cause;
James had no cause: but when I prest the cause,
I learnt that James had flickering jealousies
Which anger'd her. Who anger'd James? I said.
But Katie snatch'd her eyes at once from mine,
And sketching with her slender pointed foot
Some figure like a wizard pentagram
On garden gravel, let my query pass
Unclaim'd, in flushing silence, till I ask'd
If James were coming. 'Coming every day,'
She answered, 'ever longing to explain,
But evermore her father came across
With some long-winded tale, and broke him short;

And James departed vext with him and her.'
How could I help her? 'Would I—was it wrong?'
(Claspt hands and that petitionary grace
Of sweet seventeen subdued me ere she spoke)
'O would I take her father for one hour,
For one half-hour, and let him talk to me!'
And even while she spoke, I saw where James
Made toward us, like a wader in the surf,
Beyond the brook, waist-deep in meadow-sweet.

"O Katie, what I suffer'd for your sake!
For in I went, and call'd old Philip out
To show the farm: full willingly he rose:
He led me thro' the short sweet-smelling lanes
Of his wheat-suburb, babbling as he went.
He praised his land, his horses, his machines;
He praised his ploughs, his cows, his hogs, his dogs;
He praised his hens, his geese, his guinea-hens;
His pigeons, who in session on their roofs
Approved him, bowing at their own deserts:
Then from the plaintive mother's teat he took
Her blind and shuddering puppies, naming each,
And naming those, his friends, for whom they were:
Then crost the common into Darnley chase
To show Sir Arthur's deer. In copse and fern
Twinkled the innumerable ear and tail.
Then, seated on a serpent-rooted beech,
He pointed out a pasturing colt, and said:
'That was the four-year-old I sold the Squire.'
And there he told a long long-winded tale
Of how the Squire had seen the colt at grass,
And how it was the thing his daughter wish'd,
And how he sent the bailiff to the farm

To learn the price, and what the price he ask'd,
And how the bailiff swore that he was mad,
But he stood firm; and so the matter hung;
He gave them line: and five days after that
He met the bailiff at the Golden Fleece,
Who then and there had offer'd something more,
But he stood firm; and so the matter hung;
He knew the man; the colt would fetch its price;
He gave them line: and how by chance at last
(It might be May or April, he forgot,
The last of April or the first of May)
He found the bailiff riding by the farm,
And, talking from the point, he drew him in,
And there he mellow'd all his heart with ale,
Until they closed a bargain, hand in hand.

"Then, while I breathed in sight of haven, he,
Poor fellow, could he help it? recommenced,
And ran thro' all the coltish chronicle,
Wild Will, Black Bess, Tantivy, Tallyho,
Reform, White Rose, Bellerophon, the Jilt,
Arbaces, and Phenomenon, and the rest,
Till, not to die a listener, I arose,
And with me Philip, talking still; and so
We turn'd our foreheads from the falling sun,
And following our own shadows thrice as long
As when they follow'd us from Philip's door,
Arrived, and found the sun of sweet content
Re-risen in Katie's eyes, and all things well.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

"Yes, men may come and go; and these are gone,
All gone. My dearest brother, Edmund, sleeps,
Not by the well-known stream and rustic spire,
But unfamiliar Arno, and the dome
Of Brunelleschi; sleeps in peace: and he,
Poor Philip, of all his lavish waste of words
Remains the lean P. W. on his tomb:
I scraped the lichen from it: Katie walks
By the long wash of Australasian seas
Far off, and holds her head to other stars,
And breathes in April-autumns. All are gone."

So Lawrence Aylmer, seated on a stile
In the long hedge, and rolling in his mind
Old waifs of rhyme, and bowing o'er the brook
A tonsured head in middle age forlorn,
Mused, and was mute. On a sudden a low breath
Of tender air made tremble in the hedge

The fragile bindweed-bells and briony rings;
And he look'd up. There stood a maiden near,
Waiting to pass. In much amaze he stared
On eyes a bashful azure, and on hair
In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
Divides threefold to show the fruit within:
Then, wondering, ask'd her, "Are you from the farm?"
"Yes," answer'd she. "Pray stay a little: pardon me;
What do they call you?" "Katie." "That were strange.
What surname?" "Willows." "No!" "That is my
name."
"Indeed!" and here he look'd so self-perplext,
That Katie laugh'd, and laughing blush'd, till he
Laugh'd also, but as one before he wakes,
Who feels a glimmering strangeness in his dream.
Then looking at her: "Too happy, fresh and fair,
Too fresh and fair in our sad world's best bloom,
To be the ghost of one who bore your name
About these meadows, twenty years ago."

"Have you not heard?" said Katie, "we came back.
We bought the farm we tenanted before.
Am I so like her? so they said on board.
Sir, if you knew her in her English days,
My mother, as it seems you did, the days
That most she loves to talk of, come with me.
My brother James is in the harvest-field:
But she—you will be welcome—O, come in!"

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

The story of *The Brook* is briefly as follows: Lawrence Aylmer, returned to his English home after twenty years of absence in India, seated on the stile, revolves the memories of his old life. He thinks of his dearest brother, the poet Edmund, who

left England when he did, but left it only to die; of the brook he loved, now prattling before him, and of the poem Edmund wrote describing it. As the poem sings its way through his memory, Lawrence recalls the scenes and persons associated with the stream—the old farmer Philip Willows, his pretty daughter Katie, and James Willows, her betrothed; how, too, he had once carried off old Philip, and endured the torments of his endless talk, so that the lovers might make up a lovers' quarrel. He thinks how time has scattered all these,—old Philip now buried in the churchyard, and the happy lovers far off in Australia; when suddenly he looks up, and before him, a veritable Katie Willows, in form, face, and name, as he knew one twenty years before. How fresh the past streams back, what happy explanations follow, and with what joy old friends are again united!

Too late: too late to save his life from the malady threatening it. **scrip**: certificates showing that the owner holds bonds or shares in a financial concern. Lucky rhymes were to the poet the greatest wealth in the world. **money breeds**: bears interest. **the thing that is, etc.**: having the power to make the things of the imagination seem realities. **flourished**: the time of greatest influence and renown in the life of a famous man. **branding**: scorching. **Neilgherry**: the Neilgherry Hills are in southern India. They are of lofty elevation, so that the climate is cool and delightful. **primrose**: happy, spring-like. The primrose is the earliest flower of spring and therefore gives the suggestion of youth.

Coot: a wild aquatic bird, blackish in color, haunting reedy places. **hern**: the heron. **bicker**: brawl; the sound of a rapid stream on the stones of its bed. **thirty hills**: a definite number used to signify many. **thorps**: villages. **more ivy**: than it had twenty years ago. **sharps and trebles**: little shrill, acute sounds. **fret**: wear away. **fallow**: a field lying untilled. **fairy foreland**: tiny promontory. **willow-weed and mallow**: common water-plants in England. **grigs**: grasshoppers.

Grayling: a fish with a large dorsal fin, in size between a trout and a whitefish. **waterbreak**: the ripple made by the stream breaking upon a stone. **yet most meek**: an insinuation of the forwardness and mannishness of the modern girl. **lissome**: lithe, supple. **bashful azure**: bashful and blue. **when the**

shell, etc.: an exact touch of nature. **a hoary eyebrow:** the arch of the bridge under which you see the gleam on the water beyond. **marry:** unite. **Bonnie Doon:** whistling a few notes of the well-known song by Burns—"Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon." **scolding:** squeaking. **woodbine:** the honeysuckle. **fresh apple-blossom:** referring to her beautiful pink hue. She was blushing, because she was about to ask a somewhat peculiar favor.

Dabbling in the fount, etc.: this is a strong presentation of the evils of reading novels that awaken emotions of love and pity, etc., which are satisfied by the course of the story, without prompting a single loving deed or act of pity. Thus the habit of novel-reading brings about a weakening of the bond between our feelings and our acts, so that we grow sentimental towards suffering but remiss in active beneficence. So, too, people who talk over-much of projects of helping humanity are apt to grow satisfied with fine-sounding phrases. **fictive tears:** rising from merely imaginary ills. **mealy-mouth'd:** over-finespoken. **prest the cause:** pressed her to tell me the cause. **wizard pentagram:** the pentagram is a figure in the shape of a five-pointed star, which can be made with five straight lines. The figure was used in magical ceremonies and was considered a defence against evil spirits. **unclaim'd:** unanswered. **meadow-sweet:** one of the loveliest of the English wildflowers; akin to the bridal-wreath.

Lanes of his wheat-suburb: the ricks of stacked grain, looking like outlying cottages of his farmhouse. **in session:** perched in rows, moving and cooing, resembling an assembly of Parliament. **approved:** confirmed. **shuddering:** suffering from the cold. **chase:** the unenclosed game preserve of a private owner. **hung:** remained unsettled. **gave them line:** the metaphor is that of a fisherman taking his time, playing the fish till it is tired out, so that he may be sure of it. **bailiff:** a man having charge and management of property for the landowner. **Golden Fleece:** the inn. *See page 307.* **from the point:** away from the question in hand. **in sight of haven:** drew a breath of relief, seeing the end of the tiresome story. **coltish chronicle:** the pedigree of the colt he had sold. **thrice as long:** the sun had time to sink far down in the west during the story.

Covers: shrubbery, thicket. **gloom**: darkly visible. **glance**: sparkle. **nettled sunbeam**: the light playing through the ripples shines on the sandy bottom, netted by the shadows of the ripples. **shingly bars**: shallows of gravel, beside deep, quiet water. **cresses**: the water-cresses impeding the current. **Arno**: the Italian river on which Florence is situated. **dome of Brunelleschi**: the dome of the cathedral of Santa Maria in Florence, the largest in the world. It was built by Filippo Brunelleschi (1377-1444), a famous Italian architect. **April-autumns**: the month of April in Australia is in the autumn season. The seasons in the southern hemisphere are the reverse of those in the northern hemisphere.

Waifs: stray bits. **tonsured head**: the head with the hair shorn or shaven, after the manner of the priests of the Roman Catholic and Greek churches. In the former, some hair is left in commemoration of the crown of thorns; hence, as here, poetically, having a bald spot like a tonsure. **forlorn**: lonely, having lost his kinsfolk and old friends. **bindweed-bells**: a species of morning glory. **briony rings**: the tendrils of briony, a tall climbing plant. **glimmering strangeness**: a glimmering consciousness that his dream is a dream and not reality.

HOW THE ATLANTIC CABLE WAS LAID

In 1853 an interesting scheme was brought to my attention. It was an attempt to resuscitate an enterprise that had been begun and had broken down, to carry a line of telegraph to Newfoundland—including a cable across the Gulf of St. Lawrence—and at St. John's to connect with a line of steamers to Ireland, by which the time of communication might be reduced to five days. The project did not seem to me very formidable. It was no more difficult to carry a line to St. John's on this side than to some point on the Irish coast. But was this all that could be done?

Beside me in the library was a globe which I began to turn over to study the relative positions of Newfoundland and Ireland. Suddenly the thought flashed upon me, "Why not carry the line across the Atlantic?" That was the first moment that the idea ever entered my mind. It came as a vision of the night, and never left me, until thirteen years after, the dream was fulfilled.

It is very easy to draw a line on a map or a globe, but quite another to measure out all the distances by land and sea. As I could not undertake it alone, I looked about for a few strong men to give it support. My next door neighbor was Peter Cooper, whose name is justly held in honor for his simple, noble life, and his great generosity to his native city. He had a genius for mechanics, as he showed by constructing one of the first locomotives in this country. Though an old man, he had not grown so conservative as to think that there was nothing new to be done in the world. He was the first to join the enterprise, and stood by it through all its fortunes to the end. That helped me to enlist Moses Taylor, Marshall O. Roberts, and Chandler White, together with my brother, Mr. David Dudley Field—six of us in all—who made up the little company that undertook the telegraph to Newfoundland, as preliminary to the larger undertaking of crossing the ocean itself. Mr. White died a few months later, and his place was taken by Mr. Wilson G. Hunt. The title of "The New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company" indicated the full scope of the design.

As soon as we had organized, three of us, Mr. White, my brother and myself, started for Newfoundland to

get a charter, which we obtained after some weeks' negotiation, giving us for fifty years the exclusive right to land a submarine cable upon those shores.

Now the work began in earnest. The first thing we had to do was to build a line of telegraph four hundred miles long through an uninhabited country, cutting our way through the forests, climbing hills, plunging into swamps, and crossing rivers. When we came to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, we had our first experience in laying a submarine cable. It was but a short line, less than a hundred miles long, and yet we failed even in that; and the attempt had to be renewed the following year, when it was successful. Of course we felt a great satisfaction that we had got so far. We had crossed the land, but could we cross the sea? As we stood upon the cliffs of Newfoundland and looked off upon the great deep, we saw that our greatest task was still before us.

For this we had been preparing by preliminary investigations. Before we could embark on an enterprise of which there had been no example, we must know about the ocean itself, into which we were to venture. We had sailed over it, but who knew what was under it? The cable must be on the bottom; and what sort of bottom was it? Smooth and even, or rugged as Switzerland, now sinking into deep abysses, and then rising in mountain chains over which the cable must hang suspended, to be swept to and fro by the deep undercurrents of the ocean? Fortunately just then careful soundings by English and American navigators showed that the ocean bed was one vast plain, broader than the steppes of Siberia or the prairies of America, reaching nearly from shore

to shore; and in their surprise and joy the discoverers christened it the "telegraphic plateau" so much did it seem like a special conformation of the globe for the service of man.

Giving it that name, however, did not prove that a cable could be laid across it. The mechanical difficulty alone was enormous. Men had stretched heavy chains across rivers as booms to bar the passage of ships, but who ever dreamed of a chain over two thousand miles long? If it could be drawn out to such a length, would it not fall in pieces by its own weight? Suppose all went well, and it should hold together long enough to be got safely overboard, and to be dropped in the ooze of the ocean bed, what would it be good for?

There rose the scientific difficulty: Could an electric current be sent through it? The fact that a cable had been laid across the British Channel, so that it was possible to telegraph from Dover to Calais, was no proof that a current could be sent across the whole breadth of the Atlantic. To get an answer to this question, we appealed to the greatest authorities in both countries. Morse said, "Yes, it can be done." So said Faraday; and when I asked the old man, "How long will it take for the current to pass from shore to shore?" he answered, "Possibly one second." Such words of cheer put us in good heart and hope, and yet the only final and absolute test was that of experiment. And a very costly experiment it must be.

To make such a cable as we required, and to lay it at the bottom of the sea, would cost six hundred thousand pounds sterling—three millions of dollars! Where was all that money to come from? Who would invest in such an enterprise? I went from city to city,

addressing chambers of commerce and other financial bodies in England and the United States. All listened with respect, but such was the general incredulity that men were slow to subscribe. To show my faith by my works, I took one fourth of the whole capital myself. And so at last with the help of a few, the necessary sum was secured and the work begun.

The year 1857 saw the cable on board of two ships furnished by the governments of England and the United States; but these ships were hardly more than three hundred miles from the coast of Ireland when the cable broke, and they had to return. So ended the first expedition.

The next year we tried again and thought we could diminish the difficulty and the danger by beginning in the middle of the Atlantic and there splicing the cable, when the two ships should sail eastward and westward until they should land the two ends on the opposite shores. This plan was carried out. They reached mid-ocean, and splicing the cables together, the ships bore away for Ireland and Newfoundland, but had not gone a hundred miles before the cable broke. Several times we tried it with the same result. Then a storm arose, in which one of the ships, the *Agamemnon*, came near foundering; and at last all were glad to get safely back again into the shelter of an English port.

I went to London to attend a meeting of the Board of Directors. It was not a very cheerful meeting. On every face was a look of disappointment. Some thought that we had done everything that brave men could do, and that now it was time to stop. To make

another attempt was folly and madness. So strong was this feeling that when the more resolute of us talked of renewing the attempt, the vice-president rose and left the room. It was then that we took courage from despair. We had failed already; we could not do worse than fail again! There was a possibility of success; it was indeed a forlorn hope, but we could try it.

Again the ships put to sea, but there was little enthusiasm, for there were few in either hemisphere who expected anything but a repetition of our former experience. Such was the state of the public mind, when on the 5th of August, 1858, it was suddenly flashed over the country that the *Niagara* had reached Newfoundland, while the *Agamemnon* had reached Ireland, so that the expedition was a complete success.

The revulsion of feeling was all the greater from the previous despondency, and for a few weeks everybody was wild with excitement. Then the messages grew fewer and fainter, till at last they ceased altogether. The voices of the sea were dumb. Then came a reaction. Many felt that they had been deceived, and that no messages had ever crossed the Atlantic. Others, while admitting that there had been a few broken messages, yet concluded from the sudden failure that a deep-sea cable must be subject to such interruptions, that it could never be relied upon as a means of communication between the continents.

A year or two later a company was formed to construct a land line along the western coast of America, with the design that from the far north-western coast it should be strung along from one stepping stone

to another, by the Aleutian Islands, till it should come within easy distance of Siberia, the whole breadth of which must be crossed. Thus Europe might at last be reached by way of Asia! This vast undertaking was actually begun and carried forward with great energy till it was stopped in mid-career by the success of the Atlantic Cable; but for this we had to wait seven long years. Our country was plunged in a tremendous civil war and had not time to think of the enterprises of peace.

In these years ocean telegraphy had made great progress. Other facilities we found that we had not before. The *Great Eastern*, which from its enormous bulk had proved too unwieldy for ordinary commerce, was the only ship afloat that could carry the heavy cable; the whole was coiled within her sides, and with the mighty burden of twenty thousand tons she put to sea. Never had there been such a prospect of success. For twelve hundred miles she rode the sea in triumph, till in a sudden lurch of the ship the cable snapped, and once more all our hopes were

In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

For one whole month we hung over the spot, trying to raise the cable, but in vain; and again we took our "melancholy way" back across the waters which had been the scene of so many failures. This last disaster upset all our calculations. Our cable was broken, and our money was gone, and we must begin all over again.

Fresh capital had to be raised to the amount of six hundred thousand pounds. That single lurch of the ship cost us millions of dollars and the delay of another year. But time brings round all things, and the next

year, 1866, the *Great Eastern*, laden with a new burden, once more swung her mighty hulk out on the bosom of the Atlantic. For fourteen days she bore steadily to the west while we kept up our communication with the old world that we had left behind. Towards the end of the voyage we watched for land as Columbus watched for the first sign of a new world. At length, on July 27th, we cast anchor in Trinity Bay in the little harbor of Heart's Content, that seemed to have been christened in anticipation of the joy of that hour.

All the ship's crew joined to lift the heavy shore end off the *Great Eastern* into the boats, and then to drag it up to the beach to the telegraph house, where every signal was answered from Ireland, not in broken utterances as with the old cable, but clearly and distinctly, as a man talks with his friend; and we knew that the problem was solved, and that telegraphic communication was firmly established between the old world and the new. But our work was not quite ended. There was the last year's cable with its broken end lying in the depths of the sea. As soon as the work of unloading the *Great Eastern* was done, she bore away to grapple for the lost cable.

Captain Moriarty had, with Captain Anderson, taken most exact observations at the spot where the cable broke in 1865, and they were so exact that they could go right to the spot. After finding it they marked the line of the cable by a row of buoys, for fogs would come down and shut out sun and stars, so that no man could take an observation. These buoys were anchored a few miles apart. They were numbered, and each had a flagstaff on it, so that it would be seen by day, and a lantern by night. Thus having taken our bearings, we

stood off three or four miles, so as to come broadside on, and then casting over the grapnel, drifted slowly down upon it, dragging the bottom of the ocean as we went. At first it was a little awkward to fish in such deep water, but our men got used to it, and soon could cast a grapnel almost as straight as an old whaler throws a harpoon. Our fishing line was of formidable size. It was made of rope twisted with wires of steel, so as to bear a strain of thirty tons. It took about two hours for the grapnel to reach bottom, but we could tell when it struck. I often went to the bow and sat on the rope, and could feel by the quiver that the grapnel was dragging on the bottom, two miles under us. But it was a very slow business. We had storms and calms, and fogs and squalls. Still we worked on day after day. Once, on the 17th of August, we got the cable up, and had it in full sight for five minutes—a long slimy monster, fresh from the ooze of the ocean's bed—but our men began to cheer so wildly that it seemed to be frightened, and suddenly broke away and went down into the sea.

This accident kept us at work two weeks longer; but finally on the last night of August, we caught it. We had cast the grapnel thirty times. It was a little before midnight on Friday night that we hooked the cable, and it was a little after midnight Sunday morning that we got it on board. What was the anxiety of those twenty-six hours! The strain on every man's life was like the strain on the cable itself. When finally it appeared it was midnight; the lights of the ship and in the boats around our bows, as they flashed in the faces of the men, showed them eagerly watching for the cable to appear on the water. At length it was

brought to the surface. All who were allowed to approach crowded forward to see it; yet not a word was spoken; only the voices of the officers in command were heard giving orders. All felt as if life and death hung on the issue. It was only when it was brought over the bow and on to the deck that men dared to breathe. Even then they hardly believed their eyes. Some crept towards it to feel of it—to be sure it was there. Then we carried it along to the electrician's room to see if our long sought treasure was alive or dead. A few minutes of suspense and a flash told of the lightning current again set free. Then did the feeling, long pent up, burst forth. Some turned away their heads and wept. Others broke into cheers, and the cry ran from man to man and was heard down in the engine room, deck below deck, and from the boats on the water and the other ships, while rockets lighted up the darkness of the sea. Then with thankful hearts we turned our faces again to the west. But soon the wind arose, and for thirty-six hours we were exposed to all the dangers of a storm on the Atlantic. Yet in the very height and fury of the gale, as I sat in the electrician's room, a flash of light came up from the deep which, having crossed to Ireland, came back to me in mid-ocean telling me that those so dear to me were well.

In looking back over these eventful years, I wonder how we had the courage to carry it through in the face of so many defeats and of almost universal unbelief. A hundred times I reproached myself for persisting in what seemed beyond the power of man. And again there came a feeling, that, having begun, I could not turn back; at any cost I must see it through.

At last God gave us the victory. And now, as we see its results, all who had a part in it must feel rewarded for their labors and their sacrifices.

That iron chain at the bottom of the sea is a link to bind nations together. The magnetic currents that pass and repass are but the symbols and the instruments of the invisible yet mighty currents of human affection that, as they pass to and fro, touch a thousand chords of love and sympathy, and thus bring into nearer, closer, and sweeter relations the separated members of the one great family of mankind.

—Cyrus W. Field.

Cyrus W. Field (1819-1892) was an American merchant who won distinction through his successful efforts to establish telegraphic communication between Europe and North America. He organized the Atlantic Telegraph Company in 1856, and after two failures finally succeeded in laying the Atlantic cable in 1866.

Peter Cooper: the founder of the Cooper Union in the city of New York, an institution devoted to the instruction and improvement of the workers. He died in 1883. **Morse:** Samuel Morse (1791-1872), the inventor of the electric telegraph. **Faraday:** Michael Faraday (1791-1867), the most celebrated English electrician of his time.

KING ROBERT OF SICILY

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Apparelled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and squire,
On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.

And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes*
De sede, et exaltavit humiles"
And slowly lifting up his kingly head
He to a learned clerk beside him said,
"What mean these words?" The clerk made answer meet,
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree."
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
"'T is well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;
For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my throne!"
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night;
The church was empty, and there was no light,
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint,
Lighted a little space before some saint.
He started from his seat and gazed around,
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
He groped towards the door, but it was locked;
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
And imprecations upon men and saints.
The sounds re-echoed from the roof and walls
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,

And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?"
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
"Open: 't is I, the King! Art thou afraid?"
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,
"This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!"
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide;
A man rushed by him at a single stride,
Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak,
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,
But leaped into the blackness of the night,
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate;
Rushed through the courtyard, thrusting in his rage
To right and left each seneschal and page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed;
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.
There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,
King Robert's self in features, form, and height,
But all transfigured with angelic light!
It was an Angel; and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air

An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden Angel recognize.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,
Who met his look of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes;
Then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st thou here?"
To which King Robert answered with a sneer,
"I am the King, and come to claim my own
From an impostor, who usurps my throne!"
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords;
The Angel answered, with unruffled brow,
"Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester, thou
Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape,
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape;
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall!"

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;
A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding-door,
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of "Long live the King!"

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
He said within himself, "It was a dream!"
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,

Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,
And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.
It was no dream; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went; and now returned again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;
Under the Angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning breast
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.

Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.
Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear,
With look bewildered and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left,—he still was unsubdued.
And when the Angel met him on his way,
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
"Art thou the King?" the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling
The haughty answer back, "I am, I am the King!"

Almost three years were ended; when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,

Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane
By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
The Angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o'er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.

And lo! among the menials, in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp and blare
Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's square,
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.
While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the Angel unawares,
Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd,
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,
"I am the King! Look, and behold in me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,
Is an impostor in a king's disguise.

Do you not know me? does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;
The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!"
And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;
The presence of the Angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the Jester, on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw,
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train,
Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.
And when once more within Palermo's wall,
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
As if the better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,

And with a gesture bade the rest retire;
And when they were alone, the Angel said,
"Art thou the King?" Then, bowing down his head,
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
And meekly answered him: "Thou knowest best!
My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be shriven!"
The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place,
And through the open window, loud and clear,
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,
Above the stir and tumult of the street.
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree!"
And through the chant a second melody
Rose like the throbbing of a single string:
"I am an Angel, and thou art the King!"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!
But all apparelled as in days of old,
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;
And when his courtiers came, they found him there
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882), "The Children's Poet," inherited from his mother a love of nature, music, and poetry, which showed itself in all his work. His life was uneventful but happy. For twenty-five years he was Professor of Modern Languages, first at Bowdoin College and later at Harvard. He paid several visits to England, where he was

received with the highest honors. On his seventy-second birthday, as a mark of their love the school-children of Cambridge presented Longfellow with an armchair made from the "spreading chestnut tree" made famous in *The Village Blacksmith.* To express his appreciation of this gift Longfellow wrote a poem, *From My Armchair.* "Most readers have found a peculiar charm in those poems of Longfellow's that take hold of the commonplace and raise it, idealize it, and with a fancy skyborn yet shining about them, present it in a new light, beautiful with a beauty not too fine for simple and good hearts."

This is a very old story, which was retold in verse by Longfellow and published in his *Tales of a Wayside Inn.* Robert of Sicily, Pope Urbane, and Valmond are not historical characters and have no particular significance.

St. John's eve: the eve of St. John's day, June 23rd. It was celebrated with great rejoicings during the middle ages. **the Magnificat:** the song of the Virgin Mary as given in *Luke i,* beginning "My soul doth magnify the Lord." It is so-called because it begins in the Latin version with the word *Magnificat.* **deposuit, etc.:** "He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree."—*Luke i, 52.* **seditious words:** words calculated to undermine authority. **imprecations:** curses. **stalls:** the seats in the choir of the church. **besprent:** spattered. **seneschal:** steward, the officer responsible for the preparation and serving of banquets and feasts.

Dais: the raised floor at the end of the hall where the dignitaries sat. **signet ring:** the sign of authority. **effulgence:** splendor. **an exaltation:** giving to those present lofty thoughts beyond the common. **King's Jester:** it was the custom during the middle ages for kings and great nobles to have half-witted men to amuse them at their feasts and during their hours of leisure. They dressed these jesters in costumes of many colors, with cap to match, and covered with bells. **counsellor:** another insult to the king. **henchmen:** servants.

Saturnian reign: the "golden age" of the world. Saturn was one of the ancient Italian divinities, and during the time that he ruled over heaven and earth there was perfect peace and happiness on earth. **Enceladus:** Enceladus was one of the giants who rebelled against the ancient gods. He was seized and placed under Mount Aetna, the flames from which

were supposed to proceed from his breath. The meaning is that Mount Aetna was quiet. **the velvet scabbard, etc.:** although kind, still stern and unyielding. **Holy Thursday:** the day before Good Friday. **housings:** the decorations of the horses. **Saint Peter's square:** the square in front of the great cathedral of St. Peter at Rome.

Holy Week: the last week in Lent, the week before Easter. **Salerno:** a city in south-western Italy. **Palermo:** the capital of Sicily. **Angelus:** the call to prayer rung at morning, noon, and evening. It is called the Angelus from the first word of the Annunciation: "The angel of the Lord announced to Mary, etc." **as scarlet are:** see *Isaiah i, 18.* **cloister's school, etc.:** in some monastery where I may spend the rest of my life in repentance. **shriven:** see page 248.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

Is there, for honesty poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that.
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is King o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that;
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man the warld o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that.

—Robert Burns.

Robert Burns (1759-1796) lived a life of toil and hardship on his father's farm near Ayr, Scotland. The necessity for constant work about the farm, combined with poverty, prevented him from receiving even an ordinary education, and he grew to manhood practically ignorant of books, but thoroughly familiar with Scottish peasant life. Of the few books in his possession,

he would frequently carry one under his arm to read as he walked to the field or drove the cart to town. The publication of his first volume of verse met with immediate success, and all classes united to do him honor. But evil habits ruined his health and led to an early death in poverty and distress. The work of the "peasant poet" is simple both in style and in subject-matter and possesses an intensity of feeling and expression which causes him to be remembered as "the poet of humanity."

A recent critic says: "This powerful song speaks out in his best style a sentiment that through all his life had been dear to the heart of Burns. It was inspired, no doubt, by his keen sense of social oppression, quickened to white heat by influences that had lately come from France, and by what he had suffered by his sympathy for that cause. It has since become the watch-word of all who fancy that they have secured less, and others more, of this world's goods than their respective merit deserves. Stronger words he never wrote:

'The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.'

That is a word for all time. Yet perhaps it might have been wished that so noble a song had not been marred by any touch of social bitterness. A lord, no doubt, may be a 'birkie' and a 'coof,' but may not a ploughman be so too? This great song Burns wrote on the first day of 1795."

Guinea stamp: the mere outward mark. **hodden-gray**: a coarse cloth made of undyed wool. **tinsel show**: not genuine, merely on the surface. **birkie**: a proud and affected fellow. **ca'd**: called. **coof**: fool. **riband . . . . star**: the insignia of the orders he holds, as, for instance, the riband and star of the Order of the Garter. **belted knight**: a reference to the traditional ceremony of girting the newly-made knight with a sword on the occasion of his investiture. **aboon**: above. **mauna fa' that**: must not by that, or cannot make that happen. **bear the gree**: take the prize, or triumph.

The measure of a man's life is the well spending of it, and not the length.

—PLUTARCH.

THE FOUR-HORSE RACE

The great event of the day, however, was to be the four-horse race, for which three teams were entered—one from the mines driven by Nixon, Craig's friend, a citizens' team, and Sandy's. The race was really between the miners' team and that from the woods, for the citizens' team, though made up of speedy horses, had not been driven much together and knew neither their driver nor each other. In the miners' team were four bays, very powerful, a trifle heavy perhaps, but well matched, perfectly trained, and perfectly handled by their driver. Sandy had his long, rangy roans, and for leaders a pair of half-broken pinto bronchos. The pintos, caught the summer before upon the Alberta prairies, were fleet as deer, but wicked and uncertain. They were Baptiste's special care and pride. If they would only run straight there was little doubt that they would carry the roans and themselves to glory; but one could not tell the moment they might bolt or kick things to pieces.

Being the only non-partisan in the crowd, I was asked to referee. The race was about half a mile and return, the first and last quarters being upon the ice. The course, after leaving the ice, led up from the river by a long, easy slope to the level above, and at the further end curved somewhat sharply round the old fort. The only condition attaching to the race was that the teams should start from the scratch, make the turn of the fort, and finish at the scratch. There were no vexing regulations as to fouls. The man making the foul would find it necessary to reckon with the crowd, which was considered sufficient guarantee for a fair

and square race. Owing to the hazards of the course, the result would depend upon the skill of drivers quite as much as upon the speed of the teams. The points of hazard were at the turn round the old fort and at a little ravine which led down to the river, over which the road passed by means of a long log bridge or causeway.

From a point upon the high bank of the river the whole course lay in open view. It was a scene full of life and vividly picturesque. There were miners in dark clothes and peak caps; citizens in ordinary garb; ranchmen in wide cowboy hats and buckskin shirts and leggings, some with cartridge-belts and pistols; a few half-breeds and Indians in half-native, half-civilized dress; and scattering through the crowd the lumbermen with gay scarlet and blue blanket coats, and some with knitted toques of the same colors. A very good-natured but extremely uncertain crowd it was. At the head of each horse stood a man, but at the pintos' heads Baptiste stood alone, trying to hold down the off-leader, thrown into a frenzy of fear by the yelling of the crowd.

Gradually all became quiet, till, in the midst of absolute stillness, came the words, "Are you ready?" then the pistol-shot, and the great race had begun. Above the roar of the crowd came the shrill cry of Baptiste as he struck his broncho with the palm of his hand and swung himself into the sleigh beside Sandy as it shot past.

Like a flash the bronchos sprang to the front, two lengths before the other teams; but, terrified by the yelling of the crowd, instead of bending to the left bank, up which the road wound, they wheeled to the

right and were almost across the river before Sandy could swing them back into the course.

Baptiste's cries, a curious mixture of French and English, continued to strike through all other sounds till they gained the top of the slope, to find the others almost a hundred yards in front, the citizens' team leading, with the miners' following close. The moment the pintos caught sight of the teams before them they set off at a terrific pace and steadily devoured the intervening space. Nearer and nearer the turn came, the eight horses in front, running straight and well within their speed. After them flew the pintos, running savagely with ears set back, leading well the big roans, thundering along and gaining at every bound. And now the citizens' team had almost reached the fort, running hard and drawing away from the bays. But Nixon knew what he was about, and was simply steadying his team for the turn. The event proved his wisdom, for in the turn the leading team left the track, lost for a moment or two in the deep snow, and before they could regain the road the bays had swept superbly past, leaving their rivals to follow in the rear. On came the pintos, swiftly nearing the fort. Surely at that pace they cannot make the turn. But Sandy knows his leaders. They have their eyes upon the teams in front and need no touch of rein. Without the slightest change in speed the nimble-footed bronchos round the turn, hauling the big roans after them, and fall in behind the citizens' team, which is regaining steadily the ground lost in the turn.

And now the struggle is for the bridge over the ravine. The bays in front, running with mouths wide open, are evidently doing their best; behind them, and

every moment nearing them, but at the limit of their speed, too, came the lighter and fleeter citizens' team; while opposite their driver are the pintos, pulling hard, eager and fresh. Their temper is too uncertain to send them to the front; they run well following, but when leading cannot be trusted, and besides, a broncho hates a bridge; so Sandy holds them where they are, waiting and hoping for his chance after the bridge is crossed. Foot by foot the citizens' team creep up upon the flank of the bays, with the pintos in turn hugging them closely, till it seems as if the three, if none slackens, must strike the bridge together; and this will mean destruction to one at least. This danger Sandy perceives, but he dare not check his leaders. Suddenly, within a few yards of the bridge, Baptiste throws himself upon the lines, wrenches them out of Sandy's hands, and with a quick swing faces the pintos down the steep side of the ravine, which is almost sheer ice with a thin coat of snow. It is a daring course to take, for the ravine, though not deep, is full of undergrowth, and is partially closed up by a brush-heap at the further end. But with a yell Baptiste hurls his four horses down the slope and into the undergrowth. *"Allons, mes enfants! Courage! Vite! vite!"* cries their driver, and nobly do the pintos respond. Regardless of bushes and brush-heaps, they tear their way through; but as they emerge the hind bob-sleigh catches a root, and with a crash the sleigh is hurled high in the air. Baptiste's cries ring out high and shrill as ever, encouraging his team, and never cease till, with a plunge and a scramble, they clear the brush-heap lying at the mouth of the ravine and are out on the ice on the river, with Baptiste standing on the front

bob, the box trailing behind, and Sandy nowhere to be seen.

Three hundred yards of the course remain. The bays, perfectly handled, have gained at the bridge and in the descent to the ice, and are leading the citizens' team by half a dozen sleigh-lengths. Behind both comes Baptiste. It is now or never for the pintos. The rattle of the trailing box, together with the wild yelling of the crowd rushing down the bank, excites the bronchos to madness, and taking the bits in their teeth they do their first free running that day. Past the citizens' team like a whirlwind they dash, clear the intervening space, and gain the flanks of the bays. Can the bays hold them? Over them leans their driver, plying for the first time the hissing lash. Only fifty yards more. The miners begin to yell. But Baptiste, waving his lines high in one hand, seizes his toque with the other, whirls it about his head, and flings it with a fiercer yell than ever at the bronchos. Like the bursting of a hurricane the pintos leap forward, and with a splendid rush cross the scratch, winners by their own lengths.

—Ralph Connor.

By permission of the Author.

Ralph Connor (1860-) is the pen-name of Charles William Gordon, a native of Ontario. After graduating from the University of Toronto, he was for four years a missionary at Banff. He occupied a number of high positions in the Presbyterian Church of Canada and during the Great War served overseas as a chaplain. He has been for the last thirty years minister of St. Stephen's Church, Winnipeg. He is the author of a number of books, the majority of which deal with life in Canada as he has experienced it.

This selection is taken from *Black Rock*, a true story of life in a Western Canadian lumber camp. The story centres around the efforts of Craig, a frank manly, young minister, to keep his rough companions straight amidst all the temptations of camp life. The four-horse race is the outstanding event in the programme of sports which marks the celebration of Christmas day in the town of Black Rock. The miners and lumbermen have come together in sleighs from the near-by camps to take part in the contests, and excitement is running high. "Big Sandy McNaughton," one of the leading characters in the story, is a Canadian Highlander from Glengarry, who, with the aid of his sworn ally and devoted admirer, Baptiste, a wiry little French Canadian, sets out to win the race.

Pinto bronchos: half-tamed painted ponies of Texas. **non-partisan**: the author was merely a visitor in the town and therefore had no personal interest in any of the contestants. **scratch**: the line from which contestants start and at which they finish in sports. **Allons, etc.**: come along, my children: Courage: Quick, quick. **Sandy nowhere to be seen**: the author goes on to tell that after the race was safely won, Sandy's stiff figure appeared making towards the crowd with some difficulty, but apparently not suffering from any serious injury.

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits,—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.
Georgius Secundus was then alive,—

Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot,—
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace,—lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will,—
Above or below, or within or without,—
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
That a chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *yeou*")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it *couldn'* break daown:
"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke,—
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;

The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees,
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum,"—
Last of its timber,—they couldn't sell 'em,
Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through."
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren—where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED;—it came and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten;—
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came;—
Running as usual; much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)

First of November,—the Earthquake-day,—
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There couldn't be,—for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whipple-tree neither less nor more,
And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore.*
And yet, *as a whole,* it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out!*

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson.—Off went they.
The parson was working his Sunday's text,—
Had got to *fifthly,* and stopped perplexed
At what the—Moses—was coming next.

All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill,—
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half past nine by the meet'n'-house clock,—
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once,—
All at once, and nothing first,—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894) was born in Boston, the son of a Calvinist minister. He was "a lively youngster, full of fun and mischief," and was a general favorite at Harvard, where he was elected class poet. He was for thirty-five years a professor in the Harvard Medical School, where he displayed wonderful power as a lecturer. He was a regular contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*, for which he wrote *The Breakfast Table Series* and a number of poems. He is a clear thinker, a shrewd observer of men and things, and a master of the art of chit-chat.

This selection is taken from *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, where it is entitled *The Deacon's Masterpiece: or The Wonderful "One Hoss Shay,"* with the sub-heading *A Logical Story*. The poem is one of the finest examples of humor to be found in American literature.

Georgius Secundus: George II, king of Great Britain. **German line:** George II was the grandson of Sophia, Electress

of Hanover, whose descendants by the Act of Settlement became sovereigns of Great Britain. George II was also Elector of Hanover. **Lisbon Town**: the great earthquake at Lisbon, during which 30,000 people and the greater part of the city were destroyed, took place November 1st, 1755. **Braddock's army**: in 1755, the British and Colonial forces under General Braddock marched against the French at Fort Duquesne. They were ambushed by a combined force of French and Indians and defeated with great loss, Braddock himself being killed. **bison-skin**: buffalo hide. **encore**: also.

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH

It was the season, when through all the land
The merle and mavis build, and building sing
Those lovely lyrics, written by His hand,
Whom Saxon Cædmon calls the Blithe-heart King;
When on the boughs the purple buds expand,
The banners of the vanguard of the Spring,
And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and leap,
And wave their fluttering signals from the steep.

The robin and the blue-bird, piping loud,
Filled all the blossoming orchards with their glee;
The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud
Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be;
And hungry crows, assembled in a crowd,
Clamored their piteous prayer incessantly,
Knowing who hears the ravens cry, and said:
"Give us, O Lord, this day, our daily bread!"

Across the Sound the birds of passage sailed,
Speaking some unknown language strange and sweet

Of tropic isle remote, and passing hailed
The village with the cheers of all their fleet;
Or quarrelling together, laughed and railed
Like foreign sailors, landed in the street
Of seaport town, and with outlandish noise
Of oaths and gibberish frightening girls and boys.

Thus came the jocund Spring in Killingworth,
In fabulous days, some hundred years ago;
And thrifty farmers, as they tilled the earth,
Heard with alarm the cawing of the crow,
That mingled with the universal mirth,
Cassandra-like, prognosticating woe;
They shook their heads, and doomed with dreadful words
To swift destruction the whole race of birds.

And a town-meeting was convened straightway
To set a price upon the guilty heads
Of these marauders, who, in lieu of pay,
Levied blackmail upon the garden beds
And corn-fields, and beheld without dismay
The awful scarecrow, with his fluttering shreds;
The skeleton that waited at their feast,
Whereby their sinful pleasure was increased.

Then from his house, a temple painted white,
With fluted columns and a roof of red,
The Squire came forth, august and splendid sight!
Slowly descending, with majestic tread,
Three flights of steps, nor looking left nor right,
Down the long street he walked, as one who said:
"A town that boasts inhabitants like me
Can have no lack of good society!"

The parson, too, appeared, a man austere,
  The instinct of whose nature was to kill;
The wrath of God he preached from year to year,
  And read, with fervor, Edwards on the Will;
His favorite pastime was to slay the deer
  In Summer on some Adirondac hill;
E'en now, while walking down the rural lane
He lopped the wayside lilies with his cane.

From the Academy, whose belfry crowned
  The Hill of Science with its vane of brass,
Came the Preceptor, gazing idly round,
  Now at the clouds, and now at the green grass,
And all absorbed in reveries profound
  Of fair Almira in the upper class,
Who was, as in a sonnet he had said,
As pure as water, and as good as bread.

And next the Deacon issued from his door,
  In his voluminous neck-cloth, white as snow;
A suit of sable bombazine he wore;
  His form was ponderous, and his step was slow;
There never was so wise a man before;
  He seemed the incarnate "Well, I told you so!"
And to perpetuate his great renown
There was a street named after him in town.

These came together in the new town-hall,
  With sundry farmers from the region round.
The Squire presided, dignified and tall,
  His air impressive and his reasoning sound.
Ill fared it with the birds, both great and small;
  Hardly a friend in all that crowd they found,

But enemies enough, who every one
Charged them with all the crimes beneath the sun.

When they had ended, from his place apart
Rose the Preceptor, to redress the wrong,
And, trembling like a steed before the start,
Looked round bewildered on the expectant throng;
Then thought of fair Almira, and took heart
To speak out what was in him, clear and strong,
Alike regardless of their smile or frown,
And quite determined not to be laughed down.

"Plato, anticipating the Reviewers,
From his Republic banished without pity
The Poets; in this little town of yours,
You put to death, by means of a committee,
The ballad-singers and the Troubadours,
The street-musicians of the heavenly city,
The birds, who make sweet music for us all
In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.

"The thrush that carols at the dawn of day
From the green steeples of the piny wood;
The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay,
Jargoning like a foreigner at his food;
The bluebird balanced on some topmost spray,
Flooding with melody the neighborhood;
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng
That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song.

"You slay them all! and wherefore? for the gain
Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,
Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,

Scratched up at random by industrious feet,
Searching for worm or weevil after rain!
Or a few cherries, that are not so sweet
As are the songs these uninvited guests
Sing at their feast with comfortable breasts.

"Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?
Do you ne'er think who made them, and who taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught!
Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
Are half-way houses on the road to heaven!

"Think, every morning when the sun peeps through
The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their old, melodious madrigals of love!
And when you think of this, remember too
'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

"Think of your woods and orchards without birds!
Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams!
As in an idiot's brain remembered words
Hang empty 'mid the cobwebs of his dreams!
Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds
Make up for the lost music, when your teams
Drag home the stingy harvest, and no more
The feathered gleaners follow to your door?

"What! would you rather see the incessant stir
Of insects in the windrows of the hay,
And hear the locust and the grasshopper
Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play!
Is this more pleasant to you than the whir
Of meadow-lark, and her sweet roundelay,
Or twitter of little field-fares, as you take
Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake?

"You call them thieves and pillagers: but know,
They are the winged wardens of your farms,
Who from the corn-fields drive the insidious foe,
And from your harvests keep a hundred harms;
Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
Renders good service as your man-at-arms,
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

"How can I teach your children gentleness,
And mercy to the weak, and reverence
For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,
Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence,
Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no less
The selfsame light, although averted hence,
When by your laws, your actions, and your speech,
You contradict the very things I teach?"

With this he closed; and through the audience went
A murmur, like the rustle of dead leaves;
The farmers laughed and nodded, and some bent
Their yellow heads together like their sheaves;
Men have no faith in fine-spun sentiment
Who put their trust in bullocks and in beeves.

The birds were doomed; and, as the record shows,
A bounty offered for the heads of crows.

There was another audience out of reach,
  Who had no voice nor vote in making laws,
But in the papers read his little speech,
  And crowned his modest temples with applause;
They made him conscious, each one more than each,
  He still was victor, vanquished in their cause.
Sweetest of all the applause he won from thee,
O fair Almira at the Academy!

And so the dreadful massacre began;
  O'er fields and orchards, and o'er woodland crests,
The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran;
  Dead fell the birds, with blood-stains on their breasts,
Or wounded crept away from sight of man,
  While the young died of famine in their nests;
A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,
The very St. Bartholomew of Birds!

The summer came, and all the birds were dead;
  The days were like hot coals; the very ground
Was burned to ashes; in the orchards fed
  Myriads of caterpillars, and around
The cultivated fields and garden beds
  Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found
No foe to check their march, till they had made
The land a desert without leaf or shade.

Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the town,
  Because, like Herod, it had ruthlessly
Slaughtered the Innocents. From the trees spun down

The canker-worms upon the passers-by,
Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl, and gown,
Who shook them off with just a little cry;
They were the terror of each favorite walk,
The endless theme of all the village talk.

The farmers grew impatient, but a few
Confessed their error, and would not complain,
For after all, the best thing one can do
When it is raining, is to let it rain.
Then they repealed the law, although they knew
It would not call the dead to life again;
As school-boys, finding their mistake too late,
Draw a wet sponge across the accusing slate.

That year in Killingworth the Autumn came
Without the light of his majestic look,
The wonder of the falling tongues of flame,
The illumined pages of his Doomsday book.
A few lost leaves blushed crimson with their shame,
And drowned themselves despairing in the brook,
While the wild wind went moaning everywhere,
Lamenting the dead children of the air!

But the next Spring a stranger sight was seen,
A sight that never yet by bard was sung,
As great a wonder as it would have been
If some dumb animal had found a tongue!
A wagon, overarched with evergreen,
Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,
All full of singing birds, came down the street,
Filling the air with music wild and sweet.

From all the country round these birds were brought,
  By order of the town, with anxious quest,
And, loosened from their wicker prison, sought
  In woods and fields the places they loved best,
Singing loud canticles, which many thought
  Were satires to the authorities addressed,
While others, listening in green lanes, averred
Such lovely music never had been heard!

But blither still and louder carolled they
  Upon the morrow, for they seemed to know
It was the fair Almira's wedding-day,
  And everywhere, around, above, below,
When the Preceptor bore his bride away,
  Their songs burst forth in joyous overflow,
And a new heaven bent over a new earth
Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

This poem was first published in *The Atlantic Monthly* for December, 1863. It is the tale told by the Poet in The *Tales of a Wayside Inn.*

"Killingworth, in Connecticut, was named from the English town, Kenilworth, in Warwickshire, and had the same orthography in the early records, but was afterwards corrupted into its present form. Sixty or seventy years ago, according to Mr. Henry Hull, writing from personal recollection, 'the men of the northern part of the town did yearly in the spring choose two leaders, and then two sides were formed; the side that got beaten should pay the bills. Their special game was the hawk, the owl, the crow, the blackbird and any other bird supposed to be mischievous to the corn. Some years each side would bring them in by the bushel. This was followed up for only a few years, for the birds began to grow scarce.' The story, based upon some such slight suggestion, was Mr. Longfellow's own invention."—*Note to the Riverside edition of Longfellow.*

Merle and mavis: the blackbird and the thrush. **Cædmon**: one of the early Saxon poets, who lived in the seventh century. To him has generally been attributed the *Paraphrase*, a metrical version of selected portions of scripture. **Holy Writ**: the Scriptures. See *Matthew x, 29.* **the ravens' cry**: see *Psalms cxlvii, 9.* **our daily bread**: see *Matthew vi, 11.* **the Sound**: the name of this Sound is unknown. **Cassandra**: the daughter of Priam, king of Troy. She had received the gift of prophecy from Apollo, but the god afterwards made this gift useless by decreeing that her words should never be believed. She fortold the destruction of Troy, but was laughed at by her countrymen. After the fall of Troy, she fell to the lot of Agamemnon, the Greek leader, and was murdered by Clytemnestra, the wife of her captor.

Town-meeting: a general meeting of the citizens. **blackmail**: property extortion by means of threats of exposure. **the skeleton, etc.**: at feasts in ancient days, particularly in Egypt, it was customary, when the merriment was at its height, to have placed at the board a skeleton, in order to bring home to the guests the thought of the briefness of life and the certainty of death. **fluted**: furrowed. **Edwards on the Will**: Jonathan Edwards (1703-1758) was one of the ablest of American scholars and thinkers. He was a Connecticut clergyman, with a strong belief that everything was fated that would happen to man. His great work is a treatise dealing with *The Freedom of the Will.*

Hill of Science: note the pretentious name. **Plato**: one of the most celebrated of the works of Plato is *The Republic*, a description of an ideal Commonwealth. From this ideal country all the poets were banished. *See page 178.* **anticipating the Reviewers**: the literary critics. A sly hit at those among the critics who were accustomed to abuse without any real reason the works of the poets. **Troubadours**: the love-poets and minstrels of southern France during the Middle Ages. **David, etc.**: see *I Samuel xvi, 23.* **weevil**: beetle. **interpreters**: they express their thoughts in their singing. **madrigals**: a love-poem of three or four stanzas, containing some simple, delicate thought suitably expressed. **hurdy-gurdies**: the common barrel-organ. **roundelay**: a song in which the first strain is repeated. The word was originally applied

to a peculiar form of verse in which eight stanzas of the poem were of one kind and five of another, there being thirteen in all.

Field-fare: not an American bird, nor is it little. It belongs to the thrush family, is of considerable size, and is found in Great Britain. **crying havoc:** "Cry 'havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war."—*Shakespeare.* **another audience:** the women of the village. **St. Bartholomew:** referring to the great massacre of the Hugenots in France, which began on August 24th, 1572, St. Bartholomew's day. More than seventy thousand people are said to have perished in the massacre. **Herod:** see *Matthew ii, 16.* **canker-worms:** worms very destructive to trees. **Doomsday book:** the book in which was recorded, by order of William the Conqueror, complete information in regard to every person and piece of land in England. It was so called because it was the final authority on certain matters. **canticles:** songs. The word is applied to *The Songs of Solomon.*

THE GREAT SNOWBALL FIGHT

That Snowball Fight is now famous. It was in the winter of 1783. Snow fell heavily; drifts piled up in the school-yard at Brienne. The school-boys marvelled and exclaimed; for such a snowfall was rare in France. Then they began to shiver and grumble. They shivered at the cold, to which they were not accustomed; they grumbled at the snow which, by covering their playground, kept them from their usual out-of-door sports, and held them for a time prisoners within the dark school-rooms.

Suddenly the young Napoleon had an idea. "What is snow for, my brothers," he exclaimed, "if not to be used? Let us use it. What say you to a snow fort

and a siege? Who will join me?" It was a novel idea; and, with all the boyish love for something new and exciting, the boys of Brienne entered into the plan at once. "The fort, the fort, young Straw-nose!" they cried. "Show us what to do! Let us build it at once!"

With Napoleon as director, they straightway set to work. The boy had an excellent head for such things; and his mathematical knowledge, together with the preparatory study in fortifications he had already pursued in the school, did him good service. He was not satisfied with simply piling up mounds of snow. He built regular works on a scientific plan. The snow "packed well," and the boys worked like beavers. With spades and brooms and hands and home-made wooden shovels, they built under Napoleon's directions a snow fort that set all Brienne wondering and admiring.

It took some days to build this wonderful fort. For the boys could work only in the hours of recess. But at last, when all was ready, Napoleon separated the boys into two unequal divisions. The smaller number was to hold the fort as defenders; the larger number was to form the besieging force. At the head of the besiegers was Napoleon. Who was captain of the fort I do not know. His name has not come down to us. But the story of the Snowball Fight has.

For days the battle raged. At every recess hour the forces gathered for the exciting sport. The rule was that when once the fort was captured, the besiegers were to become its possessors, and were, in turn, to defend it from its late occupants, who were now the attacking army, increased to the required number by certain of the less skilful fighters of the successful army.

Napoleon was in his element. He was a dashing leader; but he was skilful too; and he never lost his head. Again and again, as leader of the storming party, he would direct the attack; and at just the right moment, in the face of a shower of snowballs, he would dash from his post of observation, head the assaulting army, and, scaling the walls with the fire of victory in his eye and the shout of encouragement on his lips, would lead his soldiers over the ramparts, and with a last dash drive the defeated defenders out from the fortification.

The snow held for nearly ten days; the fight kept up as long as the snow walls, often repaired and strengthened, would hold together. The thaw, that relentless enemy of all snow sports, came to the attack at last, and gradually dismantled the fortifications; snow for ammunition grew thin and poor, and gravel became more and more a part of the snowball manufacture. Napoleon tried to prevent this, for he knew the danger from such weapons. But often, in the heat of battle, his commands were disregarded. One boy especially, named Bouquet, was careless or vindictive in this matter.

On the last day of the snow, Napoleon saw young Bouquet packing snowballs with dirt and gravel, and commanded him to stop. But Bouquet only flung out a hot "I won't!" at the commander, and launched his snowball against the decaying fort. Napoleon was just about to head the grand assault. "To the rear with you! to the rear, Bouquet! You are disqualified!" he cried. But Bouquet was not minded to obey. He did not intend to be cheated out of his fun by any orders that "Straw-nose" should give him. Instead of

obeying his commander, he sang out a contemptuous refusal, and dashed ahead, as if to take the place of his general in the post of leader of the assault.

Napoleon had no patience with disobedience. The action of Bouquet angered him; and darting forward, he collared the rebel and flung him backward down the slushy rampart. "Imbecile!" he cried. "Learn to obey! Drag him to the rear, Jean." The fort was carried. But "General Thaw" was too strong for the young soldiers; and that night, a rain setting in, finished the destruction of the now historic snow fort of Brienne School.

Bouquet, smarting under what he considered the disgrace that had been put upon him before his playmates, came up to Napoleon that night as he stood in the hall. "Bah, then, smarty Straw-nose!" he cried; "you are a beast. How dare you lay hands on me, a Frenchman?"

"Because you would not obey orders," Napoleon replied. "Was not I in command?"

"You!" sneered Bouquet; "and who are you to command? A runaway Corsican, a brigand, and the son of a brigand, like all Corsicans.'

"My father is not a brigand," returned Napoleon. "He is a gentleman—which you are not."

"I am no gentleman, say you?" cried the enraged French boy. "Why, young Straw-nose, my ancestors were gentlemen under great King Louis when yours were tending sheep on your Corsican hills. My father is an officer of France; yours is——"

"Well, sir, and what is mine?" said Napoleon defiantly.

"Yours," Bouquet laughed with a mocking and

cruel sneer, "yours is but a beggar in livery, a miserable constable."

Napoleon flung himself at the insulter of his father in a fury; but he was caught back by those standing by, and saved from the disgrace of breaking the rules by fighting in the school-hall. All night, however, he brooded over Bouquet's insulting words, and the desire for revenge grew hot within him. The boy had said his father was no gentleman. No gentleman, indeed! Bouquet should see that he knew how gentlemen should act. He would not fall upon him, and beat him as he deserved. He would challenge to a duel the insulter of his father.

This was the custom. The refuge of all gentlemen who felt themselves insulted, disgraced, or persecuted in those days, was to seek revenge in a personal encounter with deadly weapons, called a duel. It is a foolish and savage way of seeking redress; but even to-day it is resorted to by those who feel themselves ill treated by their "equals." So Napoleon felt that he was doing the only wise and gentlemanly thing possible. But even then duelling was against the law. It was punished when men were caught at it; for school-boys, it was considered an unheard-of crime. Still, though against the law, all men felt that it was the only way to salve their wounded honor. Napoleon felt it would be the only manly course open to him; so, early next morning, he dispatched a friend with a note to Bouquet. That note was a challenge. It demanded that Mr. Bouquet should meet Mr. Bonaparte at such time and place as their seconds might select, there to fight with swords until the insult that

Mr. Bouquet had put upon Mr. Bonaparte should be wiped out in blood.

There was fierceness for you! But it was the fashion.

"Mr. Bouquet," however, had no desire to meet the fiery young Corsican at swords' points. So, instead of meeting his enemy, he sneaked off to one of the teachers, who, as he knew, most disliked Napoleon, and complained that the Corsican, Bonaparte, was seeking his life, and meant to kill him. At once Napoleon was summoned before the indignant instructor.

"So, sir!" cried the teacher, "is this the way you seek to become a gentleman and officer of your king! You would murder a school-mate; you would force him to a duel! No denial, sir; no explanation. Is this so, or not so?"

Napoleon saw that words or explanations would be in vain. "It is so," he replied.

"Can we, then, never work out your Corsican brutality?" said the teacher. "Go, sir! you are to be imprisoned until fitting sentence for your crime can be considered."

And poor Napoleon went into the school lock-up; while Bouquet, who was the most at fault, went free. There was almost a rebellion in school over the imprisonment of the successful general who had so bravely fought the battle of the snow fort. Napoleon passed a day in the lock-up; then he was again summoned before the teacher who had thus punished him.

"You are an incorrigible, young Bonaparte," said the teacher. "Imprisonment can never cure you. Through it, too, you go free from your studies and tasks. I have considered the proper punishment. It

is this: you are to put on to-day the penitent's woollen gown; you are to kneel during dinner-time at the door of the dining-room, where all may see your disgrace and take warning therefrom; you are to eat your dinner on your knees. Thereafter, in presence of your school-mates assembled in the dining-room, you are to apologize to Mr. Bouquet, and ask pardon from me, as representing the school, for thus breaking the laws and acting as a bully and a murderer. Go, sir, to your room, and put on the penitent's gown."

Napoleon, as I have told you, was a high-spirited boy, and keenly felt disgrace. This sentence was as humiliating and mortifying as anything that could be put upon him. Rebel at it as he might, he knew that he would be forced to do it; and, distressed beyond measure at thought of what he must go through, he sought his room, and flung himself on his bed in an agony of tears.

While thus "broken up," his room door opened. Supposing that the teacher, or one of the monitors, had come to prepare him for the dreadful sentence, he refused to move. Then a voice, that certainly was not the one he expected, called to him. He raised a flushed and tearful face from the bed, and met the inquiring eyes of his father's old friend, and the "protector" of the Bonaparte family, General Marbeuf, formerly the French commander in Corsica. "Why, Napoleon, boy! what does all this mean!" inquired the General. "Have you been in mischief? What is the trouble?"

The visit came as a climax to a most exciting event. In it Napoleon saw escape from the disgrace he so feared, and the injustice against which he so rebelled.

With a joyful shout he flung himself impulsively at his friend's feet, clasped his knees, and begged for his protection. The boy, you see, was still unnerved and overwrought, and was not as cool or self-possessed as usual. Gradually, however, he calmed down, and told General Marbeuf the whole story.

The General was indignant at the injustice of the sentence. But he laughed heartily at the idea of this fourteen-year-old boy challenging another to a duel. "Why, what a fire-eater he is!" he cried. "But you had cause, boy. This Bouquet is a sneak, and your teacher is a tyrant. But we will change it all; see now! I will seek out the principal. I will explain it all. He shall see it rightly, and you shall not be thus disgraced. No, sir! not if I, General Marbeuf, intrench myself alone with you behind what is left of your slushy snow fort yonder, and fight all Brienne school in your behalf—teachers and all. So cheer up, lad! We will make it right."

General Marbeuf did make it all right. Bouquet was called to account; the teacher who had so often made it unpleasant for Napoleon was sharply reprimanded; and the principal, having his attention drawn to the persistent persecution of this boy from Corsica, consented to his release from imprisonment while sternly lecturing him on the sin of duelling.

—Eugenie Foa.

Eugenie Foa (1798-1853) was a French writer of Spanish-Jewish descent, whose maiden name was Gradis. She was married at an early age, but soon separated from her husband. Thrown upon her own resources, she supported herself by her pen, notwithstanding the fact that her health was delicate and her

eyesight failing. She is the author of a number of charming stories for children.

On June 12th, 1769, the Corsican army was defeated by the French, who had been trying for some time to conquer the island. Resistance was at an end, and the leading citizens submitted to the new French government. Among these was Carlo Bonaparte, who had married Letitia Ramolino, a Corsican girl. On August 16th, 1769, their son Napoleon was born, only two months after the island became a French possession. Both Carlo Bonaparte and his wife were of Italian descent, so that Napoleon was an Italian of Corsican birth. He had no French blood in his veins.

The new French governor of the island, General Marbeuf, became a close friend of Carlo Bonaparte, and it was through his influence that the young Napoleon, in 1779, was admitted to the military college at Brienne.

Brienne: a small town near Troyes. The military school which Napoleon attended there was suppressed in 1790. **King Louis**: probably Louis XI is meant. **a miserable constable**: Carlo Bonaparte was assessor of the highest court in Ajaccio, the capital of Corsica.

TREES

In the Garden of Eden, planted by God,
There were goodly trees in the springing sod,—

Trees of beauty and height and grace,
To stand in splendor before His face.

Apple and hickory, ash and pear,
Oak and beach and the tulip rare,

The trembling aspen, the noble pine,
The sweeping elm by the river line;

Trees for the birds to build and sing,
And the lilac tree for a joy in spring;

Trees to turn at the frosty call
And carpet the ground for their Lord's footfall;

Trees for fruitage and fire and shade,
Trees for the cunning builder's trade;

Wood for the bow, the spear, and the flail,
The keel and the mast of the daring sail;

He made them of every grain and girth
For the use of man in the Garden of Earth.

Then lest the soul should not lift her eyes
From the gift to the Giver of Paradise,

On the crown of a hill, for all to see,
God planted a scarlet maple tree.

—Bliss Carman.

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William Bliss Carman (1861-) was born and brought up in Fredericton, New Brunswick. He successively studied law, practised engineering, and taught school. He makes his home at present in New Canaan, Connecticut, where he writes for a number of United States periodicals. He is at his best as a writer of songs, in which he displays originality and power.

This selection is one of Bliss Carman's *Later Poems*.

Garden of Eden: see *Genesis ii, 9.* **tulip rare**: the magnolia tree, whose flower resembles the tulip. **trembling, noble,**

sweeping: note the appropriateness of these adjectives. **frosty call**: touches of frost are necessary to change the leaves from their summer green to the autumn shades of red and yellow. **grain and girth**: every kind and size.

O GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST

O God, our help in ages past,
  Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
  And our eternal home:

Under the shadow of Thy throne
  Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
  And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
  Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
  To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
  Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
  Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
  Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
  Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
  And our eternal home.

—Isaac Watts.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748) was an eminent English divine and hymn-writer. He was for ten years pastor of the Independent Church in Mark Lane, London, but ill-health compelled him to give up his work, and the last forty years of his life were passed in retirement at Theobalds. He is the author of a number of theological works, but it is as a writer of hymns that he is remembered.

This hymn is a paraphrase of the earlier portion of *Psalm xc.* It appeared early in the eighteenth century under the title *Man Frail, and God Eternal.* It has been translated into many languages and is sung in all parts of the world.

HYMN BEFORE ACTION

The earth is full of anger,
  The seas are dark with wrath;
The Nations in their harness
  Go up against our path:
Ere yet we loose the legions—
  Ere yet we draw the blade,
Jehovah of the Thunders,
  Lord God of Battles, aid!

High lust and froward bearing,
  Proud heart, rebellious brow—
Deaf ear and soul uncaring,
  We seek Thy mercy now!

The sinner that forswore Thee,
The fool that passed Thee by,
Our times are known before Thee—
Lord, grant us strength to die!

For those who kneel beside us
At altars not Thine own,
Who lack the lights that guide us,
Lord, let their faith atone.
If wrong we did to call them,
By honor bound they came;
Let not Thy Wrath befall them,
But deal to us the blame.

From panic, pride, and terror,
Revenge that knows no rein,
Light haste and lawless error,
Protect us yet again.
Cloak Thou our undeserving,
Make firm the shuddering breath,
In silence and unswerving
To taste Thy lesser death!

Ah, Mary pierced with sorrow,
Remember, reach and save
The soul that comes to-morrow
Before the God that gave!
Since each was born of woman,
For each at utter need—
True comrade and true foeman—
Madonna, intercede!

E'en now their vanguard gathers,
E'en now we face the fray—

As thou didst help our fathers,
  Help thou our host to-day!
Fulfilled of signs and wonders,
  In life, in death made clear—
Jehovah of the Thunder,
  Lord God of Battles, hear!

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

By kind permission of the Author.

Rudyard Kipling (1865-) was born in Bombay, India, but was sent to England to school, where he wrote a number of stories and verses and edited the school paper. At eighteen he returned to India, where he edited a newspaper and spent some time with the army. He travelled extensively through China, Japan, Africa, and Australasia, and spent four years in the United States. He lives at the present time in Burwash, Sussex, England. His work reveals great powers of observation, imagination, and vigor of narrative. As a poet he did much to keep alive the martial spirit of the British people in the long period of peace which preceded the Great War.

This poem is an eloquent prayer to God for help in time of battle. The whole earth is seething with the tumult of war, and only with God's help can our armies hope for victory over the angry foe.

Harness: war equipment. **loose the legions**: dispatch the armies. **blade**: sword. **Jehovah of the Thunders**: see *Exodus ix, 23.* **Lord God of Battles**: see *Psalm xxiv, 8*; *II Chronicles xxxii, 8.* **high lust**: desire for wrong-doing. **froward**: self-willed. **forswore**: denied. **our times are known**: God knows man's future. **altars not Thine own**: let the strength of the heathen's faith atone for his wrong-doing in worshipping idols. **the lights**: the Christian faith. **to us the blame**: the heathen fight in ignorance, bound by their loyalty to the British Empire, and if they are doing wrong they must not be blamed. **rein**: check. **undeserving**: worthlessness. **Thy lesser death**: to suffer to a lesser degree something of the agony which Christ

endured upon the cross. **Mary pierced:** see *Luke ii, 35.* In the Roman Catholic Church, the Virgin Mary is regarded as the most exalted of created beings, and her intercession is invoked more than that of all others. **Madonna:** Italian for "My lady," but is used in English to mean only the Virgin Mary. **fulfilled of signs:** has reference to the prophecies made in the Old Testament concerning the birth, life, and death of Christ. See *Isaiah ix, 6-7* and *liii, 3-10.*